

NEW

**REAL
CRIME**

UNSOLVED CRIMES

INSIDE THE INVESTIGATIONS THAT REMAIN
UNEXPLAINED TO THIS DAY

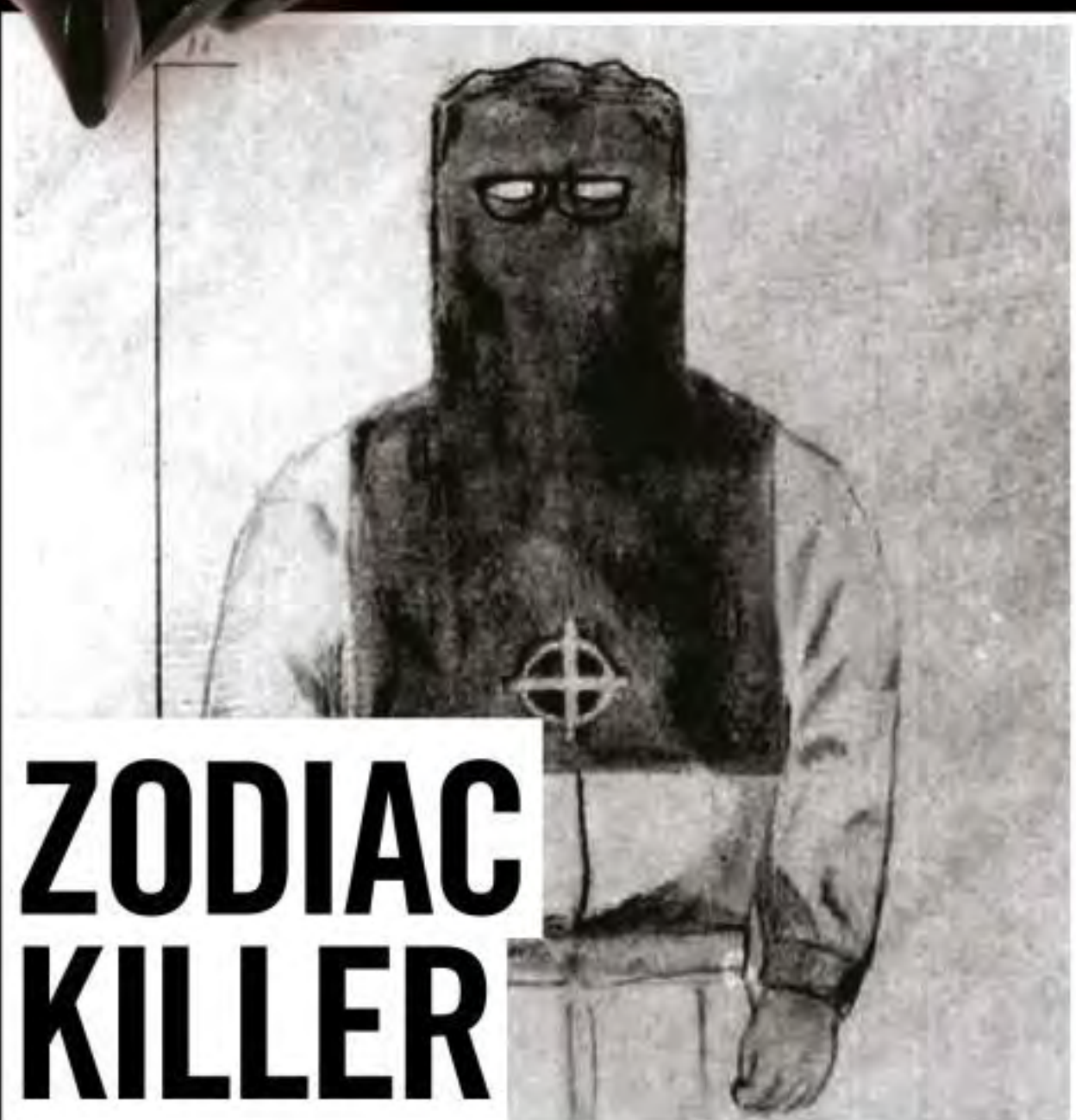
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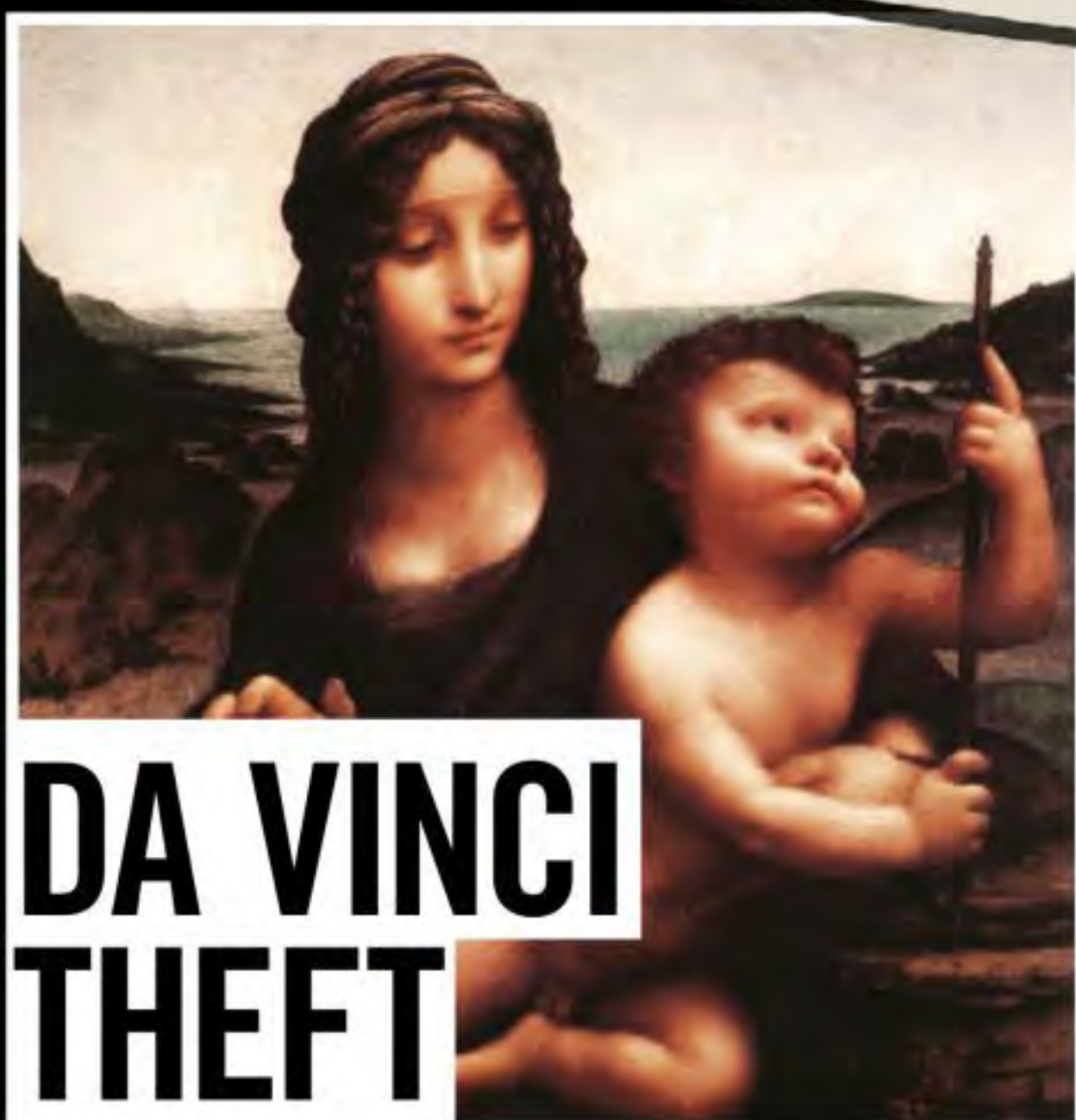
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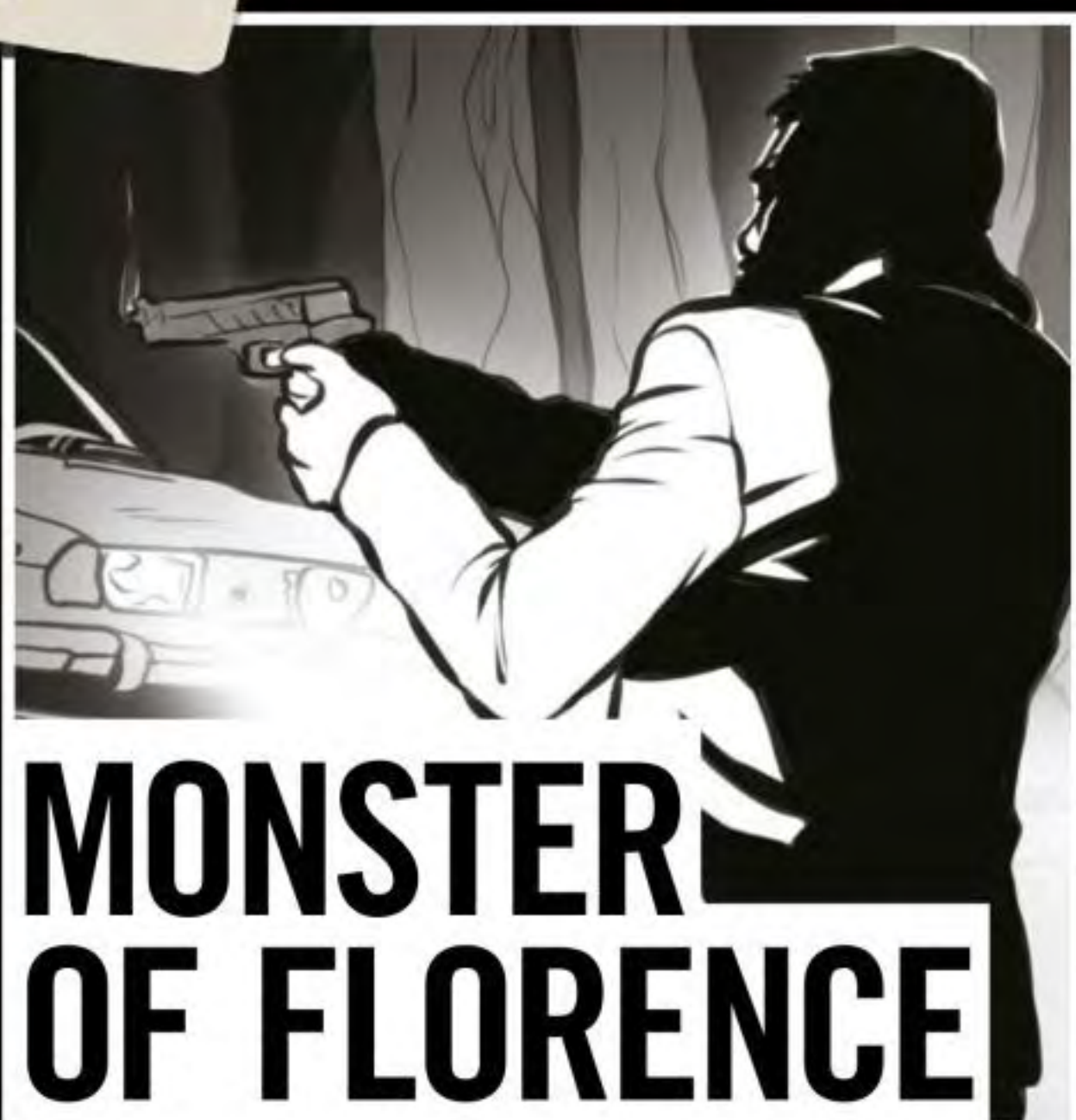
FOURTH
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**ZODIAC
KILLER**



**DA VINCI
THEFT**



**MONSTER
OF FLORENCE**



**ALEXANDER
LITVINENKO**

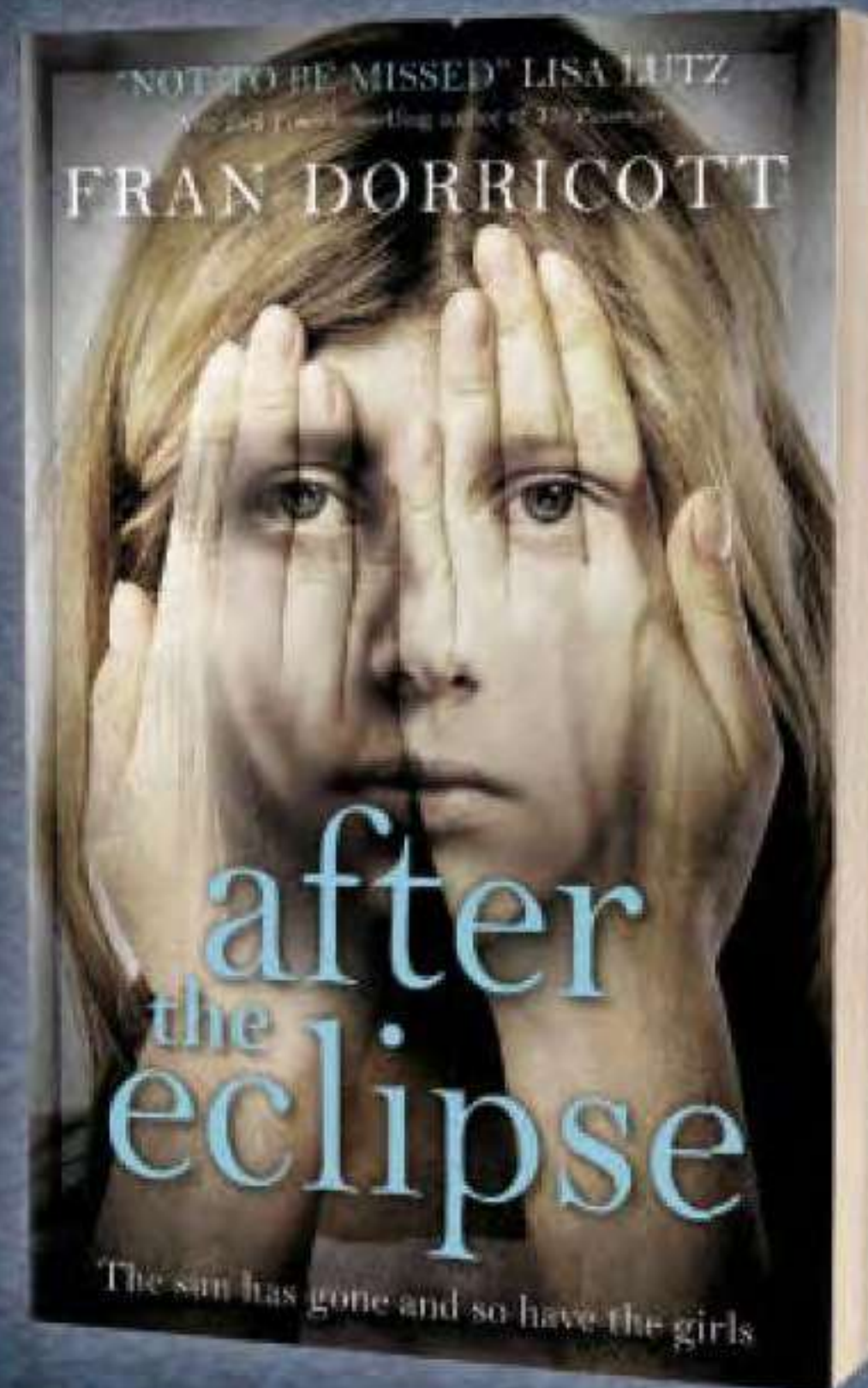
MASTERFUL CRIME *and* SUSPENSEFUL THRILLERS

from **TITAN BOOKS**

AFTER THE ECLIPSE FRAN DORRICOTT

"Not to be missed."
Lisa Lutz - NYT bestselling
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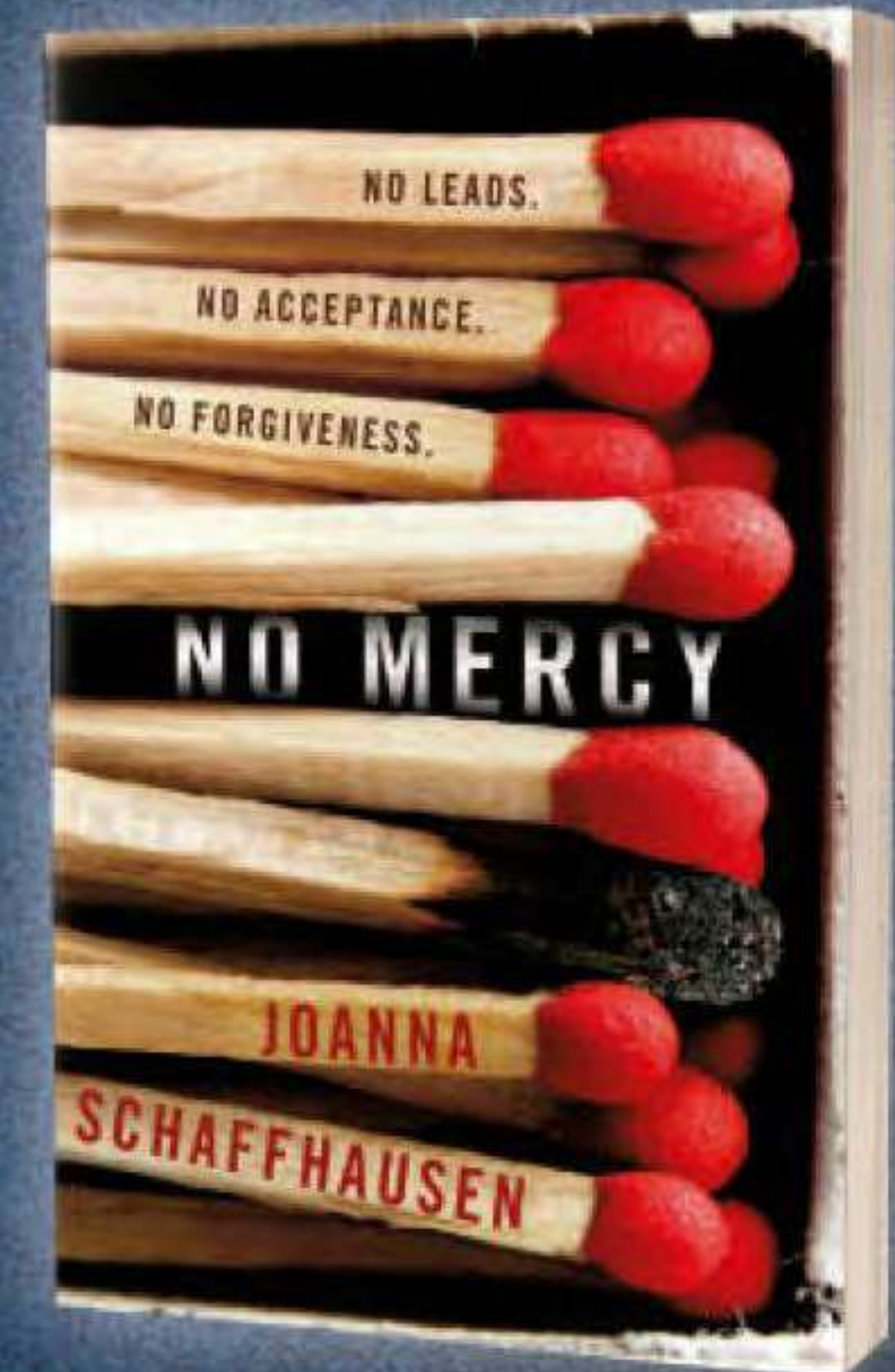
OUT NOW



NO MERCY JOANNA SCHAFFHAUSEN

"A chilling, breathless
dive into fear... a new
writer worth watching!"
Carol Goodman

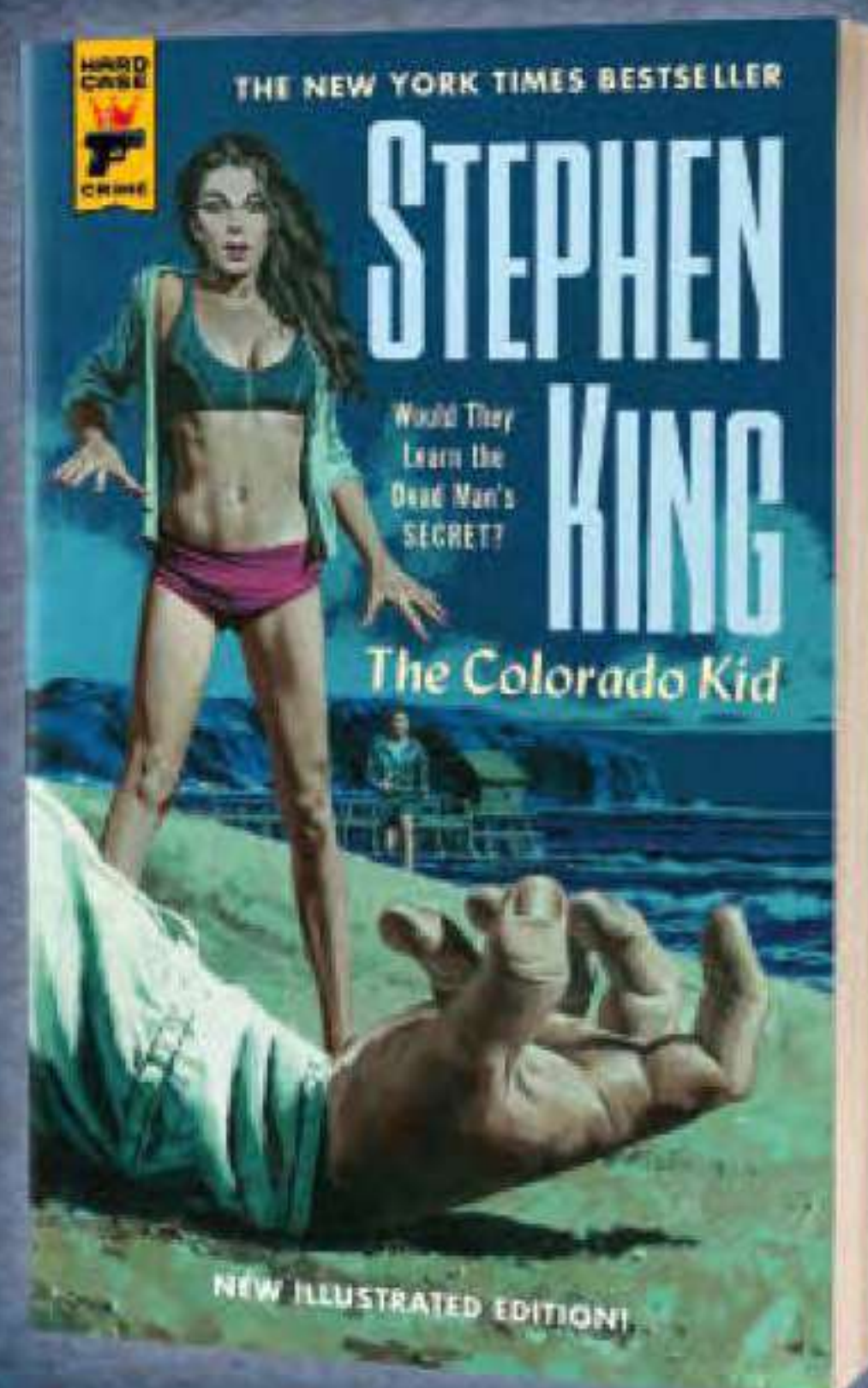
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THE COLORADO KID STEPHEN KING

"The ending comes as
a most daring shock...
I loved it."
The Guardian

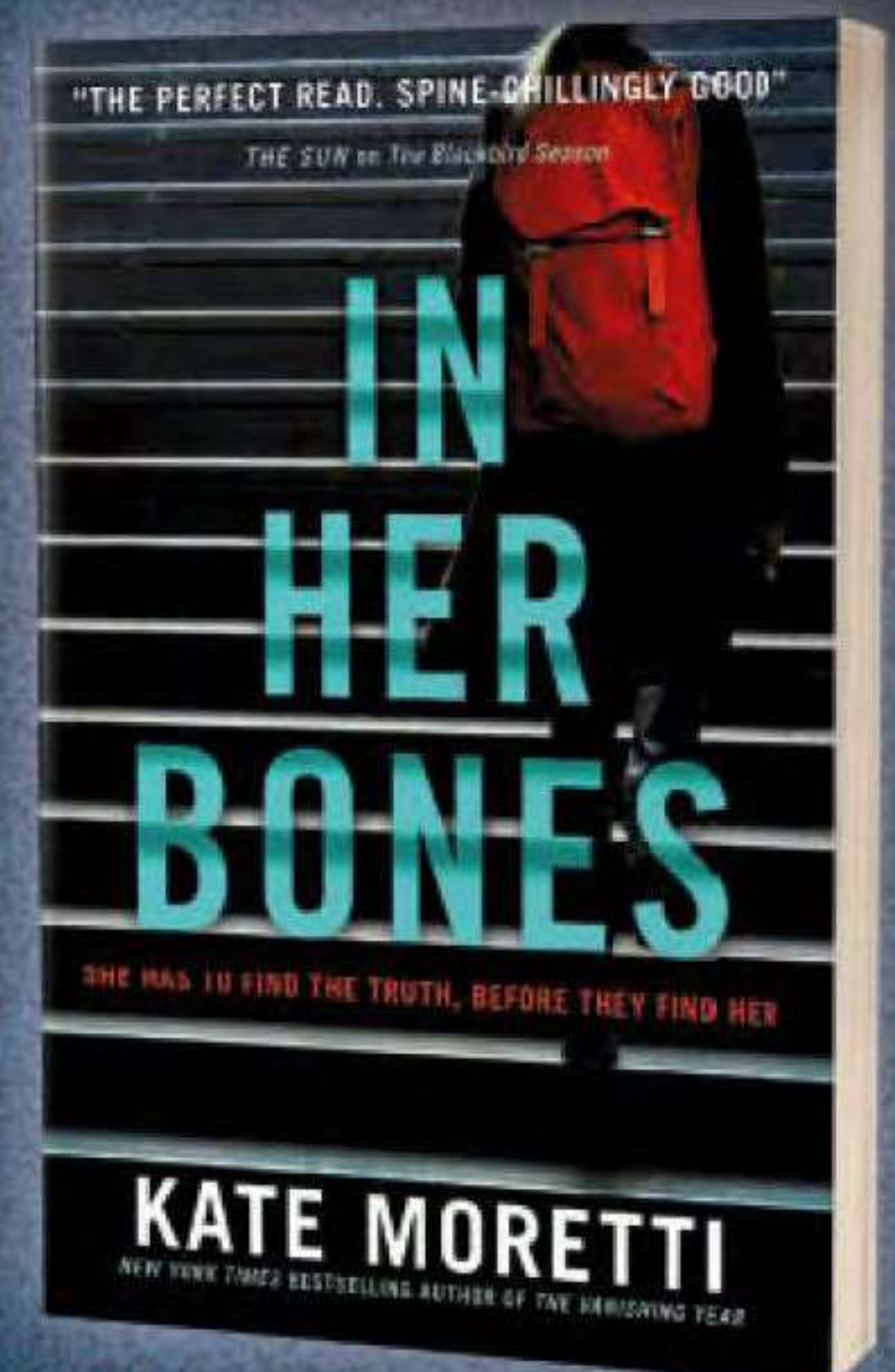
COMING SOON



IN HER BONES KATE MORETTI

The daughter of a
convicted serial killer
finds herself at the
centre of a murder
investigation.

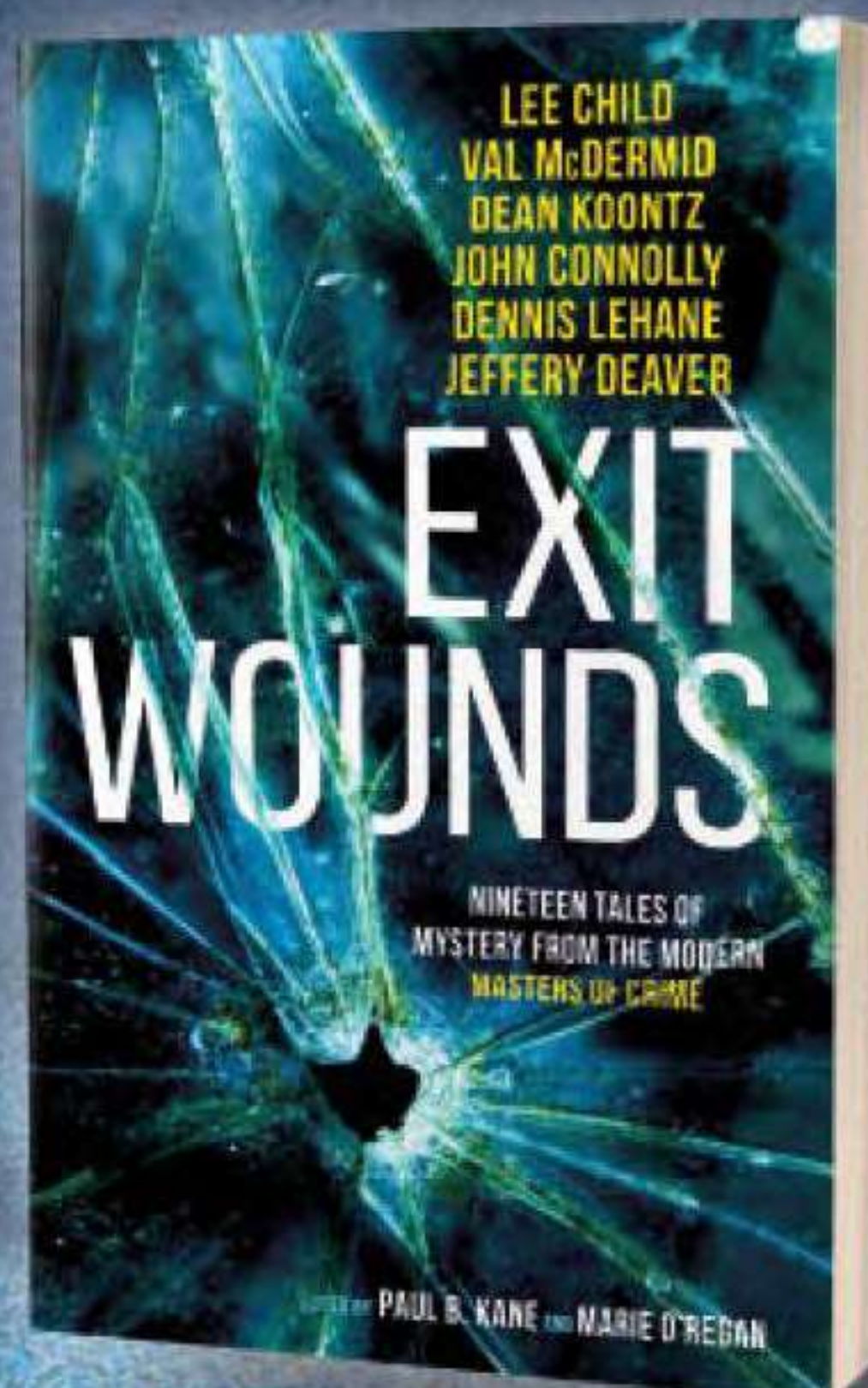
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EXIT WOUNDS ED. MARIE O'REGAN AND PAUL KANE

A brand-new anthology
by masters of the genre,
including Val McDermid
and Mark Billingham.

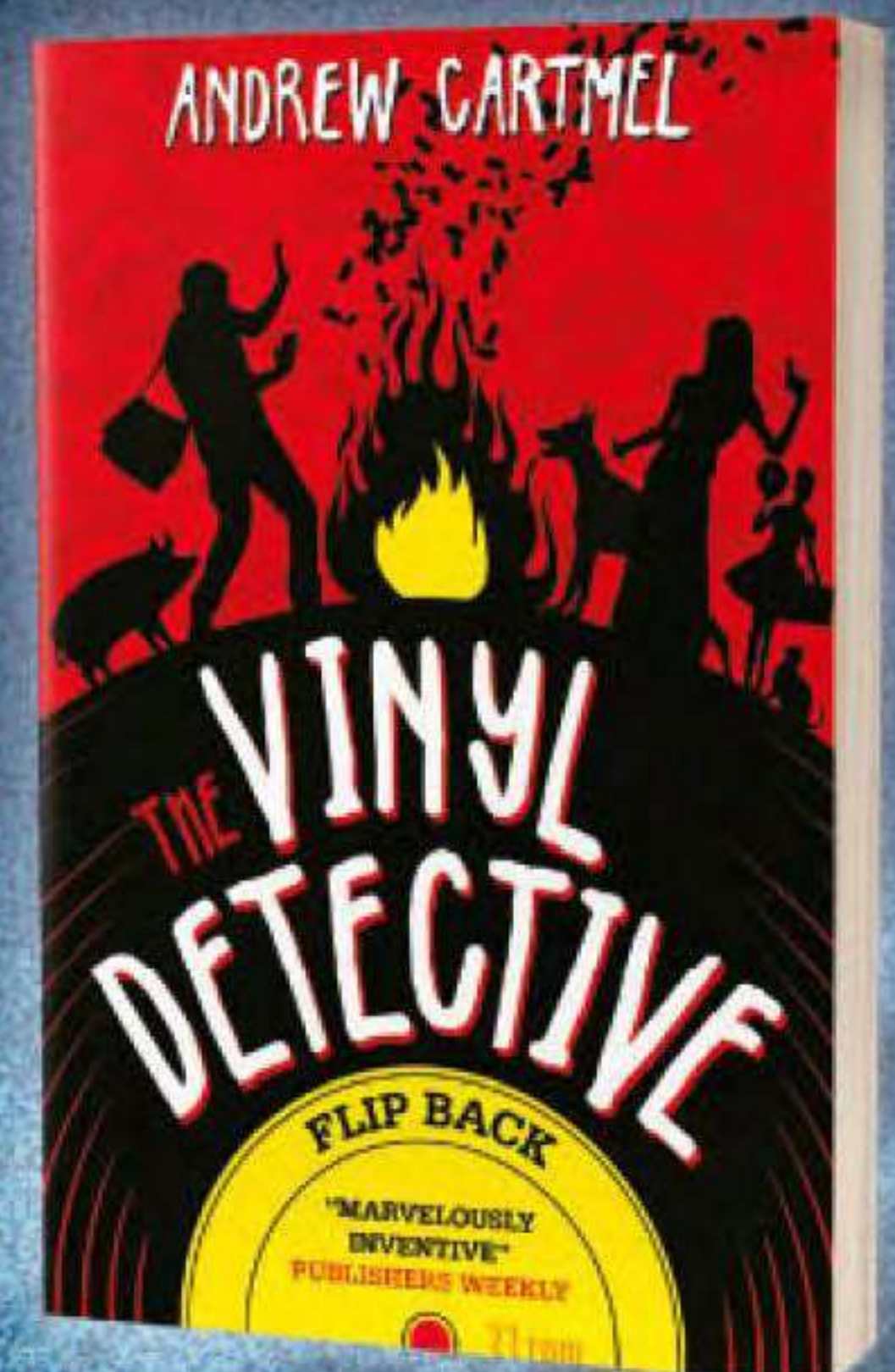
COMING SOON



FLIP BACK ANDREW CARTMEL

"Like an old 45rpm
record, this book
crackles with brilliance."
David Quantick on
Written in Dead Wax

COMING SOON



WELCOME TO

UNSOLVED CRIMES

There are some crimes that stay with you forever. Not because of their gruesome nature, their high body counts or their despicable perpetrators, but because, despite all the efforts of investigators, they remain unsolved. The most infamous cold cases have inspired many reenactments, from Hollywood blockbusters to copycat killers. The identity of Jack the Ripper is still a mystery and debated over today, more than a hundred years after the Whitechapel murders took place. More recently, the world still wonders what twisted individual committed the Zodiac killings and sent taunting letters containing cryptograms to the local press. And will the killer of gentle nun, Sister Cathy Cesnik, ever be identified? Packed with crime scene photos, maps of killers' hunting grounds and suspicious suspects, the world's most notorious unsolved crimes are featured within these pages. So if you're ready, let's take a look inside the investigations that remain unexplained to this day...



「 FUTURE 」

UNSOLVED CRIMES

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Part of the
**REAL
CRIME**
bookazine series



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Crime scene
illustrations and
maps inside

THIS IS THE ZODIAC SPEAKING

HIS REIGN OF TERROR ENDED AS SWIFTLY AS IT BEGAN. THE ZODIAC KILLER WAS A MEDIA-COURTING MADMAN WHO ESCAPED JUSTICE

British newspapers had a large part to play in the invention of the serial killer as a near mythological creature of nightmare. In 1888, the fiend carving up East End prostitutes was ingeniously dubbed 'Jack the Ripper'. During that savage autumn, the press was inundated with letters and postcards purportedly from the maniac. As the killings became ever more gruesome, editors and reporters whipped up a veritable media storm. The unknown phantom villain stalked the streets with ghost-like stealth, slicing and dicing his way into infamy, all the while baffling Scotland Yard with his sneaky abilities and the sheer savagery of his acts. For law enforcement agencies, Fleet Street and the terrified citizens of Whitechapel and beyond this was a new kind of crazy: a murderer without an immediately identifiable motive. It was killing for "jolly", as one of the dubiously penned letters put it.

None of the correspondence from Saucy Jack – a whole host of nicknames were coined alongside his infamous 'Ripper' moniker – was sent by the actual culprit. The serial killer, however, was born into popular culture and

has remained with us ever since. A chief by-product of enterprising but foolish hacks' pens was the cementing of the notion that killers may taunt and threaten – via newspaper outlets – and treat an unfolding crime as a game. These monsters were now able to mock the law, brag about their intellectual might and claim to be masterminds. "Catch me when you can," Jack boasted.

Not all serial killers crave their moment within the purview of the public arena, but California's Zodiac Killer most certainly did. He basked in the exposure because he knew murders – bar conflicts and war – were the high point of human drama and sensational crimes make excellent copy. As the rascal newshound Kirk Douglas puts it in Billy Wilder's acclaimed satire, *Ace In The Hole* (1951): "Good news is no news."

There are key parallels between the short reign of the Zodiac Killer and his distant Victorian brother-in-bloodshed. Both cases have remained officially unsolved and they represent two of the most obsessed-over serial murders in the annals of crime history. They have attracted numerous conspiracy theories and suspects and both maniacs appeared to court the press in order to make their voice heard. It has been established that Whitechapel Jack was a figment of the media's imagination. Bar one or two letters some claim should be treated as genuine, they were almost certainly penned by journalists looking to cause a fresh headline and a stir. The Zodiac most definitely wrote to newspaper chiefs and made demands for coverage.

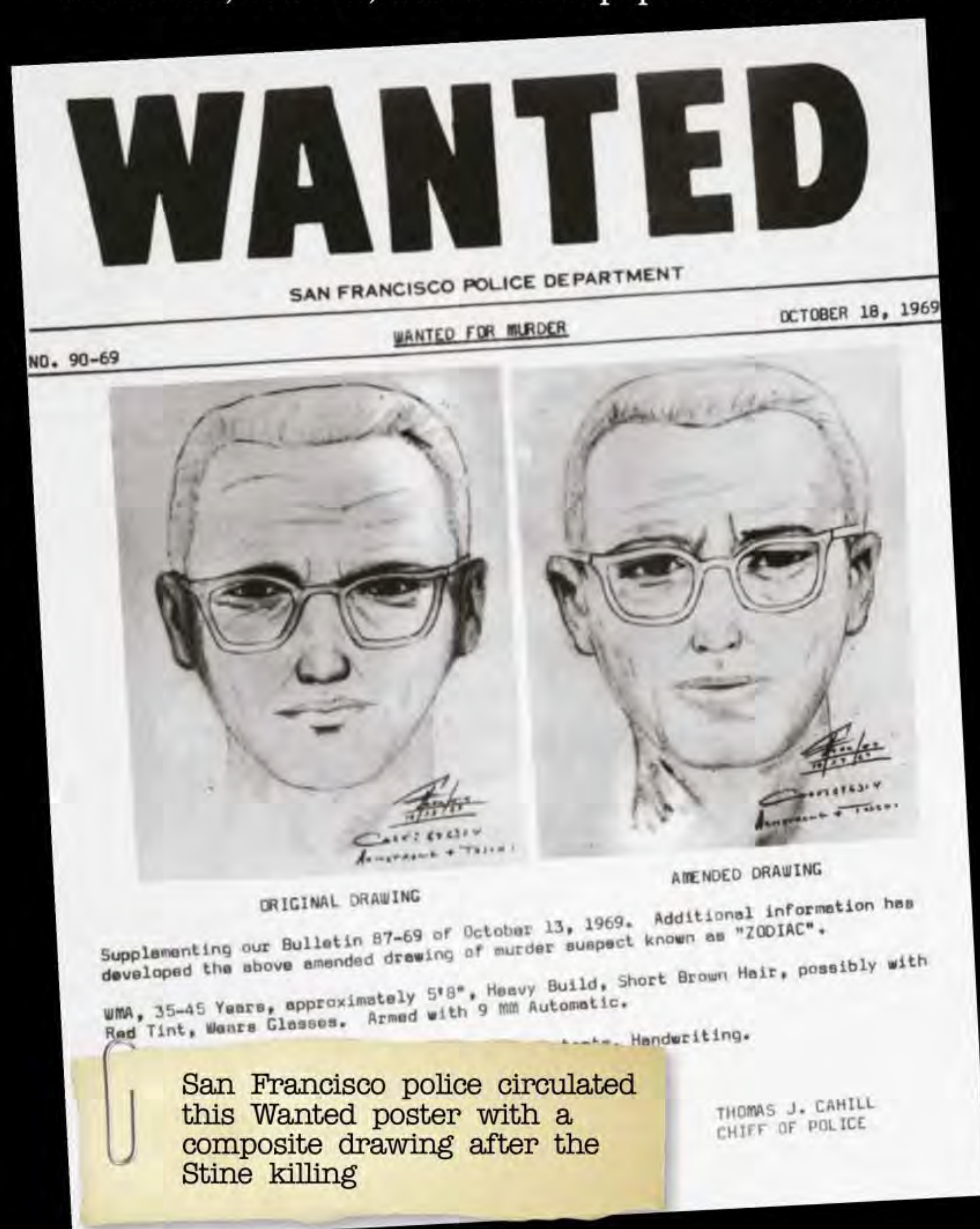
Whether the Zodiac was inspired by the Jack the Ripper saga has been debated numerous times, as a result of how media-savvy he turned out to be. He appeared to be inspired by movies, television and writers; theorists even postulated Agatha Christie's 1936 novel, *The A.B.C. Murders*, as a potential inspirational text. There is certainly a case to be made that the media-enflamed farrago over 'Jack' was a guiding light to his own grisly campaign, one that would rank him as one of the 20th century's great villains.

"HIS GRISLY CAMPAIGN WOULD RANK HIM AS ONE OF THE 20TH CENTURY'S GREAT VILLAINS"

A famous Zodiac letter in which he claims seven victims

1647710

This is the Zodiac speaking. I am the murderer of the taxi driver over by Washington St & Maple St last night, to prove this here is a blood stained piece of his shirt. I am the same man who did in the people in the north bay a-aa. The S.F. Police could have caught me last night if they had



• LT. CHARLES ELLIS •

Mr. Melvin M. Belli
1228 Mtgy
San Fran Calif

SAN FRANCISCO
DEC
20
PM
1969



6:30 AM

CC # 2332

A letter to attorney and media celebrity, Melvin Belli, as part of the Zodiac's campaign to whip up media coverage



LEFT A hand-drawn sketch of the bizarre costume worn by Zodiac, based on testimony by victim Bryan Hartnell

MIDDLE Zodiac wrote to the press admitting he was the killer of cab driver, Paul Stine

When the Zodiac spoke, everybody listened. That was his true power and dominion over all. He effectively achieved what he set out to do and laughed in the faces of the police officers tasked with tracking him down. "This is the Zodiac speaking" became as chilling an opening salvo as Jack's given address on the red-inked letter to Vigilance Committee chief, George Lusk: "From Hell".

THE ZODIAC BEGINS: LAKE HERMAN ROAD

At 11.00pm on 20 December 1968, Stella Borges drove down a secluded two-lane country road on her way to Benicia, California. Lake Herman Road was well known among local residents as a place where teenage couples could make out and have privacy to talk about their lives and woes, away from the eyes and ears of their parents. The route connected Benicia to Vallejo. As Mrs Borges headed the few miles from her remote house into Benicia, the headlights of the car piercing the pitch-black night illuminated a ghoulish image: two bodies lying on the roadside at Gate 10, a path which led to a pumping house station, about a mile east of Lake Herman Cottage. A 1961 two-tone Nash Rambler Station Wagon was parked up.

Benicia sits in the northern part of the Bay Area, bordered to the south by the Carquinez Strait and to the east by Vallejo. On a winter's night a few days before Christmas, the unremarkable waterside city of Benicia would enter history as the place where the Zodiac officially made his first kills. Back in 1968, the city held a population of 5,000 and there hadn't been a murder committed in nearly a decade. That some maniac gunned down Betty Lou Jensen and David

This is the Zodiac speaking up to the end of Oct I have killed 7 people. I have grown rather angry with the police for their telling lies about me. So I shall change the way the collecting of slaves. I shall no longer announce to anyone. when I comitt my murders, they shall look like routine robberies, killings of anger, & a few fake accidents, etc.

The police shall never catch me, because I have been too clever for them.

1 I look like the description passed out only when I do my thing, the rest of the time I look entirely different. I shall not tell you what my descise consists of when I kill
2 As of yet I have left no finger-prints behind me contrary to what the police say

Faraday, two high school students out on their first date, appalled locals, and police officers could only guess at the motive for such bestial actions. It was an assassination for no reason. Faraday, 17, and Jensen, 16, were clean cut kids from good homes. Jensen was an honour student and Faraday had been the recipient of the Scouts' God and Country award. Who on Earth could hold a grudge against them?


Unlike other Zodiac killings, there were no survivors or witnesses. A squad car parked near an Enco gas station on East 2nd Street was alerted by Mrs Borges. As it burned rubber up Lake Herman Road, the officers saw no sign of other vehicles or noticed any other car pass. It led to the conclusion the killer had hightailed it back along Lake Herman Road, heading west, in the direction of Vallejo.

Faraday had been shot at close range, as he was stepping out of the car. A bullet entered behind the top right of his ear and lodged in his brain. Jensen was found 29-30 feet from the vehicle. Clearly she had made a run for it, but the Zodiac plugged a total of five bullets into the teenager's back. Of the wounds, only one at the very top of her back torso showed classic signs of being fired from close quarters. Unless he was an expert marksman, how did he kill at such a distance, in near-absolute darkness? Had Zodiac used a torch taped to his gun in order to shoot accurately?

Ballistic tests based on evidence from the murder scene on Lake Herman Road came back with distinct results. The eight casings found (two of the ten bullets were never recovered) were revealed to be Super X .22 Long Rifle ammo 6 RH class. They belonged to a JC Higgins automatic pistol, Model 80. The police had the weapon, but they could not catch the killer or even attempt to explain way this double homicide had occurred.

This is the Zodiac speak
 I thought you would need a
 good laugh before you
 hear the bad news and i
 you won't get the can't
 news for a while yet do
 PS could you print this new cipher-
 on your front page? With
 I get awfully lonely
 when I am ignored,
 so lonely I could
 do my Thing!!!!

Des July Aug
 Sept Oct = 7



THE ZODIAC STRIKES AGAIN: BLUE ROCK SPRINGS AND LAKE BERRYESSA

Darlene Ferrin, 22, and Mike Mageau, 19, were gunned down at Blue Rock Springs on Independence Day, 4 July 1969. Until then the murders at Lake Herman Road were seen as a tragic, one-off event. Now, they were about to become connected.

Ferrin and Mageau were parked at Blue Rock Springs in Vallejo, when a light-brown Corvair (or possibly a Ford Mustang) drove up behind them. They assumed it was a cop and pulled out their identification, in preparation to show the officer. Without warning the person exited the vehicle and started firing at the car, aiming through the open car door window. Mageau's choice of clothing that evening saved his life. When it was revealed he was sporting three pairs of trousers, one t-shirt, three sweaters and a long-sleeved buttoned shirt, detectives asked him what the deal was. He explained he was skinny and did not want Ferrin to think of him as a weedy guy. He was trying to bulk up and hide his slim frame. It was an ego thing; a life-saving attempt to appear masculine.

Mageau was shot in the ear, shoulder, elbow and left leg. A bullet entered his neck and exited via his chest. Several bullets passed through his body and struck Ferrin. After initial screams of agony, the Zodiac returned and fired two more shots at the couple in the car. Despite serious wounds, Mageau pulled through. Ferrin did not. Yet the young man's survival at the hand of a maniac provided Vallejo Police Department with crucial information about the assailant.

THE PRIME SUSPECT

Arthur Leigh Allen (1933-1992) entered the decades-long Zodiac story after his friend, Don Cheney, reported him to the police. Something had been bugging him. On New Year's Day 1969, the pair were hanging out. Allen, his friends all agreed, had a lot of rage in him and loved to rain vitriol on authority figures and society. Cheney related in detail how his old college buddy, under the pretext of writing a novel, described how he'd murder folk and use the Zodiac symbol as a calling card. Allen bragged about taping a pen light onto a revolver or shotgun with masking tape, to shoot at people in the dark and score a direct hit. Cheney was perturbed enough, especially with how his pal seemed to slip from present into past tense, that after consulting a friend he visited the police. From then on, Arthur Leigh, known to friends and family as 'Leigh', became a suspect.

Robert Graysmith, the *San Francisco Chronicle* cartoonist and Zodiac obsessive, became convinced that Allen was the Zodiac. It was Graysmith, in his two bestseller tomes, that built up a convincing case against the man. A lot of the evidence is circumstantial but also very compelling. Yet as Detective Ken Narlow cautioned: "You can't make the guy fit the evidence."

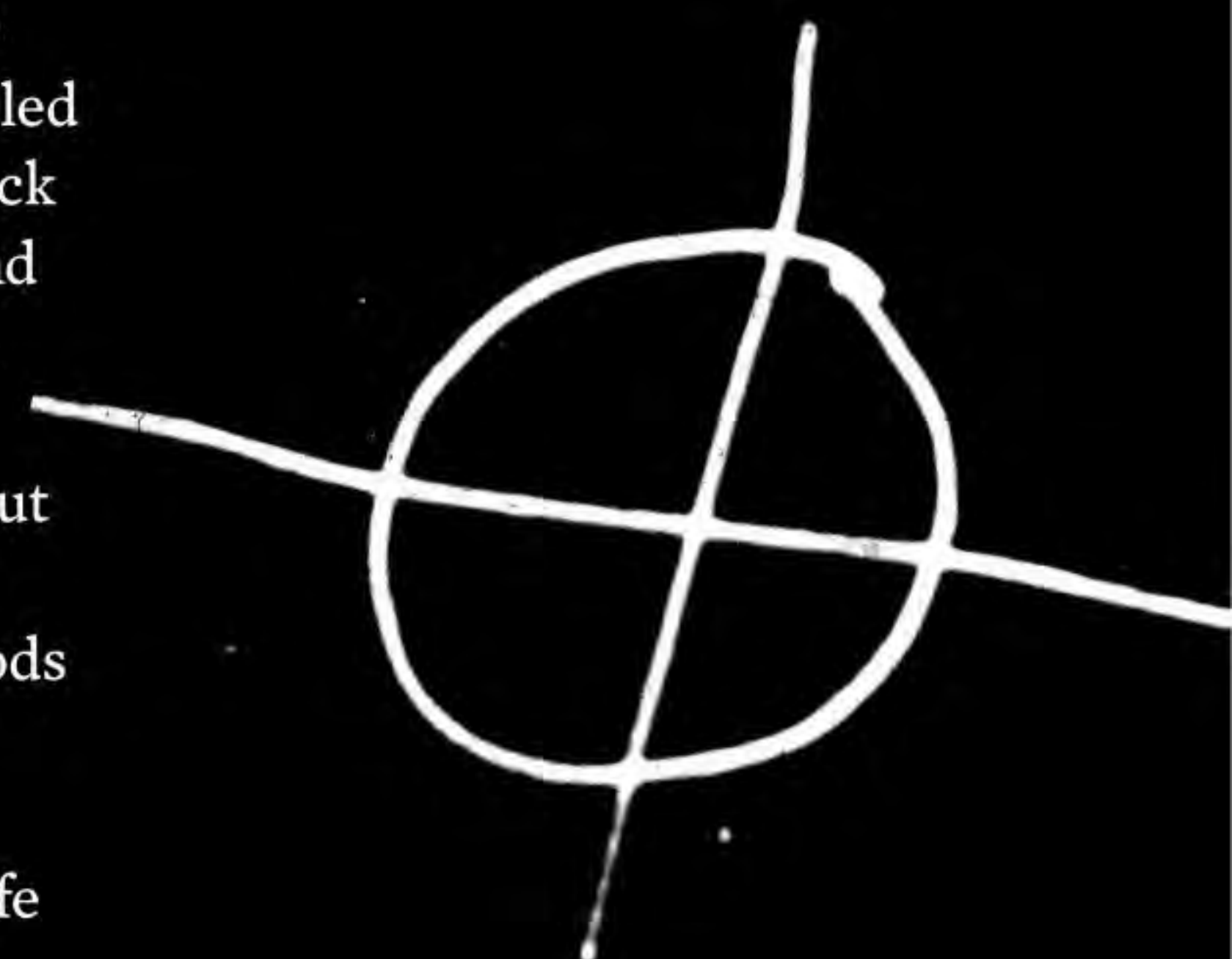
Allen was a troubled soul with a sinister past, who seemed to get off on his status as a person of interest. He was also a convicted child sex offender and once bragged to George Bawart, a Vallejo detective, that he enjoyed listening to the screams of a child being beaten. Perhaps the most damning evidence against Allen, though, was when Mike Mageau, a Zodiac survivor, identified him in July 1992. The victim was shown a series of head shots by Vallejo Police Department and pointed him out. Allen died in August 1992.

He described the Zodiac as being in his late twenties or early thirties, stocky, round-faced with brown hair. Not only did the police now have a rough description from a victim, the Zodiac made his presence known to the Vallejo Police by brazenly phoning from a public telephone booth at 12:40am just a few blocks from the town cop shop. The female radio operator who took the call remembered the caller's monotone voice and his message sounded rehearsed or as if he was reading aloud from a piece of paper. "I want to report a double murder. If you go one mile east on Columbus Park Way to the public park, you'll find the kids in a brown car. They were shot with a 9mm Luger. I also killed those kids last year." He ended the statement with an adieu that sent an ice-cold chill down the female dispatcher's spine. Suddenly shifting from his monotone vocalisation, into something far creepier sounding, he said "Goooooodyyyyyyy," then hung up.

On 27 September 1969 Bryan Hartnell, 20, and Cecelia Shepard, 22, two students from Pacific Union College, took a trip to Lake Berryessa in Napa County, after deciding to forgo a day out into San Francisco. Their change of heart led to a deadly meeting with the Zodiac. As with the Blue Rock Springs assault, the killer failed to finish off one victim and Hartnell's subsequent testimony told of just how devious and deranged the Zodiac could be. It is often thought serial killers follow an established pattern of behaviour, but that is not always the case. As the person kills and gains experience, the rules of the game can change, even methods alter from one slaying to the next. The Lake Berryessa attack can almost be described as 'gonzo'.

Lake Berryessa is a man-made lake, which in a former life was a reservoir. It has an irregular shoreline, unusual for a

“ HIS
 MESSAGE
 SOUNDED
 REHEARSED
 OR AS IF
 HE WAS
 READING
 FROM A
 PIECE OF
 PAPER ”



reservoir, and some parts were less popular than others. The lake was not deserted that day, but it was very quiet. There were people out fishing and walking, all enjoying the fresh air and peace. Some witnesses tracked down later told of a strange guy walking around, following them, but then disappearing. Was this the Zodiac selecting potential kills? Eventually, he found what he was looking for...

Hartnell and Shepard were relaxing out on a peninsula that was dotted with several oak trees. The girl first spotted the mystery man about one hundred feet away, but he vanished from view. Hartnell, facing the lake, couldn't see what had spooked Shepard and dismissed it as just some guy taking a leak. A few minutes later, Shepard stunned Hartnell by gasping: "He's got a gun, oh my God..."

The bulky figure who approached them looked like someone attending a Halloween party or an executioner in a medieval torture chamber. Zodiac sported a black hood which doubled as a tunic with a four-inch circle-and-crosshair symbol embroidered at the centre; sunglasses over the eyeholes; dark trousers; black boots; a utility belt with a gun holster on his left hip; a sheath to hold a homemade knife on his right hip, and pieces of cut rope. At no point during the encounter did the individual identify himself as the Zodiac. He told Hartnell and Shepard he was an escaped convict from Montana and he'd killed a man during the bid for freedom. The masked man planned on going to Mexico and needed some money and a car. Hartnell had seventy-five cents in his wallet but offered to help the gentleman in any way possible. Hartnell is the only verifiable Zodiac victim to have engaged the fiend in conversation during an attack and lived to tell the tale.

Having hog-tied the pair up with lengths of plastic cut from a clothes-line, the Zodiac decided to stab Hartnell and Shepard to death with a foot-long, bayonet type knife. Before this, Hartnell asked the man towering over him if the gun was really loaded. Zodiac obliged and showed the student the loaded clip. The gun, however, would never come into play. The motive was never robbery, it was just another sick, toying move. Without warning, he began stabbing Bryan Hartnell in the back. He was pierced six times and left to bleed out. Cecelia was yelling and attempted to roll away. It was a desperate and futile escape.

"I want to report a murder. No, a double murder." As in the aftermath at Blue Rock Springs, the Zodiac decided to tip-off the cops with a phone call. Officer Slaight took the call from a booth 27 miles from the crime scene, in the city of Napa. It wasn't his regular gig; he was filling in while an operator took his lunch break. Asked for more details, the response Slaight received was: "I'm the one that did it." The Zodiac left the receiver hanging and walked away.

As Hartnell and Shepard fought to remain conscious after losing a lot of blood, it began to get dark. The young man had attempted to stand up and walk to find help, somehow rallying against the devastation inflicted on his body, but he could only move forward a few feet at a time before collapsing, exhausted. To his merit Hartnell, punctured with knife wounds, made it to Berryessa Knoxville Road, where he flagged down a ranger. Before this time, the owner of a passing motor boat, seeing the pair on the shoreline in distress, set off across the lake to a ranger's cabin and asked for help. Hartnell and Shepard thought the guy had ignored their already weakened cries.

As the Napa County police rushed to the scene, they found a message waiting. Written in marker pen on the right side passenger door of Hartnell's Volkswagen Carmargo, was: "Vallejo, 12-20-68, 7-4-69, Sept 27-69-6:30, by knife". This was accompanied by the Zodiac's calling card symbol, widely known due to the media furore instigated after Blue Rock Springs attack.



DONNA LASS

Donna Lass vanished without a trace on 6 September 1970. A postcard sent by the Zodiac led to a potential connection.



KATHLEEN JOHNS & CHILD

Kathleen Johns (with her infant child) accepted a ride on Highway 132, near Modesto, from a man who may have been the Zodiac.

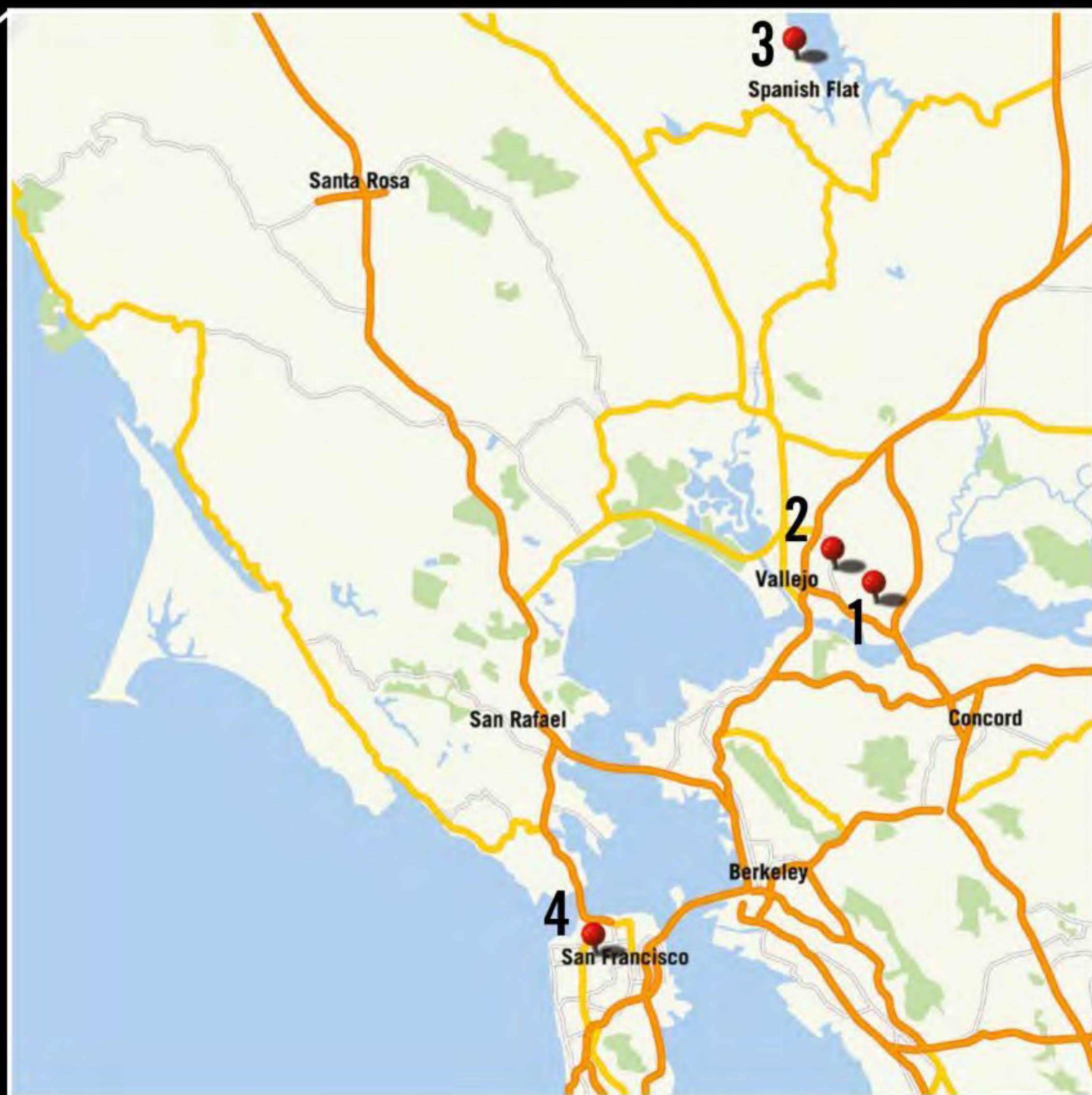


ROBERT DOMINGOS LINDA EDWARDS

Two high school students were discovered on a remote beach in Santa Barbara County, CA. They were shot numerous times.



“FOOTPRINTS REVEALED
A SHOE BRAND ONLY MADE
AVAILABLE TO THOSE WITH
LINKS TO THE NAVY”



3



**BRYAN CALVIN HARTNELL
CECELIA ANN SHEPARD**

27 September 1969: The pair were stabbed repeatedly on the shoreline at Lake Berryessa. Shepard died two days later.

2



**MICHAEL MARGEAU
DARLENE ELIZABETH FERRIN**

On Independence Day, 4 July 1969, Margeau and Ferrin were attacked at Blue Rock Springs Park, Vallejo. Ferrin was killed.

1



**DAVID ARTHUR FARADAY
BETTY LOU JENSEN**

A teenaged couple on their very first date were gunned down on 20 December 1968 at Lake Herman Road, Benicia.

4



PAUL LEE STINE

Cab driver Paul Stine was shot on a Saturday night at the corner of Washington and Cherry Streets in San Francisco.

6



CHERI JO BATES

Cheri Jo Bates was murdered at Riverside City College, October 1966. Years later, the killing was linked to the Zodiac.

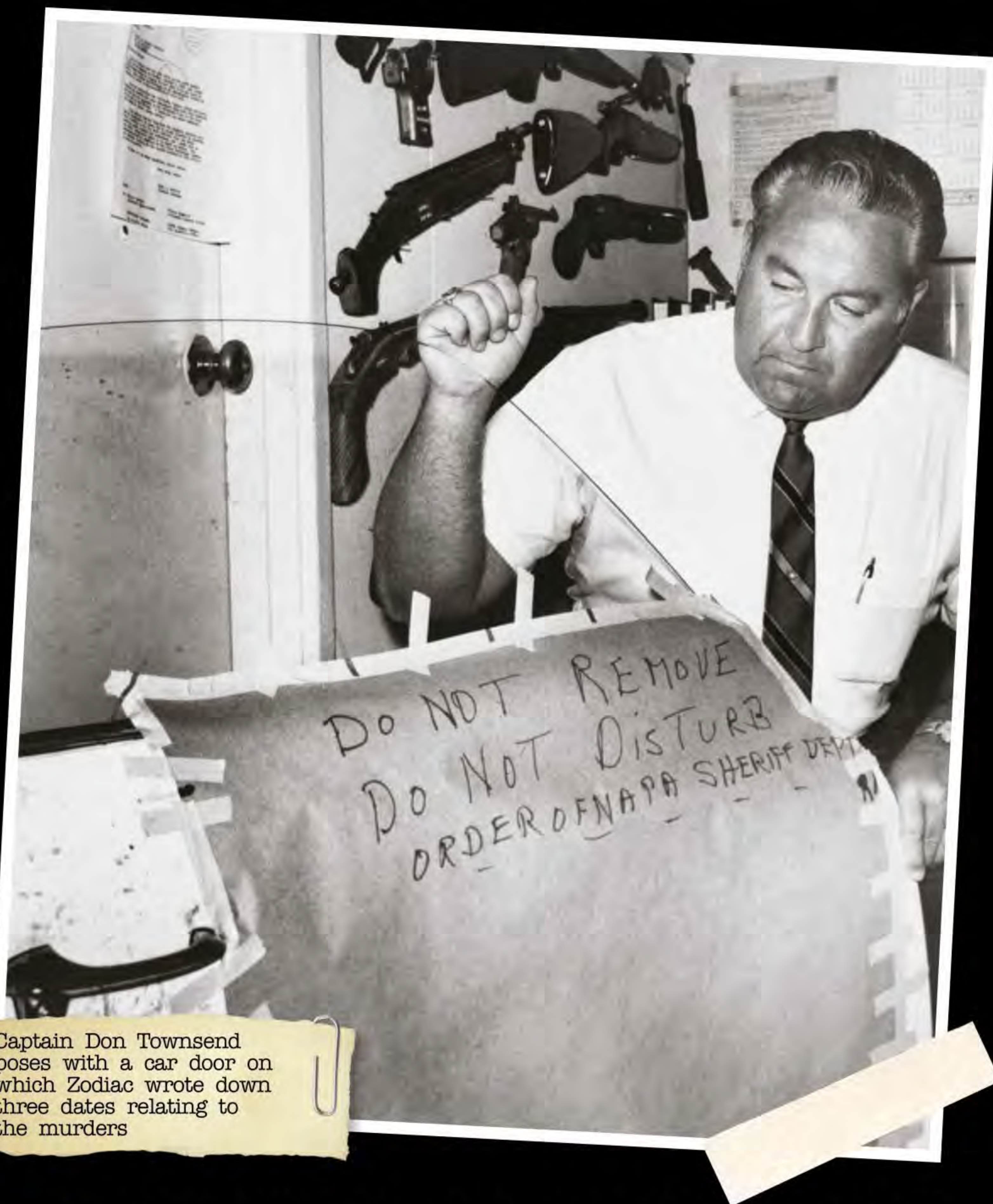


SUSPECTED



CONFIRMED

3 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100



Captain Don Townsend poses with a car door on which Zodiac wrote down three dates relating to the murders

“ HE ENCLOSED THE BLOODIED PIECE OF SHIRT HE’D CUT AWAY ON THE NIGHT AS EVIDENCE OF HIS INVOLVEMENT ”

LETTERS FROM A KILLER

The Zodiac is famous for posting letters to the news media and the police. On 1 August 1969, three missives penned in the same hand were posted to the *Vallejo Times-Herald*, the *San Francisco Chronicle* and the *San Francisco Examiner*. The writer demanded that these newspapers print a three-part cryptogram on their front pages. An individual section had been enclosed in the letters to each outlet. Combined and solved, they would reveal the killer’s identity and allow the police to catch him. If they failed to do as he asked, the Zodiac informed the editors, the consequences would be dire: more people would die.

Although the editorial teams debated whether or not the cryptogram and letters were all a hoax, they acquiesced and published them. Despite their initial dithering and holding back, the Zodiac’s mass shootings had failed to materialise. The *Chronicle*’s printing included quotations from Vallejo’s Chief of Police, Jack Stilitz, asking for more information. It was a way of calling the writer’s bluff or establishing the validity of the correspondence. Nevertheless, the editors gave the killer a platform and the game had begun in earnest.

On 7 August 1969 one of the most famous *noms de guerre* came into usage, with a letter that began with an equally iconic opening line. The Zodiac wrote to the *San Francisco Examiner*, directly referencing Stilitz’s quotes and revealing that he was still avidly following the news. The smudged, three-page letter began, “Dear Editor, This is the Zodiac speaking...”

On 8 August, an enterprising high school teacher from Salinas, Donald Harden, together with his wife Bettye, cracked the three-part cryptogram and informed the authorities of his chilling discovery. The message was only partially deciphered, with the final eighteen letters remaining a befuddling mystery. Perhaps they were gibberish, included petulantly by the Zodiac to leave folk stumped. Most of all, what the killer had promised – his identity – was not at all revealed. Instead, he bragged about why killing was so much fun and how he was collecting slaves for the afterlife.

Letters and postcards continued down the years until, like the killings, they abruptly ceased. Some were identified as authentic and others dismissed as copycat attempts.

It was at Lake Berryessa that the Zodiac also left a vital clue. Size ten-and-a-half footprints were discovered and revealed a shoe style (workman’s boots) and brand only made available to those who had links to the Navy. The Bay Area had a strong military presence and many residents earned their livelihoods working on bases dotted here and there. The type of shoe was known colloquially as a Wing Walker and was made by The Weinbrenner Shoe Company via an exclusive contract. This, combined with a neat technique for ripping fabric that soldiers are trained in for use as bandages or tourniquets, led the authorities to believe the Zodiac had a military background, or at least a connection of some sort.

Tired of shooting youngsters in rural beauty spots, the deranged murderer was about to partake in his most brazen act yet. It was time to cross the Bay Bridge and head into the big city.

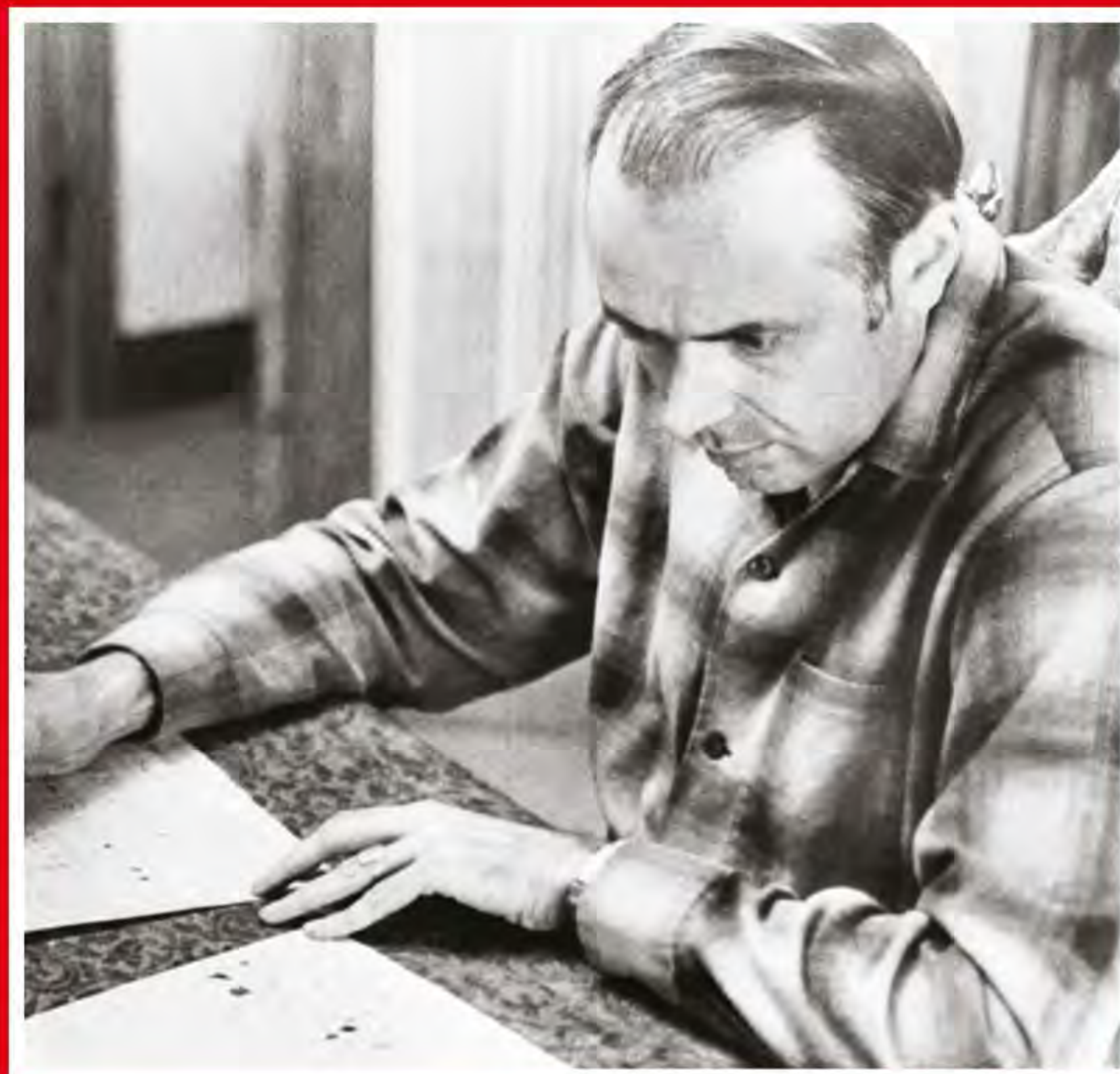
MURDER IN THE CITY:

THE KILLING OF PAUL STINE

At 9:55pm on Saturday 11 October 1969 Zodiac executed Yellow Cab driver Paul Stine, 29, at point blank range behind the ear with a 9mm pistol. Officers Peda and Pelissetti were first on the scene. A radio call had come through that a taxi driver was being robbed or assaulted at the corner of Washington and Cherry Streets in Presidio Heights, a plush neighbourhood of San Francisco. The radio operator told all units to be on the lookout for a NMA (Negro Male Adult). This gaffe enabled the Zodiac to walk off into the night. Even when he was potentially spotted by a passing squad car heading to Washington and Cherry, on Jackson Street, the potential suspect wasn’t stopped and questioned because they were looking for a person of colour. Nobody is sure where the NMA detail came from. The police initially stated the information was derived from the witnesses across the street (three teenagers) who called the police to report the incident. It is more likely that the mistake was made by the dispatch operator.

Stine had picked up his fare at Mason and Geary, just a few blocks north of the Tenderloin district. The cab, for reasons unknown, was stopped at Washington and Cherry (the original

BELOW High school teacher Donald Harden and wife Bettye cracked the three-part cipher the Zodiac sent to the newspapers



destination was Maple Street) and that is where the murder took place. A quiet residential area at night-time, the low visibility and inadequate lighting aided the Zodiac in committing his latest crime – just as well as any track or locale out in the boonies. After shooting the unsuspecting cabbie, the Zodiac wiped down the taxi interior, tore off a piece of Stine's striped shirt – a detail that may have been a tribute to, or direct copycat of, Jack the Ripper cutting off part of the apron worn by fourth victim, Catherine Eddowes.

After the killing of Paul Stine, the Zodiac stopped. Maybe the heat was getting too intense or he'd been questioned by cops at random and it spooked him sufficiently to end his reign. Nobody knows. Despite an infamous threat made to the newspapers about ending the lives of schoolchildren and kick-starting further killing sprees, the Zodiac ceased operation. For a time, his absence lingered in the thoughts of just about every person living in the Bay Area and beyond. When would he strike next? Would he really be so despicable as to shoot innocent schoolchildren? All he needed was to air a threat in order to induce the authorities and the public into a fresh state of fear and paranoia.

FUNNY GAMES: THE

ZODIAC AND THE MEDIA

The Zodiac went to ground, but still checked in with the newspapers from time to time. He sent letters and cryptograms for people to solve. One of the most ghoulish letters was sent to the *San Francisco Chronicle* on 13 October 1969, when he acknowledged his role in the Stine murder and enclosed the bloodied piece of shirt he'd cut away on the night as evidence of his involvement.

For his own amusement, the Zodiac loved to deliberately misspell words in all his correspondence. The letters were not by the hand of a person suffering from dyslexia, but part of the game-playing and an aesthetic affront to grammar and punctuation. A three-part, 408-character cipher revealed the following message: "I like killing people because it is so much fun it is more fun than killing wild game in the forrest because man is the most dangeroue anamal of all to kill something gives me the most thrilling experence it is even better than getting your rocks off with a girl the best part of its thae when they die I will be reborn in paradise and thei have killed will become my slaves I will not give my name because will you try to sloi me down or atop my collectiog of slaves for my afterlife ebeorietemethhpiti".

That garbled message is everything you need to know about the Zodiac's pernicious nature. He was a devious madman with a warped sense of humour, who was playing his own private game with human lives as pieces in it. Nobody else was sensible to the rules. Murdering victims in different counties was a genius stroke, too, for it impeded investigations among law enforcement agencies. Many toes were stepped on in the process and suspicion bred contempt between the SFPD, Napa and Vallejo police forces.

The last letter sent to the media under the Zodiac name was received in 1974, yet as well as the four murders he officially committed, five other cases have since been tentatively linked. The Zodiac Killer's bizarre *modus operandi* was in fact carefully crafted to confound the cops and to allow himself to revel in the superiority of his intellect. Sadly, no suspect has ever been convicted and the investigation still continues – and baffles – to this day.

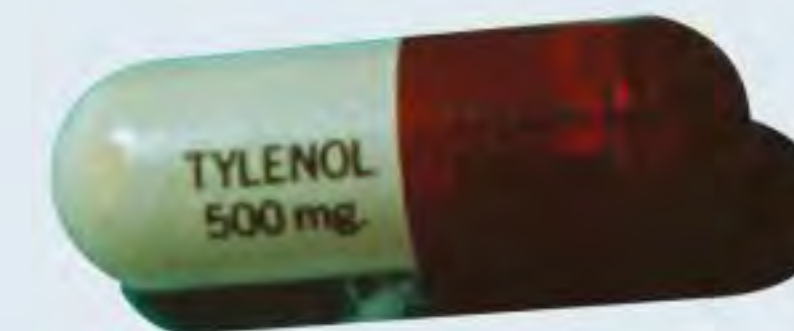
THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME

In the three-part cryptogram sent to the trio of newspapers, the Zodiac used the curious phrase "man is the most dangerous animal of all" (though dangerous was misspelled as "dangeroue" and animal as "anamal"). Robert Graysmith had heard the phrase before and realised it was from an old film. He wondered if the Zodiac was a movie fan, and if part of the message was an open reference to the 1932 picture, *The Most Dangerous Game*. Did it reveal the killer's true reasons for the slayings?

Shot during evenings on *King Kong*'s jungle sets, after production on that iconic monster movie had closed for the day, the low-budget RKO Pictures thriller was based on a 1924 short story by Richard Cornell and starred Joel McCrea and *King Kong* star, Fay Wray. The plot featured a big-game hunter, Sanger Rainsford (played by McCrea), shipwrecked on an island off the coast of South America. On the island lives Count Zaroff (Leslie Banks), another big-game hunter. Rainsford discovers the demented Zaroff loves nothing more than bagging human prey on his island and Rainsford even finds a head mounted on a wall in Zaroff's trophy room.

There has been much debate about this connection. The prime suspect, Arthur Leigh Allen was definitely a fan of the story. He told Inspector Dave Toschi, leading the investigation in San Francisco, during their interview at the Pinole oil refinery, on 4 August 1971, where Allen worked at the time as a chemist: "It was the best story I read in high school."





THE PAIN KILLER

HOW DO YOU MURDER SEVEN PEOPLE IN 15 HOURS AND GET AWAY WITH IT? WITH BOTTLES OF EVERYDAY PARACETAMOL...



Tylenol was taken off shelves nationwide, with the recall costing Johnson & Johnson an estimated \$100 million



Eight of the Extra-Strength Tylenol capsules taken from bottles tainted with potassium cyanide

The bathroom door closed with a clunk. A few moments later, Dennis Kellerman heard a dull thud, as if something had been dropped. He shouted to his daughter, “Mary, are you okay?” There was no reply. It was 6.30am on the morning of 29 September 1982 and Mary had a cold, maybe she didn’t hear him. He tried again: “Mary, are you okay?” Again, no response came from the bathroom. Dennis moved back along the hallway to investigate, pushing open the door. There, unconscious on the floor, was 12-year-old Mary, still in her pyjamas.

Dennis hurriedly called the paramedics and before long paramedic, Dave Sprung – described by one of his coworkers as “one of the best paramedics I have ever met” – was on the scene in Schaumburg, Illinois (a northwestern suburb of Chicago) trying everything in his drug box in an attempt to revive Mary. It wasn’t working though. Even the

doctors at Alexian Brothers Medical Center in Elk Grove Village couldn’t figure it out. At 9.56am, Mary Kellerman was officially pronounced dead.

Surely the common cold and two over-the-counter painkillers couldn’t have been fatal, could they?

TERRORISED BY TYLENOL

Ten miles across the Chicago suburbs in Arlington Heights, Adam Janus was at home having taken a sick day from his job as a postal worker. It was just after midday and, having picked up his kids from preschool, he still wasn’t feeling well. The 27-year-old took a couple of Extra-Strength Tylenol pills (a US brand name for paracetamol) to ease his pain but, before he could head back to his bedroom for a lie down, Adam staggered back into the kitchen struggling to breathe. Moments later he was collapsed on the floor, barely registering a pulse.

Rushed to Northwest Community Hospital’s intensive care unit, medical director Thomas Kim’s team got to work on Adam immediately, trying to resuscitate him to no avail. By 3.15pm, Kim had no option but to sign Adam out as a probable cardiac death in front of the 27-year-old’s assembled family, who somberly departed back to Adam’s house.

It would not be the last that Dr Kim would see of the Janus family on that fateful Wednesday, though. Less than two hours later, and readying to leave, Kim was informed that the ICU was to expect two more members of the Janus clan. He assumed it would be the grief-stricken parents. After all, the mother and father had looked particularly frail during their previous visit. “No,” the nurse informed him, “It’s the brother, and they’re working on his wife too”. Kim was absolutely stunned, both had been perfectly healthy earlier





The murders led to the development of tamper-proof bottles, seen here in the hands of Johnson & Johnson chairman, James Burke

The Chicago Board of Health initiated a widespread Tylenol testing campaign in the wake of the murders

that afternoon yet now both 25-year-old Stanley and his 19-year-old wife, Theresa, were unresponsive, just as Adam ha been mere hours earlier.

Something wasn't right. Three members of the same family don't just die coincidentally. The Cook County police informed deputy chief medical examiner, Edmund Donoghue (whose office had earlier been informed of Mary Kellerman's death). The police department wanted public health officials on the scene, so Nurse Helen Jensen and investigator, Nick Pishos were swiftly dispatched to Janus' house, arriving around 8.00pm – 15 minutes before Stanley Janus was pronounced dead at Northwest Community Hospital. Everything looked in order.

A SMELL LIKE ALMONDS

Nurse Jensen began questioning Adam's widow. After returning to the house that evening, at around 5.00pm both Stanley and his wife had taken two Tylenol pills, the pair collapsing soon after. Jensen picked up the bottle of painkillers: six pills were missing, two for Adam, two for Stanley and two for Theresa. It was hardly conclusive proof however; two tablets of Extra-Strength Tylenol was within the prescribed limits.

Jensen and Pishos made their way back to Northwest Community Hospital, meeting with Dr Kim in a small room just off the ER. The journey had strengthened Nurse Jensen's resolve: "This is the cause," she proclaimed, placing the Janus' bottle of Tylenol on the desk. The doctor was unconvinced though, pacing his office as he thought for answers. He thought through every possibility and all he could think of was cyanide. But how could he prove it? Northwest Hospital didn't have the ability to test blood for that kind of poisoning. He would need to send the Janus' samples away to get answers.

Meanwhile, Pishos called Elk Grove Police Department and asked them to deliver the bottle of Tylenol from the Kellerman house to the hospital. Luckily, the pills had been inventoried as evidence and, when they arrived, Pishos noted that both the Kellerman bottle and the Janus bottle had the same control code: MC2880.

Pishos immediately called Donoghue to tell him of his findings. "Open the bottles and smell them," said the Cook County deputy medical examiner. Pishos picked up the first bottle and poured the pills over the table, the strong aroma of almonds hitting his nostrils. "You know, the second bottle smells just the same: almonds," Pishos explains. After a brief pause, the answer hits both men at the same time. "Cyanide".

“SURELY THE COMMON COLD AND TWO OVER-THE-COUNTER TABLETS COULDN'T HAVE BEEN FATAL”



A few hours later, at 1.00am on Thursday morning, Dr Kim's blood reports confirm everyone's worst fears. The Janus' had between 100 and 1,000 times the lethal dose of cyanide in their blood. They never stood a chance.

At 10am on Thursday 30 September, Donoghue showed an attorney from Johnson & Johnson – the parent company of Tylenol's producer, McNeil Consumer Healthcare – through the lab reports. The public needed to be informed if any further deaths were to be prevented. Speaking to Roy Dames, CEO of the Cook County Medical Examiner's Office, the multinational drug giant's CEO was reticent to make such a damning announcement. "Do you have a better idea?" Dames responded. The head of Johnson & Johnson didn't.

FROM THE SKY TO THE FLOOR

At that morning's press conference, Dames warned the people of Cook County that they shouldn't take Tylenol and, by 3.00pm that afternoon, Johnson & Johnson announced that there was an order for all bottles from batch MC2880 to be recalled immediately as part of the investigation into the deaths. Unknown to Cook County officials, the action tragically arrived too late to prevent another trio of fatalities, all of which happened within mere hours of the Kellerman and Janus incidents.

Having recently given birth to her fourth child, Mary Reiner (known as Lynn to her friends) was at home in Winfield – some 25 miles south of Arlington Heights – when she decided to take two Tylenol tablets to help with her pain. Moments later, at around 3.45pm on Wednesday 29 September, she was collapsed on the floor. By 9.30am the following morning, doctors at Central DuPage had no choice but to declare 27-year-old Mary dead.

Around three hours after Reiner had ingested the cyanide-laced pills, Mary McFarland, a 31-year-old store worker in nearby Lombard, told her co-workers that she was heading out the back of the store to take some painkillers for her headache. Like the other victims, McFarland was rendered unconscious in minutes and would only survive at Good Samaritan Hospital in Downers Grove until 3.15am on Thursday morning.

The tainted Tylenol's final victim was 35-year-old flight attendant, Paula Prince. Having landed at Chicago O'Hare International Airport on a flight from Las Vegas, Prince stopped at the Walgreens store on North Wells Street around 9.30pm to pick up some Tylenol on her way back her apartment in Chicago's Old Town district. A few days later on Friday 1 October, police visited the apartment on North LaSalle Street having received concerned calls from Prince's sister. She had not been answering her phone and had been

“ THEY FOUND THE OPEN BOTTLE OF TYLENOL ON THE VANITY MIRROR IN THE BATHROOM. PAULA'S BODY WAS ONLY PAGES AWAY ”

Chicagoans were encouraged to hand in their Tylenol, with Johnson & Johnson replacing any capsules with solid tablets free of charge



declared a no-show for a return flight. When officers arrived, they found the open bottle of Tylenol still on the vanity mirror in the bathroom. Paula's body was only a few paces away. She hadn't even made it out of the doorway.

INTO A DEAD END

This was the first Tylenol death to have taken place inside the Chicago City's jurisdiction and three hours later at 8.00pm, Mayor of Chicago Jane Byrne, and Superintendent Richard Brzeczek of Chicago Police Department – both at separate social functions – were informed of the fatality. News filtered quickly through to Donoghue's team in Cook County, with the toxicologist who produced the Janus' blood reports called into immediate action once again. By 11.00pm, Mayor Byrne called an emergency press conference, announcing that all Tylenol products would be removed.

After a restless weekend for Chicagoans, the city council, guided through the unprecedented storm by Mayor Byrne, passed a new ordinance on Monday 4 October stating that all drugs sold in Chicago stores must be kept in tamper-proof packaging before Johnson & Johnson announced the following day that all Tylenol products across the US would be recalled to prevent any further tragedies. Everything was thrown at finding out how such an event could have happened and the investigation quickly discovered that this was no accident in production. This was murder. However, despite a taskforce of 115 people at its height, Chicago officials just couldn't find a lead that irrevocably linked anyone as the perpetrator. Prince had been caught on CCTV at the Walgreens' counter buying the Tylenol but there were no cameras in the aisles to see if anyone had tampered with the bottle.

By the end of October, only 40 people were working on the investigation and, soon after, the case had gone cold. It would be 27 years until Illinois authorities renewed their search for the killer with the FBI taking DNA samples from the likes of the Unabomber, Ted Kaczynski (a some-time Illinois resident in 1982) in May 2011. This proved inconclusive though, and today the killer still hasn't been found.



Ted Kaczynski, the famous 'Unabomber', was considered as a suspect at one point during the investigation

THE WHO AND HOW

Early on in the investigation it became clear that the cyanide had not found its way into the tainted Tylenol bottles while in Johnson & Johnson's care. Initial ideas centred around a disgruntled employee poisoning the pills at some time during the production or distribution process. However, after this was discounted, it became clear the MO of the killer was even more chilling.

In the days before foil seals and tamper-proof packaging, bottled pills simply had a piece of cotton wool stuffed underneath the lid. The killer had randomly chosen bottles from stores around Chicago and its suburbs, laced the pills with cyanide before replacing the bottles back on shelves and waiting for the chaos to unfold with no one any the wiser. What's more, without widespread CCTV, the killer was never caught on camera in any of the stores they visited.

Police thought they had a lead when an extortion letter arrived at Johnson & Johnson's headquarters on Wednesday 6 October – a week after the killings – asking for \$1 million in order to stop the murders. The letter was eventually traced to James William Lewis. However, as a resident of New York City at the time of the seven deaths (a story corroborated by his wife), there wasn't enough evidence for police to be able to charge Lewis with murder.

Instead, after his eventual apprehension in December 1982, Lewis was charged with extortion and sentenced to 20 years in prison. In 1995, having served 13 years, Lewis was released on parole. Interestingly, court documents released in 2009 reportedly show that Department of Justice investigators believed Lewis to be the killer, something Lewis has always denied.

BELOW The new safety seal on bottles of Tylenol made it almost impossible to lace pills with poison



WAS THIS HER?



On the fifth anniversary of the disappearance, an image was created to show what Maddie may have looked like aged nine



In the image of Madeleine McCann seen across the world, the distinctive mark in her right eye can be clearly seen

SNATCHED FROM HER BED

THE 2007 DISAPPEARANCE OF THREE-YEAR-OLD MADELEINE MCCANN IS THE MOST SENSATIONAL CHILD ABDUCTION CASE SINCE THE LINDBERGH BABY IN THE 1930S. MORE THAN A DECADE ON, SHE IS STILL MISSING



Madeleine McCann's abduction in May 2007 and the media circus in Britain and across the world that followed can tell us a lot about human nature. Like the Jack the Ripper murders, or any unsolved crime for that matter, lack of tangible evidence created a void. It also presented a stumbling block for rolling coverage, but one it readily overcame by filling schedules with rambling chatter, live reports from the scene – whether something was going on or not – and studio guests pitching in with their two cents' worth. 24/7 news channels and the internet bring us virtually instantaneous info, whether it's factually accurate or not. The sensationalist craving for details means the void is filled with conjecture, innuendo and supposition. Any scrap will do to feed the beast. The immediacy of it all will compel us to make snap judgements.

News channels and newspapers developed the McCann story into a soap opera. This well-used tactic sees the news become the meta-fictional version of an unfolding mystery, one that dominates and then obfuscates. For those directly affected, it is intrusive, bewildering and can even hinder the search for justice.

The news media will take what is a living nightmare for a few and create a mawkish tale featuring goodies and baddies for all. A melodramatic plot packed with hairpin twists and untruths would come to plague Kate and Gerry McCann, two doctors then in their 30s from Rothley, Leicestershire, even if they had a key hand in its birth and development. During a family holiday to the Algarve, a terrible personal decision and the unfortunate outcome of it led to an incident that shockingly changed their lives.

Until 4 May 2007, the McCanns were insignificant to anybody but relatives, friends, colleagues and patients. The case served as a stark reminder that even in the day of mass surveillance, phone tracking and CCTV, individuals can vanish into thin air.

THE HOLIDAY THAT BECAME A NIGHTMARE

It was a springtime holiday like millions of others. The McCanns (Kate, Gerry, Madeleine and her twin siblings

ABOVE The apartment where the McCanns were staying was flush with the road and a window opened directly onto Maddie's room

Amelie and Sean) travelled to Praia da Luz, a beach-side resort in the Algarve, Portugal, that was once a quaint fishing village and then predominantly home to British expats who rented out their apartments to tourists.

The booking at the Ocean Club, which is a series of self-contained flats and holiday homes offering a feast of sporting activities – the McCanns were indeed very sports-orientated people – along with the usual pubs and restaurants, was made through independent operator Mark Warner Ltd. The last thing on anybody's mind in such a relatively peaceful and respectable-looking resort is a case of child abduction and erupting scandal.

The first days went by as smoothly as family holidays abroad typically go. Everybody was having fun. The parents were keen for some 'me time' – and this would damage their public image somewhat. The resort's child-friendly facilities meant they could drop the children off at a club/crèche for a few hours and take tennis lessons or do other activities. The Ocean Club also had an evening activities crèche, where parents could drop off their children for the night and pick them up later.

The McCanns did not opt to use the service for their own reasons, one being they didn't think the children would settle among strangers. Along with the other parents in the group,

they decided to leave them at the apartment and routinely – and very strictly – check in on them at regular intervals. It has been stated this occurred every 30 minutes. Were the McCanns lulled into a false sense of security by their charming surroundings? Apartment 5A was just across the swimming pool area from the tapas restaurant, too, where they dined each evening from about 8.30pm. There was no heavy drinking or any swinging sex orgies (as the Portuguese tabloids insinuated).

THE DISCOVERY

Just before 10.00pm, Kate McCann walked the 50 or so metres from the tapas restaurant back to Apartment 5A. Every step in a walk lasting a mere 60 seconds was an unknowing approach to a life-changing and earth-shattering event.

As Kate entered the ground-floor flat via an unlocked patio sliding door, she saw something amiss: the door to the children's bedroom was wide open and, upon inspection, the window open and the outside shutter raised. As the parents had left for their evening meal, it was procedure to leave the bedroom door slightly ajar. This enabled them to check up on the children without disturbing them.

Gerry McCann had made a call to the property at 9.05pm and found everything normal, the children fast asleep. There is nothing at all to suggest they were lying about the regularity of the checks. Their claims were backed up by staff at the tapas restaurant.

Between 9.05pm and just before 10.00pm, the McCanns did not see their children. Matt Oldfield made the check at 9.25pm. He was going to see his own kids and thought he'd save a friend the trouble. Yet somewhere lurking nearby, making a note of the comings and goings of the McCann party, was Madeleine's abductor, or abductors. It is feasible she was taken after Gerry left, because Matt Oldfield's check was not at all thorough.

“A POLICE INVESTIGATION AND TRIAL BY MEDIA BECAME A MAELSTROM OF LIES AND GRASPING AT STRAWS”



ABOVE Madeleine's abductor may have entered through the window, which was found open



ABOVE One theory suggests that the twins were drugged to keep them quiet

ABOVE As the search for Madeleine went on, Kate McCann clutched her daughter's favourite toy

THE INVESTIGATION

THE SEARCH FOR MADELEINE BY THE PORTUGUESE POLICE WOULD PROVE CONTENTIOUS WITH THE FAMILY

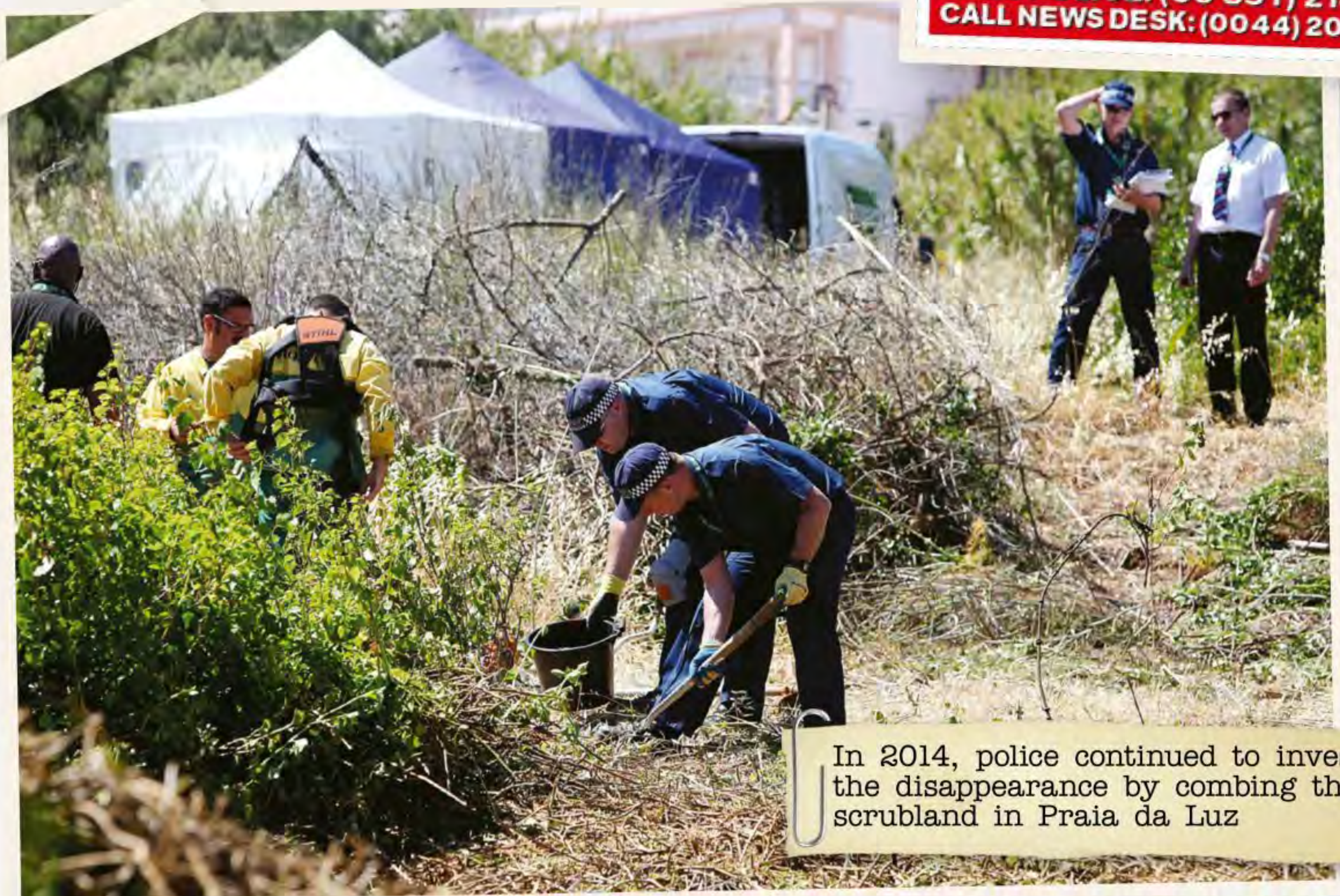
To declare the relationship between the McCanns and the Portuguese authorities, first with the Guarda Nacional Republicana (GNR) and then the Polícia Judiciária (PJ), as complicated and fused by distrust would be a gross understatement. A big problem was the media frenzy and how it clashed with Portuguese law and the police's way of working a case. It is not their custom or procedure to provide a running commentary to the press or share information. That the McCanns did not consult the PJ before readily talking to newspaper outlets and appearing on global television to give interviews, sometimes daily, got on their nerves. The McCanns' lack of respect for the PJ was evident from their initial accusations about them taking their sweet time when their daughter first went missing. Later on, Kate and Gerry were made 'arguidos' (formal suspects, in the language of the Portuguese legal system), and the PJ developed a theory that the pair killed Madeleine and conspired to lead the police on a merry dance.

The McCanns, traumatised by their daughter's abduction, were baffled by what they felt was a lackadaisical attitude. They claimed the GNR and the PJ treated the vanishing as if, in the words of Gerry McCann, their dog had gone missing. The parents were extremely demanding from the very start. The couple expected SWAT teams, checkpoints on all roads and highways, and every stone unturned before it was even established Madeleine was definitely and unquestionably abducted by a person or persons unknown. The police initially thought the girl may have woken up, got out of bed and wandered off into the night searching for her mum and dad, who had left her alone. For them, it was the most likely scenario.

The first police officers on the scene were from the GNR. The GNR, whose primary function as a policing unit is very small fry stuff – traffic offences and dealing with public disorder issues – responded to calls made from the Ocean Club reception desk at 10.41pm and 10.52pm. They arrived there at 11.00pm. That is hardly a dillydallying response. Nelson Costa and José Roque were not ace detectives, but average constabulary officers working their beat. They made a routine search of the apartment and confirmed the girl was not present. They spoke very little English and their unrushed demeanour irked the McCanns and their friends massively. They failed to secure the scene and allowed various people to come and go. It potentially wrecked vital evidence. Realising that a crime had been committed, or at least potentially, the PJ was called at their station in Portimão. The PJ later theorised that the kidnapper(s) accessed the apartment by either the front door (with a dupe key) or the patio. This line of thinking also suggested the McCanns were deliberately targeted and the place staked out for their comings and goings. Why go through the children's window, making a racket lifting the shutter and clambering over furniture, when the unlocked patio door could have been readily accessed?

By 1.15am, the GNR deployed sniffer dogs, two German Shepherds, for a search of the area. They were not specifically trained for this line of work, but it was worth a try. Using a blanket from Madeleine's bed, they went out into the night and walked several blocks and the wider vicinity. At the same time, friends of the McCanns and workers from the Ocean Club were out in the streets, calling out Madeleine's name. It rang through the tranquil streets until the dawn light.

The Portuguese police made a huge effort to track down Madeleine McCann, but for the parents it was just not good or quick enough. Unfamiliarity bred contempt, added to by the fact there were so few clues to go on. The Ocean Club manager, John Hill, sympathised with the McCanns and their stance. "If there were 100 police here, I'd want more," he said.



In 2014, police continued to investigate the disappearance by combing through scrubland in Praia da Luz



In a press conference in June 2007, Kate and Gerry McCann hold up pyjamas similar to the ones Maddie was wearing when she disappeared

THE MAN WITH THE CHILD

DID SOMEONE WITNESS THE ABDUCTION?

A retired business executive on a break with his family in Praia da Luz, Martin Smith saw something on the night of Maddie's vanishing that played on his mind. Once back home in Ireland, and the world's media glare firmly on the resort, he contacted the PJ via the Irish Garda on 26 May.

On the last night of the holiday, Smith was walking back from dinner with his wife, son, daughter, daughter-in-law and four grandchildren, toward their apartment not far from the Ocean Club. At a point between Rua de Escola Primária and Rua 25 de Abril, he and others saw a man carrying a child.

The man with the child was described as white, mid-30s, average build and short hair. The girl looked asleep, had blonde or fair hair and several witnesses mentioned she was barefooted. She was in pyjamas – which they stated were either white or pink – and the Smith family described the scene as not unusual but also odd. The man passed them quickly, and held the child as if he were not used to doing so. They described it as awkward. The Smiths put the time of their encounter as about 10pm.

Had the Smith family witnessed Madeleine McCann and her abductor? There were CCTV cameras at properties in the area, but by the time the PJ searched for potential footage, it had been erased. The Smiths may or may not have seen Madeleine McCann and her abductor.

Apartment 5A, on the ground floor, was easily accessed from the road



The McCanns have never given up the search for their daughter, regularly holding press conferences



An artist's impression of the man Jane Tanner saw carrying a child on the night of the disappearance



These E-fit images of the man the Smith family saw weren't released by police until 2013

Kate walked into the children's room and saw the bed in which Madeleine slept, immediately visible from the doorway, empty. The blue-checked duvet had been folded back. The younger twins were eerily sound asleep in their travel cots placed in the centre of the room. Later on, the McCanns and the Guarda Nacional Republicana (GNR) would recall that the twins slept right through the night, despite the hullabaloo raised by frantic voices yelling and crying. Were they drugged? Ultimately, this idea led to the rumour the McCanns had taken to doping their own kids, to ensure they slept deeply until morning. There is no evidence at all for this claim.

After a quick search for Madeleine, lasting about 20 seconds, the mother realised something was very wrong. Sat with his friends, eating dinner and conversing, Gerry and company were suddenly startled by the sight of Kate running hell for leather across the pool area screaming and shouting. What she yelled has been subject to several slightly differing versions: "Madeleine's gone", "the fucking bastard's taken her" and "the fucking bastards have taken her."

CRIME OF THE CENTURY

The unfolding Madeleine McCann mystery occurred at the time of a lightning moment in history: social media coming into its own. At the time, online hangouts had begun to play a very important role in the cultural fabric of our lives. Hair-trigger opinions could now be fired off on Twitter, or Facebook statuses and group rooms updated with the very latest gossip and news. One family's personal tragedy was turned into a mass spectacle.

A police investigation and trial by media became a maelstrom of lies and grasping at straws. Portuguese papers and magazines – bereft of proper briefings by the police – began to make things up. Their sense of national pride was at stake, too. The British media fared no better, and keenly rewrote the nonsense that had been printed by Portuguese reporters. A missing three-year-old was cast as an unlikely international icon and her name was shortened to 'Maddie' by the papers. The distinct blemish on her right eye somehow made her photogenic quality more captivating and heart-rending to the voracious public. But not all of the coverage was supportive.

As time wore on, the tide of popular opinion began to turn against the McCanns and the blame game erupted. The holidaymakers – the group that the McCanns had been a part of – became the 'Tapas Seven', an unearned and unhelpfully salacious sobriquet, as if the McCanns and their pals were Brits abroad giving it large. Then, an Anglo-Portuguese translator and Praia da Luz resident, named Robert Murat, was pegged as a prime suspect based on nothing more than a journalist's suspicions. Apparently, he was being too helpful and liked the attention a bit too much.

The parents of Madeleine were portrayed as fiends or victims, depending on which side you came down on the matter. In class-obsessed Britain, the kidnapping provoked numerous think pieces and strong words about the intensity of the coverage and campaigning. The distraught McCanns began to see that the media storm they whipped up was not as benign and controllable as assumed.

Commentators asked a salient enough question: If Maddie wasn't a white middle-class girl from a nice middle-class



ABOVE The McCanns' comings and goings may have been watched by Maddie's abductor

“THE TWINS SLEPT RIGHT THROUGH THE NIGHT, DESPITE THE HULLABALLOO RAISED BY FRANTIC VOICES YELLING AND CRYING”

family, would she have received as much press attention? Children go missing every year, so what made Maddie so special and deserving of our constant attention?

Making it a class issue was not helpful to the cause. There were few that took into account that both Kate and Gerry hailed from humble backgrounds and did well in life because they had worked hard. Their religious convictions (both are devout Roman Catholics) served as a source of inner strength, but their beliefs were also seen as sly and deluded, even obnoxious.

Why didn't Kate cry enough? Why did Gerry seem so calm and collected? That's not right, surely? Did they have something to hide? Why wasn't their public grieving convincing enough? Was their stoicism a mask for some deeper involvement in their daughter's abduction? None of these questions banded around the kangaroo court of public disgrace reflected reality. The press was never going to see Kate and Gerry rendered almost catatonic by the consuming guilt. Hacks would never be privy to them breaking down completely and wailing, literally prostrate, on the floor.

The McCanns' determination to right a wrong they'd committed (leaving their three children alone in an unlocked apartment, which led to their eldest daughter's disappearance) was deemed either suspicious or unworthy of sympathy. Yet the appeal of Maddie and her plight somehow overrode all that.

Her parents, a media-savvy couple, remained bullish and rightly so – bringing home their daughter was the sole priority. Mud-slinging was just exactly that and could be dealt with, if and when it got out of hand and into outright slander, in the courts.

APARTMENT 5A: SCENE OF AN ABDUCTION

THE FAILURE TO SECURE THE IMMEDIATE AREA AROUND MADDIE'S BEDROOM LED TO POTENTIAL CLUES BEING DESTROYED

3 MAY 2007



VICTIM MADELEINE MCCANN



Three-year-old Madeleine McCann was abducted between 9.25pm and 9.55pm on 3 May 2007. She was wearing light-coloured pyjamas with a 'pink donkey design' on the trouser bottoms, and was barefoot. Her shoes were found in the apartment.

1 EVENT LEFT ALONE

Kate and Gerry McCann leave for the tapas restaurant at about 8.30pm. The children are in bed. The day before, Madeleine asked her mother why she hadn't come when she and her brother, Sean, were crying. In the aftermath, this comment would gnaw at the mother's conscience.

2 EVENT ALL IS WELL

Gerry McCann walks from the tapas bar to the apartment just after 9.00pm. He sees his daughter and the twins asleep returns via the same route to the restaurant. Was the kidnapper hiding somewhere in the flat?



WITNESS JANE TANNER

At 9.15pm, Jane Tanner, friend of the McCanns, was returning to the tapas restaurant when she saw a man carrying a sleeping, barefoot child in his arms. This was mere yards from Apartment 5A.

CLUE PATIO DOOR

The McCanns wanted easy access to the apartment, so left the patio door unlocked. The patio and veranda faced onto the Ocean Club, but the view from the tapas restaurant was obscured by trees and bushes. One usable print was lifted from the patio door and nine found unusable.

WITNESS THE SMITH FAMILY

Martin Smith and family were walking back to their vacation home at Estela da Luz Urbanizaco, after visiting a pub, Kelly's Bar. During the walk, they see a man walking in a hurry and carrying a sleeping barefooted child in his arms. They believe that they saw this man carrying Madeleine McCann.

3 EVENT MADDIE'S GONE

Friend Matt Oldfield makes a very brief check on the apartment at 9.25pm. It is Kate McCann who discovers her daughter missing and raises the alarm, at about 10.00pm.

CLUE THE APARTMENT LOCATION

Apartment 5A was located on a hilly corner at a T-junction. It was accessible from two points – a side gate from Rua Dr Gentil Martins, leading to a veranda and the patio doors, and from the front door, which faced a walled car-parking area on Rua Dr Agostinho da Silva.

CLUE THE SLEEPING CHILDREN

Were Madeleine and her siblings administered a sleeping agent by her kidnappers? The twins slept so soundly during the chaos of the night, the McCanns and police thought it very odd. Toxicology tests were carried out, months later, but came up negative. Instead, a myth developed that the McCanns sedated their children at night.

CLUE THE CHILDREN'S BEDROOM WINDOW

The bedroom window, which consisted of two panes of sliding glass, also featured an outside shutter. Kate McCann stated she found the window open and the shutter raised. Three unusable fingerprints were found on the outside.

DEATH IN VEGAS

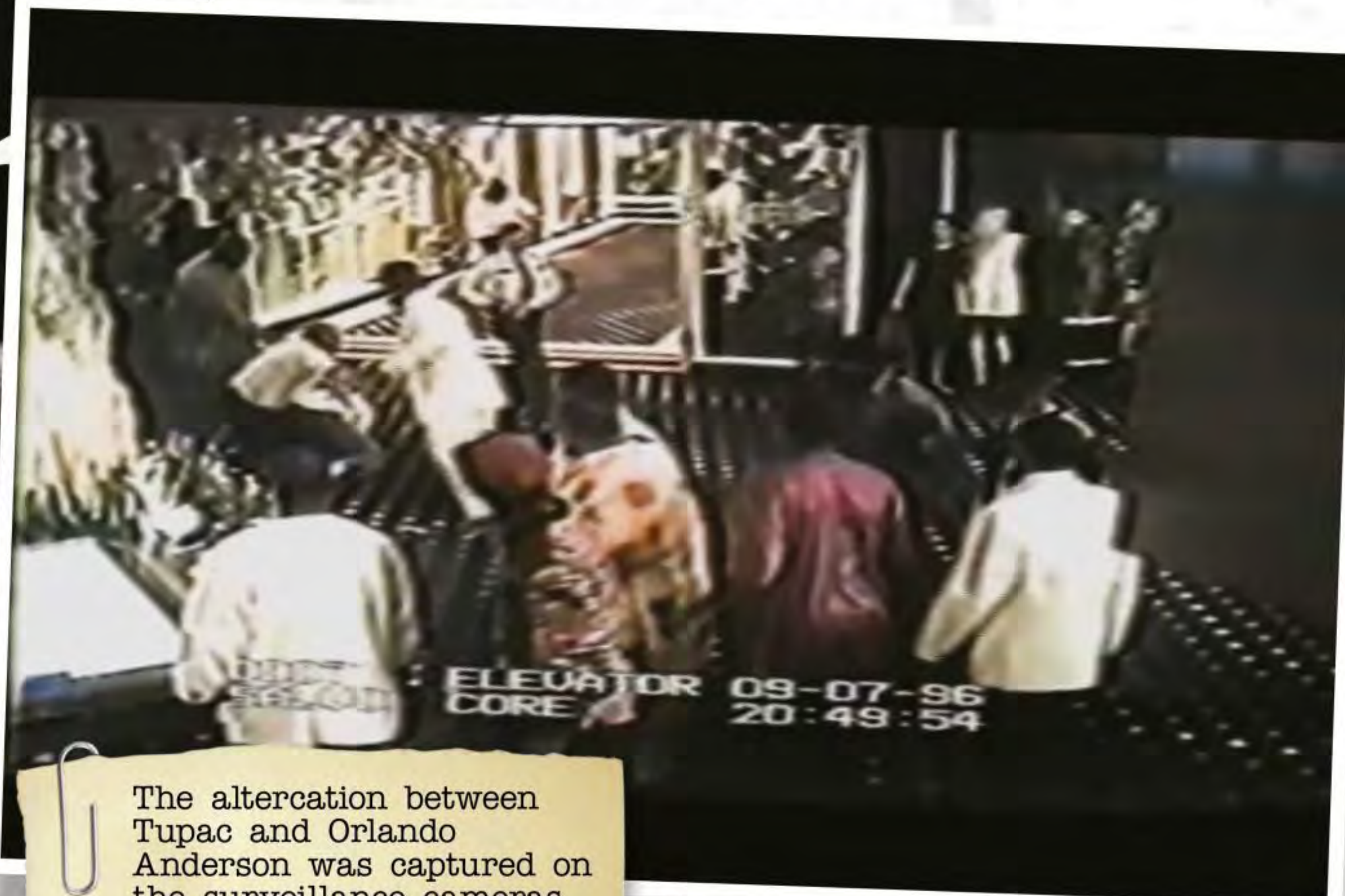
WHEN TUPAC SHAKUR DIED AFTER BEING GUNNED DOWN IN A DRIVE-BY SHOOTING ON THE VEGAS STRIP, THE TRUTH REMAINS AT LARGE 20 YEARS LATER

With a devastating left hook, Bruce Seldon's challenge to the heavyweight crown of 'Iron' Mike Tyson resulted in the Atlantic City-born boxer lying face down on the canvas at the MGM Grand Hotel in Las Vegas. The fight lasted barely a minute and a half, and was one of the shortest heavyweight fights in boxing history. But the night would ultimately be remembered for tragic events outside of the ring.

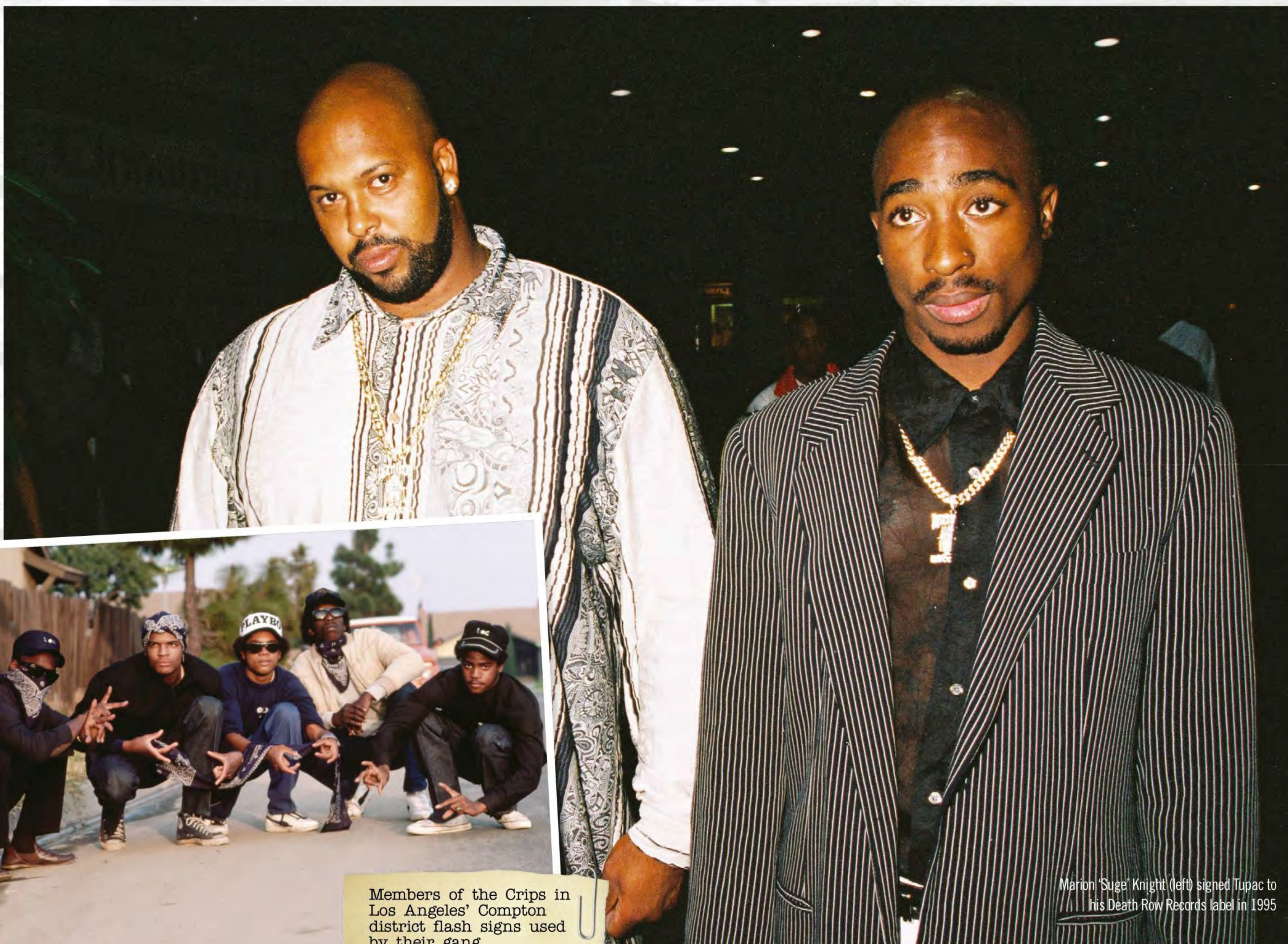
In attendance on that late summer evening of 7 September 1996 was rap superstar Tupac Shakur, along with his Death Row Records label boss, Marion 'Suge' Knight. Within a couple of hours Shakur would be fatally wounded in an apparent drive-by shooting.

Shakur and Tyson had become friends through correspondence while Tyson was nearing the end of his three-year incarceration on rape charges. Shakur was just starting his own stint inside on sex-abuse charges, his sentence being handed down the day after he was robbed and shot five times inside the lobby of a Manhattan recording studio. The two men forged a friendship based on their similarly tough upbringings and out of their perceived reputations as two 'thugs' operating on the fringes of society – apparently hated within the industries that needed them. Shakur wrote the song *Road To Glory* specifically for Tyson, and it blared out of the public-address system as the boxer made his way to the ring that night at the MGM. Following Tyson's swift demolition of Seldon, the two men planned to meet up later that evening at Club 662 on East Flamingo Road, but the meeting would never take place.

Tupac Shakur was hip hop's most incendiary star when he was gunned down in a drive-by shooting in 1996



The altercation between Tupac and Orlando Anderson was captured on the surveillance cameras at the MGM Grand



Members of the Crips in Los Angeles' Compton district flash signs used by their gang

Marion 'Suge' Knight (left) signed Tupac to his Death Row Records label in 1995

A HEATED EXCHANGE

As Shakur and Knight were leaving the MGM with their entourage in tow, an altercation broke out between Shakur and a man later identified as Orlando Anderson, a 21-year-old from Compton, Los Angeles, and a member of the South Side Crips, a rival gang to the Mob Piru Bloods, to whom Shakur and Knight were affiliated. Tensions were already running high between the gangs after the Crips, aided by Anderson, had robbed a member of Death Row's entourage at a Foot Locker store earlier in the year. When Anderson's presence in the MGM lobby was pointed out to Shakur, he marched up to Anderson, asked him the question: "You from the South?" and then floored him with a single punch to the face before his bodyguards waded in with further blows. Hotel security intervened and stopped the melee, which was captured on the MGM's security cameras, but Shakur, Knight and their entourage were allowed to leave the building without being questioned by authorities.

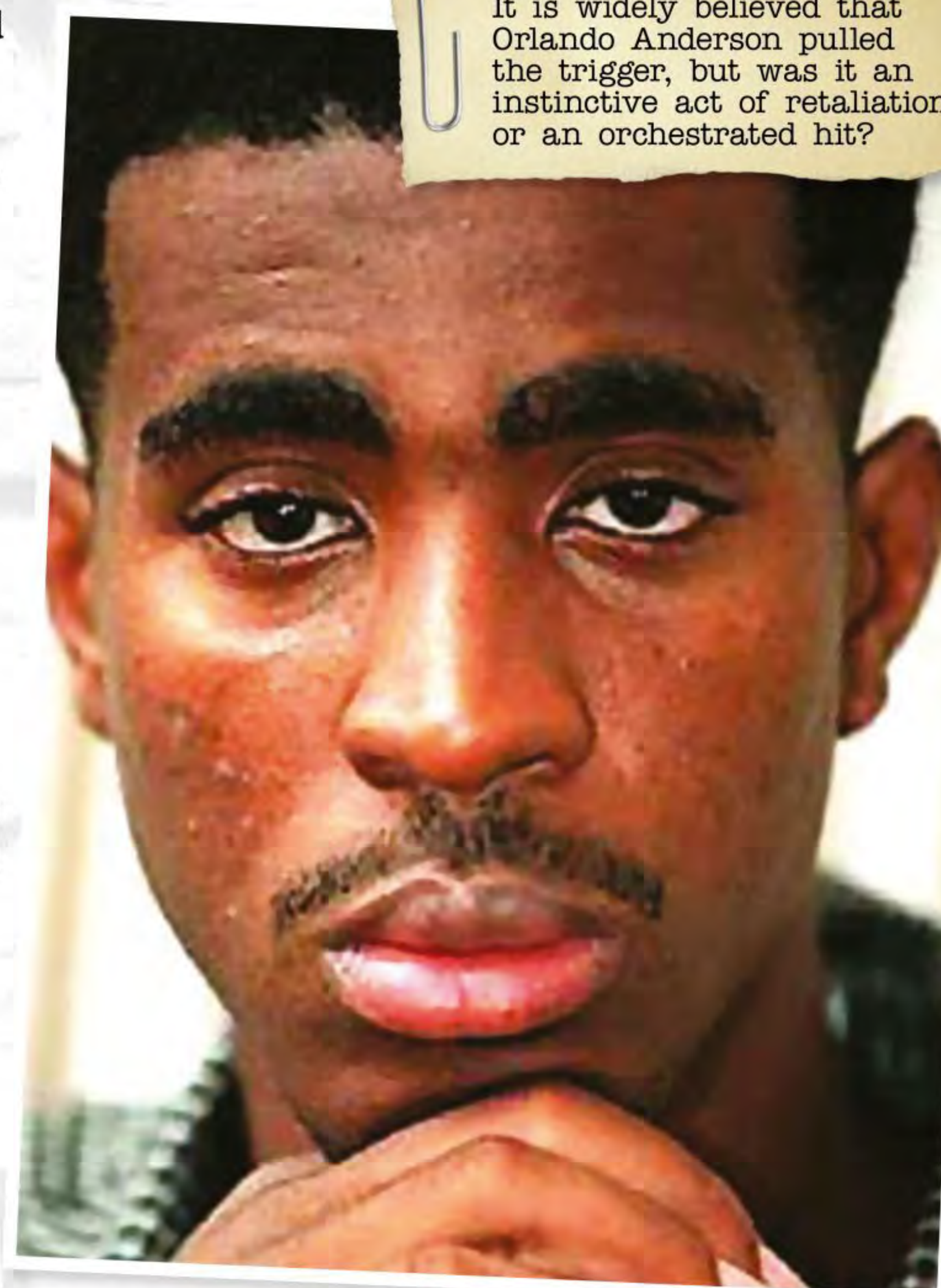
A couple of hours later, a black BMW car, driven by Knight and with Shakur in the passenger seat, was stopped by an officer on the Strip for playing the car stereo too loudly and for not displaying the license plates. Allowed to proceed without caution, the car – along with several others driven

by members of their entourage – turned onto Flamingo Road towards the club, and it was here that a white Cadillac with three or four men inside pulled up alongside Knight's BMW and fired at least 13 rounds into the right side, five of which pierced Shakur's chest, pelvis, right hand and thigh. As the Caddy took off south towards Koval Lane, Knight made a U-turn on Flamingo Road, turned onto the Strip and then began weaving erratically through the traffic, blowing out two tyres and severely denting the rims in the process.

A SCENE OF CARNAGE

When the call came in on the radio just after 11.15pm that shots had been fired near the intersection of Flamingo and Koval, the first officer to respond was Chris Carroll, sergeant of the Las Vegas

It is widely believed that Orlando Anderson pulled the trigger, but was it an instinctive act of retaliation or an orchestrated hit?



Metropolitan Police Department's bike patrol unit. As he made his way towards the scene of the shooting, Carroll spotted Knight's battle-scarred BMW heading towards him on Las Vegas Boulevard, tailed by the other cars belonging to their entourage. The way they were driving led Carroll to believe that they were fleeing the scene of the shooting with the perpetrator inside, so he gave chase on his bike.

Traffic on the Strip was pretty much always slow moving on a Saturday night, and on this night in particular it was especially congested, as Carroll himself remarked: "Whenever Mike Tyson would have a fight, it would be like the Super Bowl of the pimp, whore, gangster crowd. There would be gangsters up and down the Strip and when the night was just starting you could just feel in the air that bad stuff was going to happen."

When the convoy of cars came to a stop near an intersection, Carroll ditched his bike and drew his gun as all of the doors flew open. Not knowing quite who to point his gun at when the occupants of the cars spilled out, Carroll shouted for the ten-or-so, hard-ass-looking guys to get down on the ground. Some were complicit, others just looked confused, with the officer unsure if they were going to follow his orders, flee the scene or whip out their own weapons. As Carroll approached Knight's car and attempted to open the passenger door – which he now noticed was peppered with bullet holes – the imposing figure of the six-foot-plus, 320-pound Knight climbed out of the driver's-side door and walked around behind the officer. Bleeding profusely from a bullet fragment that had lodged in the back of his skull, Knight was ordered to "back off and get down" by Carroll,

but every time the officer turned his attention back to the passenger door, Knight would move in closer, adding to the scene of carnage and menace in which Carroll found himself.

As Carroll finally managed to release the passenger door, it flew open under the weight of the stricken Shakur, who was slumped up against it, and the rap star then fell out on top of Carroll, his gold jewellery heavily stained with blood that was haemorrhaging out of his wounds.

THE STRICKEN SUPERSTAR

Winning in pain and with his eyes rolling around in his skull, Tupac struggled to get the words out in response to Knight's incessant "Pac, Pac!" calls. As Carroll repeatedly asked Shakur who shot him, the rap star's demeanour changed from fighting against his injuries and struggling to speak to a calm acceptance of his inevitable fate. Then, as the officer asked him one last time who shot him, Shakur fixed Carroll a defiant stare and uttered his last words: "Fuck you."

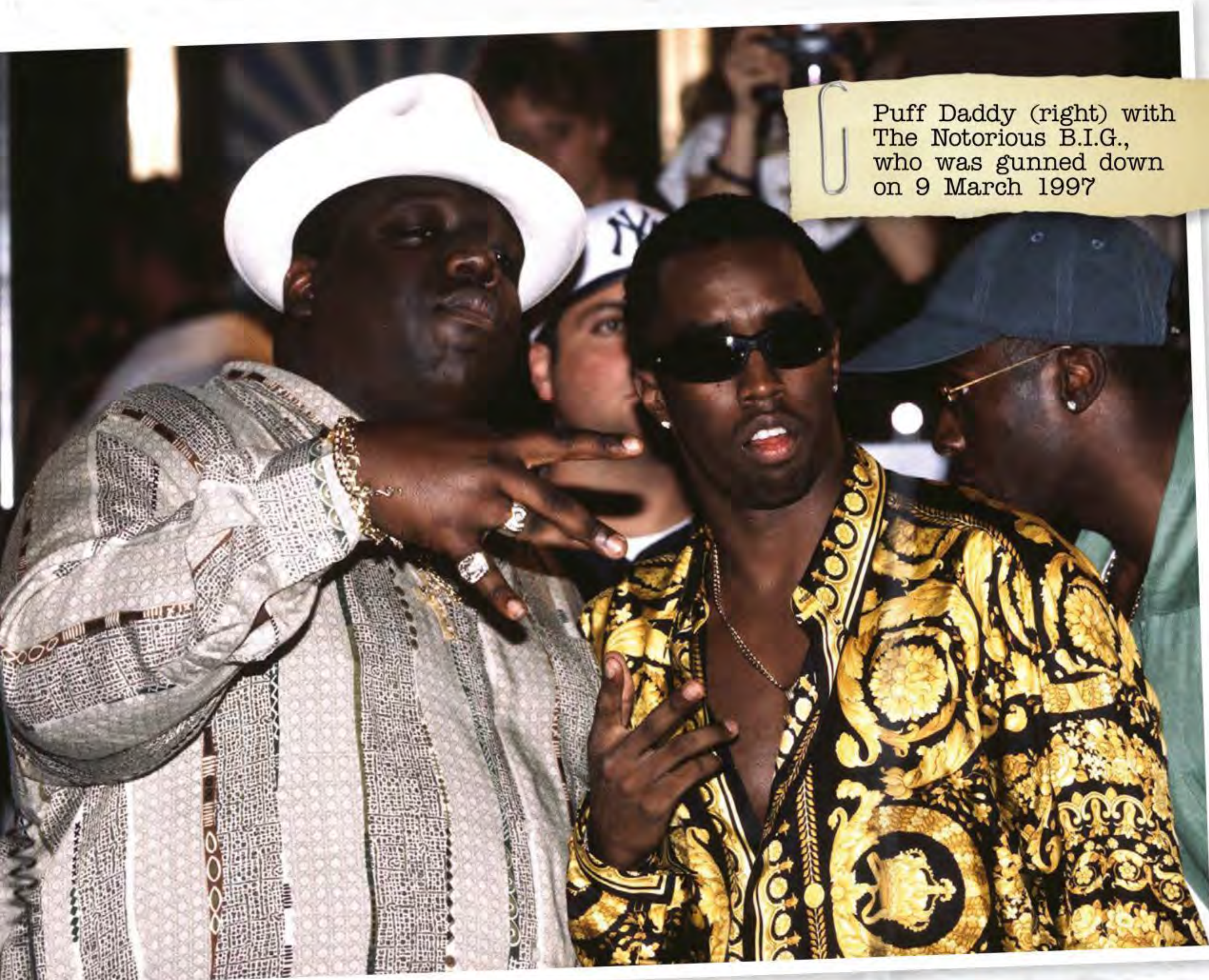
Shakur was driven to the University Medical Center of Southern Nevada, where he underwent the first of several operations as doctors battled to stem the internal bleeding, removing his right lung in the process. Placed in a drug-induced coma, he would eventually succumb to his injuries six days later.

The general consensus among the Las Vegas law enforcement officers is that Orlando Anderson pulled the trigger in retaliation for the beating that he had received earlier that evening at the MGM Grand Hotel. They believed that Anderson had planned to shoot Shakur at Club 662,

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Tupac and Suge Knight attended the Tyson vs Seldon fight at the MGM Grand Hotel in Las Vegas on the night of the shooting





Puff Daddy (right) with The Notorious B.I.G., who was gunned down on 9 March 1997



but that the chance passing of the cars during the ride there had provided an earlier, unexpected opportunity. However, despite this, Anderson was interviewed as a suspect only once and later killed in an unrelated gang shooting.

Shakur's murder is still considered an unsolved homicide, but it is unlikely to ever be solved due to insufficient evidence from all sides. Knight himself was not forthcoming with any significant information surrounding the shooting and Shakur's entourage also closed ranks – if anybody saw anything, they weren't relaying this information to the investigating law enforcement officers.

After his own murder, Anderson's family have spoken out, painting a picture of Anderson as a meek and mild family man who was a fan of Tupac's music – a far cry from the vengeful executioner of his apparent idol. And due to a lack of witness testimony and concrete evidence surrounding Tupac's murder, the finger of blame has since been pointed at other big players on the east coast rap scene, most notably Biggie Smalls (aka The Notorious B.I.G.) – who was gunned down on 9 March 1997 in an apparent act of retaliation for Tupac's murder – and Grammy Award-winning artist Sean 'P. Diddy' Combs. Biggie Smalls and Tupac had a long-running feud that was fuelled by the release of *Hit 'Em Up*, a song written by Shakur that documented the star having sex with Biggie's wife. Other songs, such as *Bomb First (My Second Reply)* and *Against All Odds* delivered further 'isses to rap royalty, including Jay Z, Mobb Deep, Dr. Dre and P. Diddy. Greg Kading, a retired detective who once led a special task force investigating the shootings, claims that Diddy hired Crips gang member Duane Keith 'Keffe D' Davis to assassinate both Tupac and Knight for \$1 million – though it was actually Davis's nephew, Orlando Anderson, who pulled the trigger. Some of the more outlandish theories suggest that the FBI, hell-bent on eliminating radical black rappers, orchestrated the killing, or that Tupac isn't actually dead at all and is, in fact, living in Cuba.

Certainly with each year that passes following his death, it seems as though Tupac Shakur, as well as the possible events surrounding his murder, still courts as much controversy as he ever has done.

COULD IT HAVE BEEN AN INSIDE JOB?

According to US comedian Chris Rock: "More people saw Tupac get shot than the last episode of *Seinfeld*," and if that is the case then it may seem strange that the case has remained unsolved since that late summer evening in 1996. But even if there was little doubt that Orlando Anderson carried out the shooting, there were still many other questions that needed answering. Was it purely an act of impulsive retaliation for events that occurred earlier in the evening, the latest act of violence between two warring gangs, or was it an orchestrated hit? And if it was a hit, who ordered it?

One theory suggests that it was Suge Knight himself who ordered the hit, alleging that Knight, along with his attorney David Kenner, hatched the plan to kill Tupac to prevent him from leaving Death Row Records. When Tupac was convicted of sexually assaulting a female fan in 1995, Knight saw his chance to gain control of the fastest-rising star in hip hop and put up the \$1.4 million bail to release Tupac from jail pending his appeal, signing hip hop's most outspoken, incendiary star to his record label in the process. Tupac released his fourth solo album, *All Eyez On Me* on Death Row in February 1996 and it was a double album, honouring two thirds of his contracted three-album commitment to Death Row. However, Tupac had already spoken of his desire to start his own, rival company and so preventing him from leaving Death Row would have allowed Knight to profit from his musical legacy indefinitely – which he ultimately did.

It seems baffling that Knight would order a hit on his prized asset while he was in the car, but this could have been a daring and elaborate tactic to distance himself from the shooting. With all channels of investigation on the case seemingly closed due to a lack of witness testimony, it seems unlikely that we will ever know for sure.



B.I.G. BANG THEORIES

WHEN BIGGIE SMALLS WAS KILLED MONTHS AFTER TUPAC, IT SEEMED A STRAIGHTFORWARD REVENGE ATTACK, BUT WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE?

With eerily mirroring events of the previous September, a rap superstar lay dying in his vehicle, struck by at least four bullets fired from a neighbouring car. The victim on this occasion was Christopher 'Biggie Smalls' Wallace (aka The Notorious B.I.G.), and the motive was payback between two gangs whose rivalry, many feared, was about to go nuclear.

BAD MOON RISING

Barely six months after Tupac's murder, menace was in the air on the evening of Friday 7 March 1997, when Biggie Smalls was booed from the audience while presenting an award to Toni Braxton at the Soul Train Music Awards in Los Angeles. Biggie was in town to promote his upcoming second studio album, *Life After Death* (which was scheduled for release on 25 March 1997), and to film a music video for the lead single, *Hypnotize*. Standing over six-feet high and weighing over 300 pounds, Biggie was a giant on the East Coast rap scene. A protégé of Sean 'Puff Daddy' Combs, Biggie signed to Combs's newly formed Bad Boy Records label in 1992, and began to gain exposure under the recording name of The Notorious B.I.G..

After the awards ceremony, Biggie later attended the after-show party, hosted by *Vibe* magazine, at the Petersen Automotive Museum on Wilshire Boulevard, before it was disbanded by concerned fire marshals who feared the event was becoming dangerously overcrowded.

As hundreds of people flowed out into the parking lot at around 12.45am, including Faith Evans (Biggie's estranged wife and the mother of his newborn son), and began to drive off into the night, the GMC Suburban SUV, in which Biggie was a passenger, stopped at a red light about 50 yards from the venue. A dark green Chevrolet Impala SS, driven by a black male dressed rather distinctively in a blue suit and bow tie, then pulled up alongside the vehicle before the driver

fired five shots into Biggie's car from a 9mm blue-steel pistol, four of which hit the rap superstar. Like with the shooting of Tupac, despite several people riding in Biggie's car at the time of the shooting, nobody else was hit (not counting the bullet fragment that lodged in the back of Suge Knight's head the previous September). Biggie was rushed to the Cedars-Sinai Medical Center, but was pronounced dead at 1.15am.

WHO'S NEXT?

According to Biggie's autopsy report, the first bullet penetrated his left forearm and travelled down to his wrist; the second pierced his back, missing all vital organs before exiting through his left shoulder; and the third went through his left thigh. It was the fourth bullet that ultimately proved fatal, as it entered Biggie's right hip, striking his colon, liver, heart and the upper lobe of his left lung before stopping in his shoulder area.

This killing in particular sent shockwaves through the rap community, as it wasn't as cut and dry as Tupac's shooting, when a clear suspect and motive was apparent (Orlando Anderson, in retaliation for a beating he received at the hands of Tupac and his minders earlier that night). The timing of this slaying meant that rapid conclusions could instantly be drawn that it was a straightforward revenge killing from a group who clearly believed that there was a lot more to the assassination of Tupac, and that someone else

“ BIGGIE WAS RUSHED TO THE CEDARS-SINAI MEDICAL CENTER, BUT WAS PRONOUNCED DEAD ”



A sign of things to come? Biggie Smalls was fatally wounded in the passenger seat of his SUV on 8 March 1997



Biggie Smalls was the protégé of Sean 'Puff Daddy' Combs, head of the Bad Boy Records label on the East Coast



Biggie was shot in his SUV, 50 yards from a party he had attended at the Petersen Automotive Museum in LA

was responsible for ordering the hit. As a result, many of Tupac's and Biggie's peers started to fear for their welfare. "This is the first time I ever felt unsafe," said rapper Ice-T at the time, who was notified of Biggie's shooting just 20 minutes after the event by friends fearing that he could be next. Things had exploded into high-profile, all-out violence in the ongoing feud between East and West Coast rappers, and with the killing of Biggie thought of as payback for Tupac's shocking murder, who was next on the hit list?

CALM BEFORE THE STORM

Despite the long-running feud between the East and West Coast factions, few could have seen this coming. Just a couple of weeks prior to Biggie's death, rapper Snoop Doggy Dogg of LA's Death Row Records (Tupac's record label) and Sean 'Puff Daddy' Combs of the New York-based Bad Boy Entertainment (Biggie's label) held a press conference to state that no bad blood remained. Did this mean that the gunman was operating entirely independently, or was the press conference merely a smoke screen to ensure that a 'hit' on Biggie could be carried out more easily when the rapper's guard was down?

Speaking to New York hip-hop radio station Hot 97 shortly after Biggie's murder, LA-based rapper Ice-T attempted to diffuse the situation as tempers between East and West soured. "I don't want anyone to think they are laughing in LA. People are crying in LA the

same way they are crying in New York." Despite the initial fears that Biggie's death would trigger further tit-for-tat killings, there were no further high-profile casualties in the feud, as the case went cold and no arrests were made. But this didn't stop the finger of suspicion being pointed further afield, most notably in the direction of the LAPD.

Not long after Biggie's murder, two LAPD officers were shot on a street in Universal City, which left one of them dead. One of the investigating officers into the crime (before retiring in protest), Russell Poole, alleged that police were involved in Biggie's death. This sparked a wealth of conspiracy theories about corruption in the police force, and would even lead to the rapper's family launching a civil lawsuit against the LAPD.

As a result of this lawsuit, which would have potentially cost the LAPD hundreds of millions of dollars in damages, a special task force was set up in 2006 to try to solve the case.

The task force, led by Greg Kading, actually managed to get sworn confessions (in return for 'immunity') from people saying they played a part in the killings of Biggie and Shakur. However, Kading was then suddenly pulled off the case, allegedly for making false statements on an affidavit in a separate case and investigated by internal affairs. Eventually cleared of any wrong doing – coincidentally around the same time that Biggie's family dropped the lawsuit against the LAPD – Kading, frustrated at



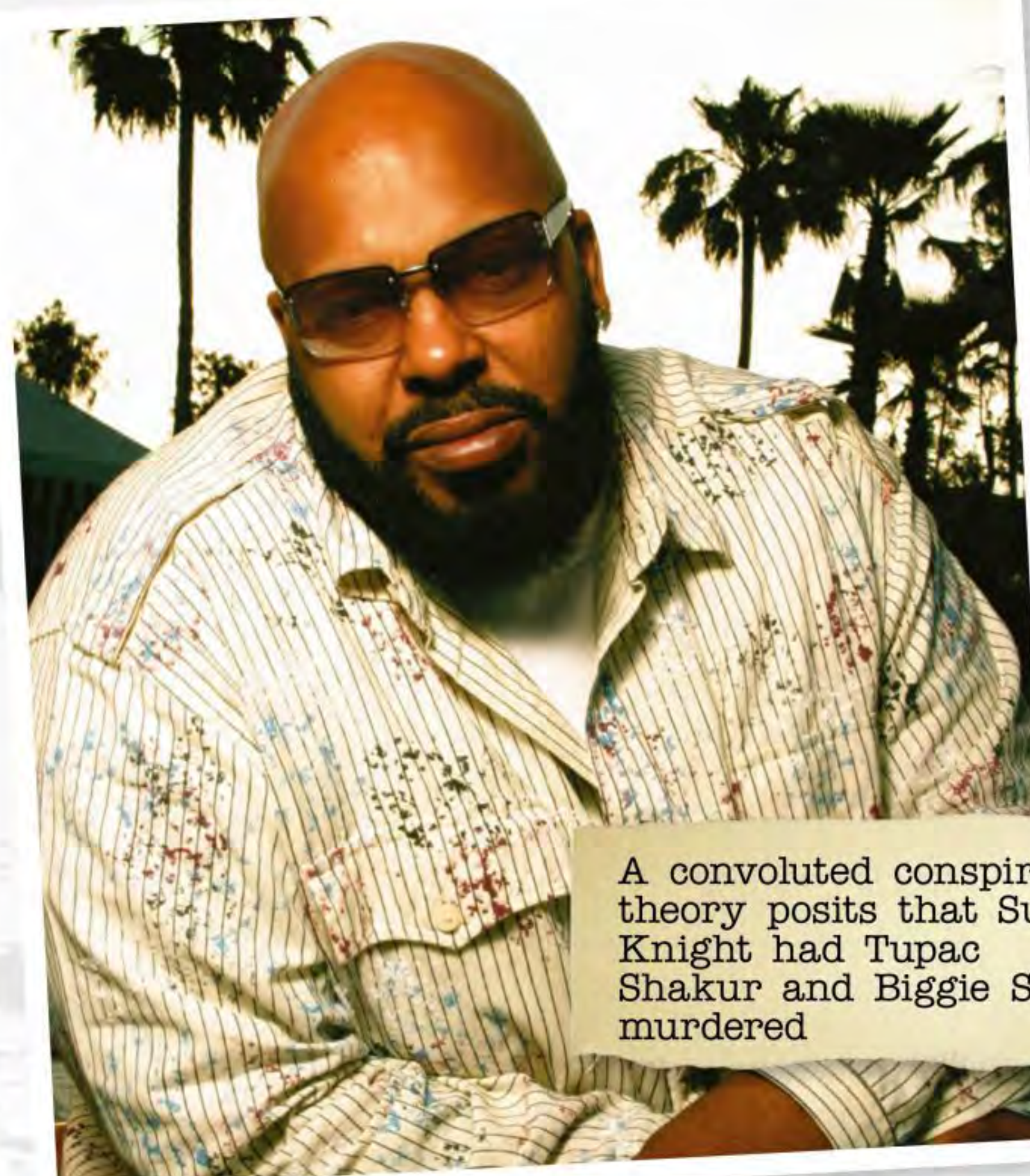
“ACCORDING TO KADING, THE GUNMAN RESPONSIBLE FOR KILLING BIGGIE WAS WARDELL ‘POOCHIE’ FOUSE, AND HIS FEE WAS JUST \$13,000”

seeing the case he built up being shelved, quit the force, but not before making copies of his evidence that he would later put into a book (*Murder Rap: The Untold Story Of The Biggie Smalls And Tupac Shakur Murder Investigations*). According to Kading, the gunman responsible for killing Biggie Smalls was Wardell ‘Poochie’ Fouse, and his fee for slaying one of the greatest rap artists of his generation was just \$13,000.

Kading also alleges that Suge Knight always knew that the killer of Tupac Shakur was Keffe D, a member of the Southside Crips and well known to Knight. When Knight ended up going to jail after violating his probation with his involvement in the beating of Orlando Anderson at the MGM Grand Hotel in Las Vegas on the night of Shakur’s murder, he conspired with his girlfriend from behind bars, ordering her to get Poochie to shoot Biggie.

As a 36-year-old member of the Piru Bloods, Poochie had already carried out shootings for Knight in the past, and Kading alleges in his book that Knight’s girlfriend, identified by the alias ‘Theresa Swann’, agreed terms with Poochie, offering him two payments of \$9,000 and \$4,000 to carry out the hit. Laying in wait outside the Petersen Automotive Museum in the early hours of Saturday 8 March 1997, when Poochie became aware of where Biggie was sitting in his car, he casually rolled up alongside and unleashed a barrage of shots.

According to Kading, the reason why no arrests have been made for the shootings of Tupac and Biggie is because, internally at least, the Las Vegas and LA Police Departments consider both cases to be solved. The Las Vegas Police Department believes that Tupac was killed by Orlando Anderson, and the LAPD believes that Biggie was shot by Wardell ‘Poochie’ Fouse. Both suspects are also no longer alive to answer for their crimes: Anderson was killed outside a Compton record store in May 1998, and Poochie died in July 2003 after being shot in the back while riding his motorbike in Compton (supposedly as a result of Pirus in-fighting). So while the deaths of Anderson and Poochie conveniently drew a line under both cases, Kading knew that there were co-conspirators at large who, through a lack of evidence, would probably never be brought to justice.



A convoluted conspiracy theory posits that Suge Knight had Tupac Shakur and Biggie Smalls murdered

FRIENDS DIVIDED

Little is known of what caused the friendship of Tupac and Biggie to turn toxic, but around the time of Biggie’s debut album, 1994’s *Ready to Die*, the Brooklyn-born rapper and his West Coast counterpart become close friends, hooking up regularly when Shakur visited Washington DC and when Biggie headed west to LA. But in 1995 the two became embroiled in the East Coast-West Coast hip-hop rivalry, and in the April 1995 edition of *Vibe* magazine, Tupac came out in print accusing Biggie, along with Sean Combs, of being behind the robbery that took place in the foyer of a Manhattan recording studio that resulted in Tupac being shot five times and robbed of thousands of dollars worth of jewellery. Although Biggie was recording at the same studio at the time of the robbery, he denied all knowledge of the incident.

The flames of rivalry were well and truly stoked in June 1996 when Tupac released the single *Hit ‘Em Up*, which included references to Tupac sleeping with Biggie’s estranged wife, Faith Evans, and accusations that Biggie copied Tupac’s style and image. Although Biggie didn’t respond directly, he did make reference to Tupac’s sexual antics on the Jay-Z song *Brooklyn’s Finest*. When Tupac was gunned down in a drive-by shooting in Las Vegas on 7 September 1996, many believed that Biggie orchestrated the kill in response to Tupac’s very public ‘dissing’, which in turn provoked dire consequences.

LEFT Tupac bragged of bedding Biggie’s estranged wife, Faith Evans, in his song *Hit ‘Em Up*, igniting the West Coast-East Coast feud



Before the big rivalry, Biggie Smalls and Tupac Shakur were close friends



Sir John Williams



Sir William Gull

DIAGNOSIS RIPPER

WAS THE WHITECHAPEL RIPPER A MEDICAL MAN? SURGEONS WITH LINKS TO HIGH SOCIETY HAVE LONG OCCUPIED THE IMAGINATIONS OF INVESTIGATORS, BUT THE REALITY IS LESS SURE-FOOTED

The image of an upper-class fellow sporting a top hat, evening cape and carrying a Gladstone bag is as potent to the popular imagination as the other famous image associated with Jack the Ripper: the jet-black horse-drawn carriage rattling along Whitechapel's busy thoroughfares through the thick fog. 'Gentleman Jack' looming over an unfortunate East End prostitute in some ill-lit alley or courtyard where other gentleman fear to tread, his blade going to work on innards and organs, has entered pop culture and refused to budge. It's nearly always the same gory scene we see in artists' drawings, online memes, at the movies, on television screens and even in videogames. The saga of Jack the Ripper is the ultimate whodunnit and the absence of clues has led to more than a century of theories running the gamut from compelling to crackpot.

Sir William Gull has become the definitive mythologised Jack. In more recent times, however, another famous

Victorian face, Sir John Williams, has been outed as the fiend. The chief iteration of Whitechapel Jack as an upper-class surgeon with direct links to the Establishment, in class-obsessed Britain, struck a chord, but it reduced an already complicated and fascinating case to a tawdry and often barking mad penny dreadful melodrama.

The origin of the man-with-the-black-bag figure can be traced to a witness statement made after Elizabeth Stride was killed in Berners Street. Mrs Fanny Mortimer dropped into Leman Street police station to offer a description of a "young man with a shiny black bag, who walked very fast down the street from Commercial Road." It turned out to be Leon Goldstein, a member of the International Working Men's Club, next to whose premises Stride was found with her throat cut. He was just a guy on his way home after stopping off at a coffee house in Spectacle Alley. The description, however, was reported by the news media and became fixed



“HE KILLED AFTER MIDNIGHT AND ONLY ON WEEKENDS AND BANK HOLIDAYS. THIS SUGGESTS HE WORKED MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY”

and twinned with the popular idea, based on early inquest reports and rumour-mongering, that Jack the Ripper was a doctor “down on whores”.

PSYCHO SURGEONS?

Sir John Williams (1840-1926) and Sir William Gull (1816-90) were eminent Victorians who served as physicians to Queen Victoria and her family. They were the best of the best in their respective fields. To treat them seriously as contenders, though, is nothing but a fool’s errand and symptomatic of why so much of Ripperology is utterly crackers.

Williams is a relatively new name in the case, coming to light in a 2005 book by Tony Williams and Humphrey Price, titled *Uncle Jack*. A distant relative began to ponder the question of his ancestor’s guilt and involvement when he found a letter referencing Whitechapel and a specific date, 8 September, excusing himself from a dinner engagement. This supposedly tied in with the discovery of Annie Chapman’s mutilated body. Also found was a surgical knife and a document pertaining to an 1885 abortion carried out on one ‘Mary Anne Nichols’ (Williams specialised as an obstetrician). The authors constructed a scenario involving a deranged doctor who was cutting up prostitutes for their uteri because he was attempting to solve the infertility of his beloved wife. John/Jack stopped after the death of Mary Kelly because he suffered a breakdown.

In 2013, Antonia Alexander, who has claimed to be a descendant of Mary Kelly, also released a book, *The Fifth Victim*, concurring with *Uncle Jack* that Williams was the fiend of Whitechapel. The crux of her theory is based on a locket of unknown provenance, which postulated a romantic link between Kelly and Sir John. It’s another load of poppycock. Neither has it been proven she is related to Kelly.

Gull entered the scene thanks to several enterprising writers in the 1970s. A narrative was constructed involving a deranged member of the royal family and the Freemasons. The canonical five were slain because they knew too much about Gull’s insane patient, Prince Albert, and his dallying with middle-aged East End tarts. The theory against Gull was first aired publicly in a 1973 six-part BBC documentary. Journalist Stephen Knight ran with it like the clappers to produce his *Final Solution*, a work that more than any other created Jack the Ripper as a man with friends in very high places. The book influenced a classic graphic novel, a 1988 television mini-series starring Michael Caine and a 2001 Hollywood movie. Stephen Knight’s book created the most powerful and lasting Jack the Ripper myth we have. It’s great storytelling, but absolute codswallop as history.

Extant papers on the case and known biographies of the two Victorian surgeons do not point to either being responsible for the Whitechapel murders. These were skilled individuals, not secret maniacs hiding behind deliberately clumsy butchery. The mutilations performed against the flesh



The Canonical Five

OF THE 11 WHITECHAPEL MURDERS, THESE WOMEN STOOD APART FROM THE REST

‘Ripperologists’ generally agree that the killing of these five women — the ‘Canonical Five’ — were performed by the same person, even if the others were not. The nature of their murders — all women, committed at night, in the same area, over a short period of time and with progressive ferocity — historically link them to the exclusion of other murders in the Whitechapel area at the time. The modus operandi of the killer links these crimes too, as all but one were eviscerated or at least had an organ or two removed. It’s thought that the murder of Mary Ann Nichols was disturbed, so the Ripper did not have time to finish the mutilation of her corpse.

Attributing a surgeon’s hand to the task of savaging these corpses is a big stretch of the imagination, however — an assumption made only by those with little knowledge of the skill it takes to remove organs or experience witnessing a professional surgeon’s table. At best, this was described as butchery, but some expert witnesses at the time wouldn’t even give this much credit to the work of the Ripper.



Mary Ann Nichols

AGE: 43 MURDERED: 31/08/1888

Nichols was last seen alive at 2.30am on the corner of Whitechapel Road and Osborne Street. At roughly 3.40am, she was found by passing workman Charles Cross, in Buck’s Row.



Annie Chapman

AGE: 47 MURDERED: 08/09/1888

Chapman was found next to steps leading into the backyard at 29 Hanbury Street, Spitalfields. Her throat had been cut deeply, her body eviscerated and her uterus removed.



RIGHT Mitre Square in London, where prostitute Catherine Eddowes was murdered by Jack the Ripper on 30 September 1888



Elizabeth Stride

AGE: 44 MURDERED: 30/09/1888

Stride was discovered by Louis Diemschutz in Dutfield's Yard, Berner Street. Her body was still warm, leading the police to believe Diemschutz may have interrupted the murder.



Catherine Eddowes

AGE: 46 MURDERED: 30/09/1888

Eddowes spent the evening in Bishopsgate police station's drunk tank. When released, she met Jack the Ripper. Her mutilated body was found at 1.45am, in Mitre Square.



Mary Kelly

AGE: 25 MURDERED: 09/11/1888

The goriest killing of all. The horrific state of Kelly's body that eclipsed that of Eddowes was found when a rent collector called at 13 Miller's Court, on a rainy November morning.

of the deceased tell us Jack was driven by a lust and need to massacre the body. Jack had a resounding hatred of women and/or prostitutes. It goes without saying, too, that if it was either Gull or William, it cannot be both.

ORIGIN OF A THEORY

The potential link between the killings and a deranged doctor has been around since the second killing in the canonical five sequence. Dr George Bagster Phillips, police surgeon to Whitechapel's H Division, was of the opinion that the Ripper had anatomical knowledge. This theory therefore developed into, 'If he had anatomical knowledge, was there surgical knowledge?' Phillips studied the wounds to Annie Chapman and noted the missing organs, the incisions and cutting methods, and was suitably impressed. "The murderer was possessed of anatomical knowledge from the manner of the removal of the viscera and that the knife used was not an ordinary knife, but such as a small amputating knife, or a well-ground slaughterman's knife, narrow and thin, sharp, and blade of six to eight inches in length."

A report by Chief Inspector Swanson, written after the Catherine Eddowes autopsy and inquest, gave the public a catalogue of potential types of people, which goes some way in showing conflicting expert opinions. "The medical evidence showed that the murder could have been committed by a person who had been a hunter, a butcher, a slaughterman, as well as a student in surgery or a properly qualified surgeon." All that's missing from the roster here is the baker and the candlestick maker.

A major part of the thinking behind 'Jack as the mad doctor' was because he removed body parts and worked at such a lightning pace. Also, with the Royal London Hospital sitting on Whitechapel Road, there were plenty of students and doctors working in the area. It isn't therefore beyond the realm of all possibility and reason that Jack had links to that world or a day job seeing to patients and making rounds on the wards.

Do the crime scene information, post-mortem summaries and inquest verdicts, however, cement or lean away from the view of Jack as a crazed medical professional? Although we can – and should – make an allowance that the killer does have some knowledge of anatomy, his technique does not represent a thorough education; far from it. The nature of the attacks and brutality meted out to the bodies tells us of a madman with a set of knives and the brass cojones to attack women in public without fear of getting caught, and who plundered corpses for souvenirs.

Jack may have gained an understanding of bodies from his individual experiences with each victim. They rise in frenzy and mayhem until we reach the crescendo of what he did to Mary Kelly. By the final canonical murder, Jack was fortunate enough (for him) to spend hours with the body. Studying the Eddowes murder years later, Francis Camps, the expert pathologist involved in the 10 Rillington Place murders, put it that Jack the Ripper was no surgeon. "Far from being the work of a skilled surgeon, any surgeon who operated in this manner would have been struck off the Medical Register."

Dr Thomas Bond, a top-dog physician in Victorian circles, took a look at the evidence he had before him and saw absolutely no link to the medical profession. Colleagues disagreed, naturally, but Bond's expertise and opinion, even if he was plain wrong at points (Mary Kelly wasn't found naked), should not be discounted. He wasn't some fusty old Colonel Blimp duffer dispensing cocksure wisdom from

Mary Kelly: A body destroyed

A SURGEON, HOWEVER DERANGED, WOULD HAVE LEFT A MUCH NEATER CORPSE

Legs

Amputation was common in the 19th century: a long amputation knife would have been used by a surgeon to completely denude the leg of flesh, leaving clean bone.

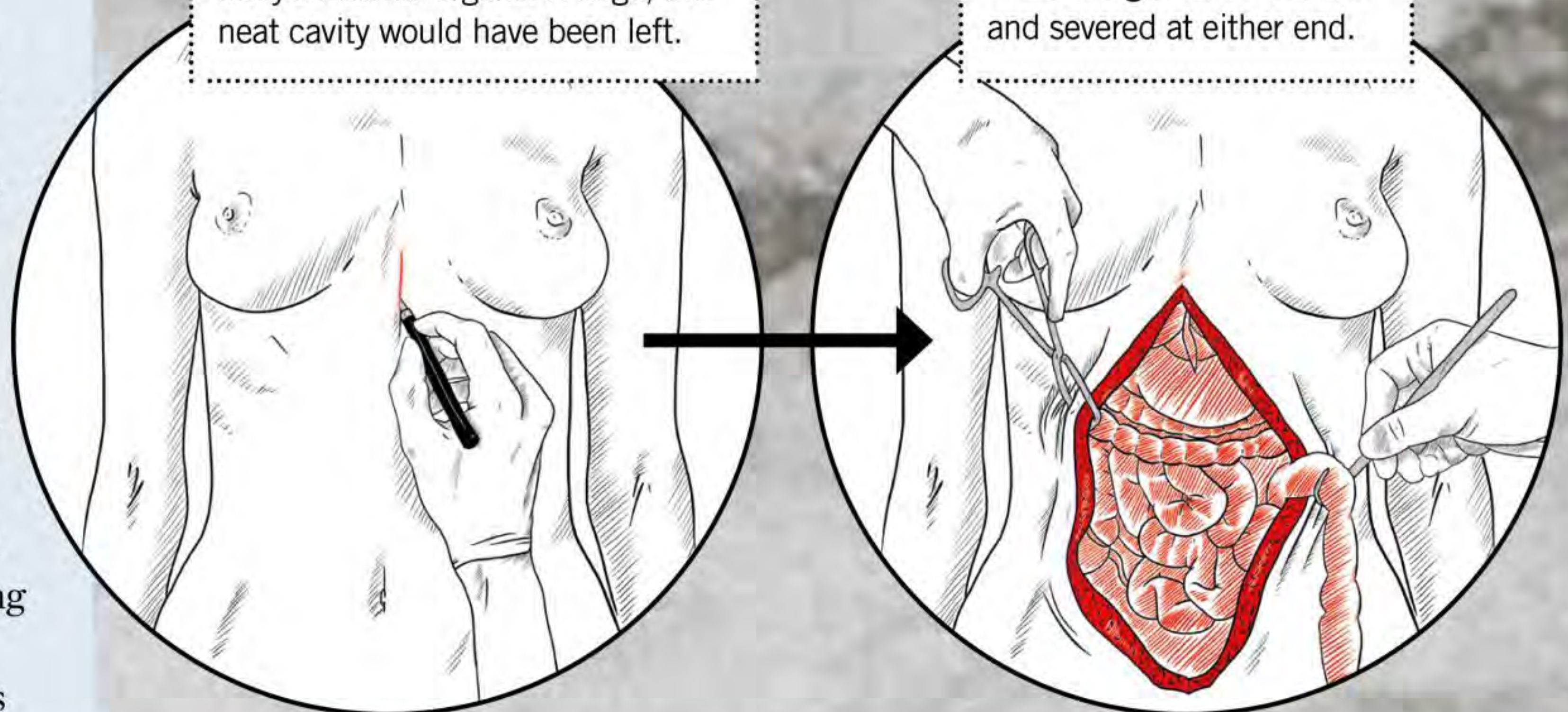


Abdomen

Making neat abdominal incisions to create two flaps of skin and superficial flesh, the surgeon would have had easy access to most of Mary's internal organs. A large, but neat cavity would have been left.

Intestines

Using a caliper or similar instrument, the cavity wall would have been held open while the gut was lifted out and severed at either end.

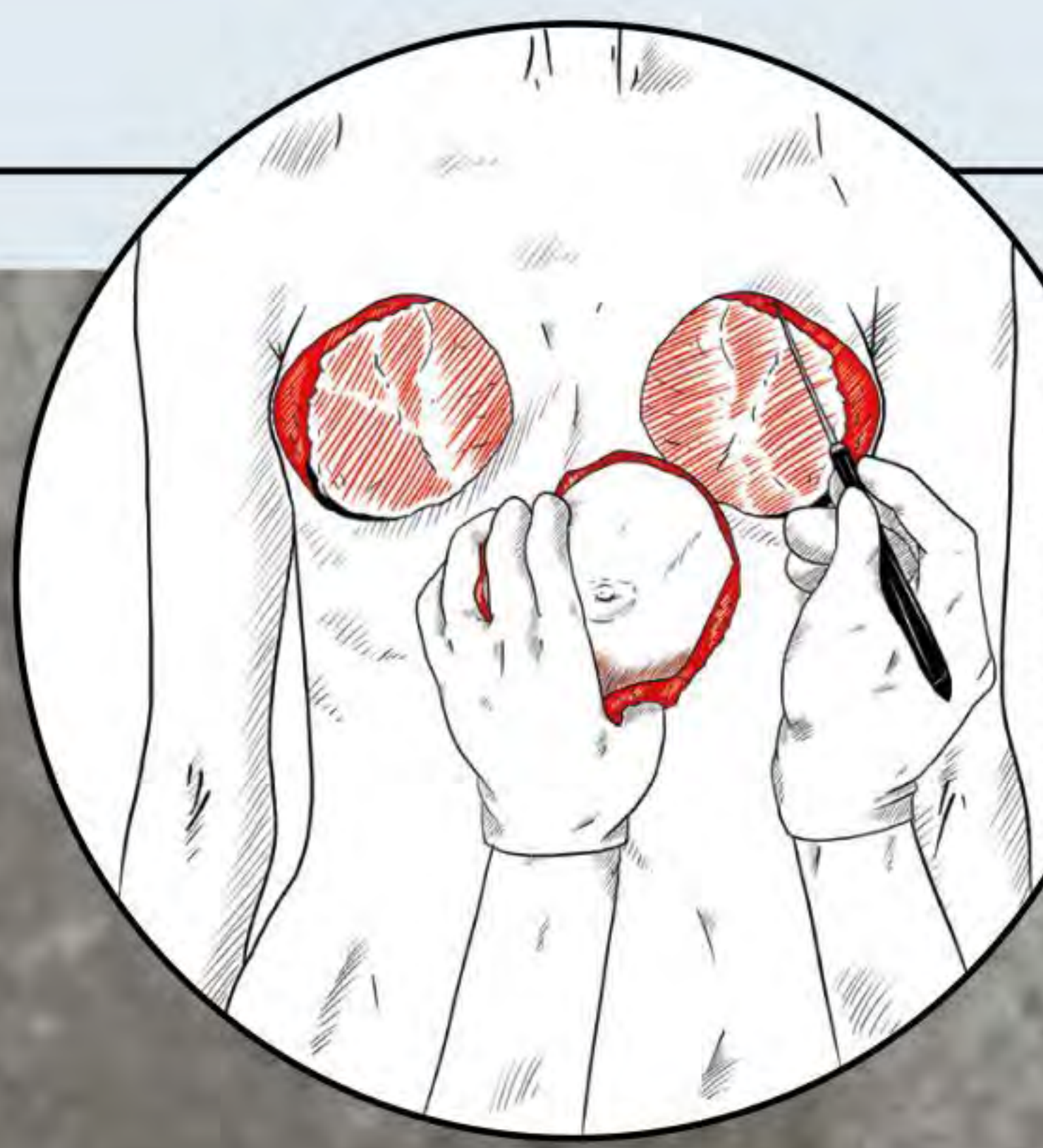
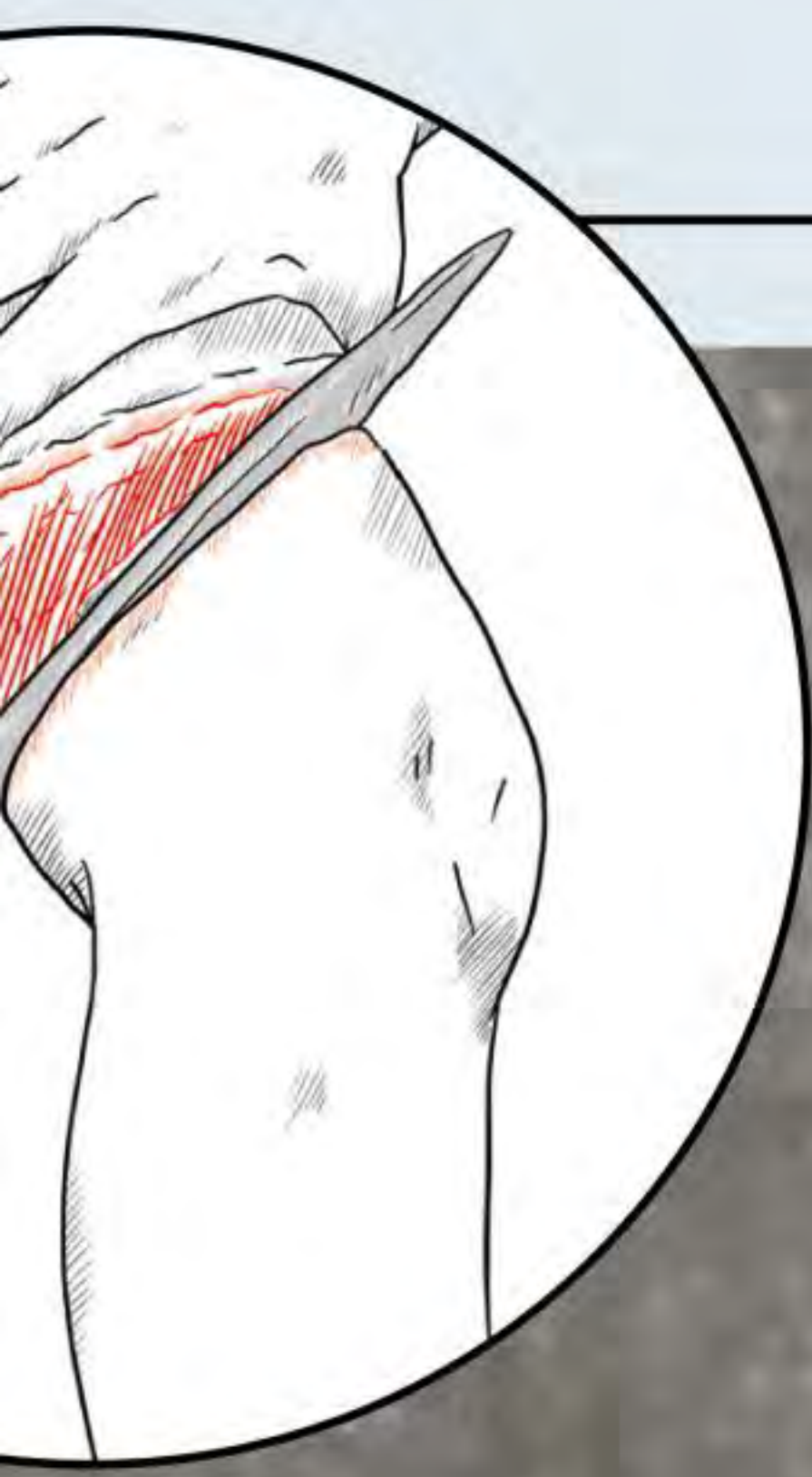


“WE MAY SAY WITH CONFIDENCE THAT HE WAS NOT A MAN WHO SPENT HIS NIGHTS KIPPING IN DOSSHOUSES”

his West End ivory tower onto poorer, less experienced, underlings stationed in Whitechapel. He knew his onions. Bond attempted to create a criminal profile, among the first of its kind.

Bond got involved a couple of weeks before the Kelly murder at Miller's Court (8 November 1888), at the behest of Police Commissioner Robert Anderson. He stated that Jack was "a man of great coolness and daring," but saw no sign of expertise. It's as simple as that. "In each case the mutilation was inflicted by a person with no scientific nor anatomical knowledge. In my opinion he does not even possess the technical knowledge of a butcher or horse slaughterer or any person accustomed to cut-up dead animals."

Dr Phillips was most firmly of the opinion that Jack knew what he was doing. "There were indications of it. My own impression is that anatomical knowledge was only less displayed or indicated by consequence of haste." Dr Brown, who performed the post-mortem exam of Catherine Eddowes, her body and face mutilated to the extreme,

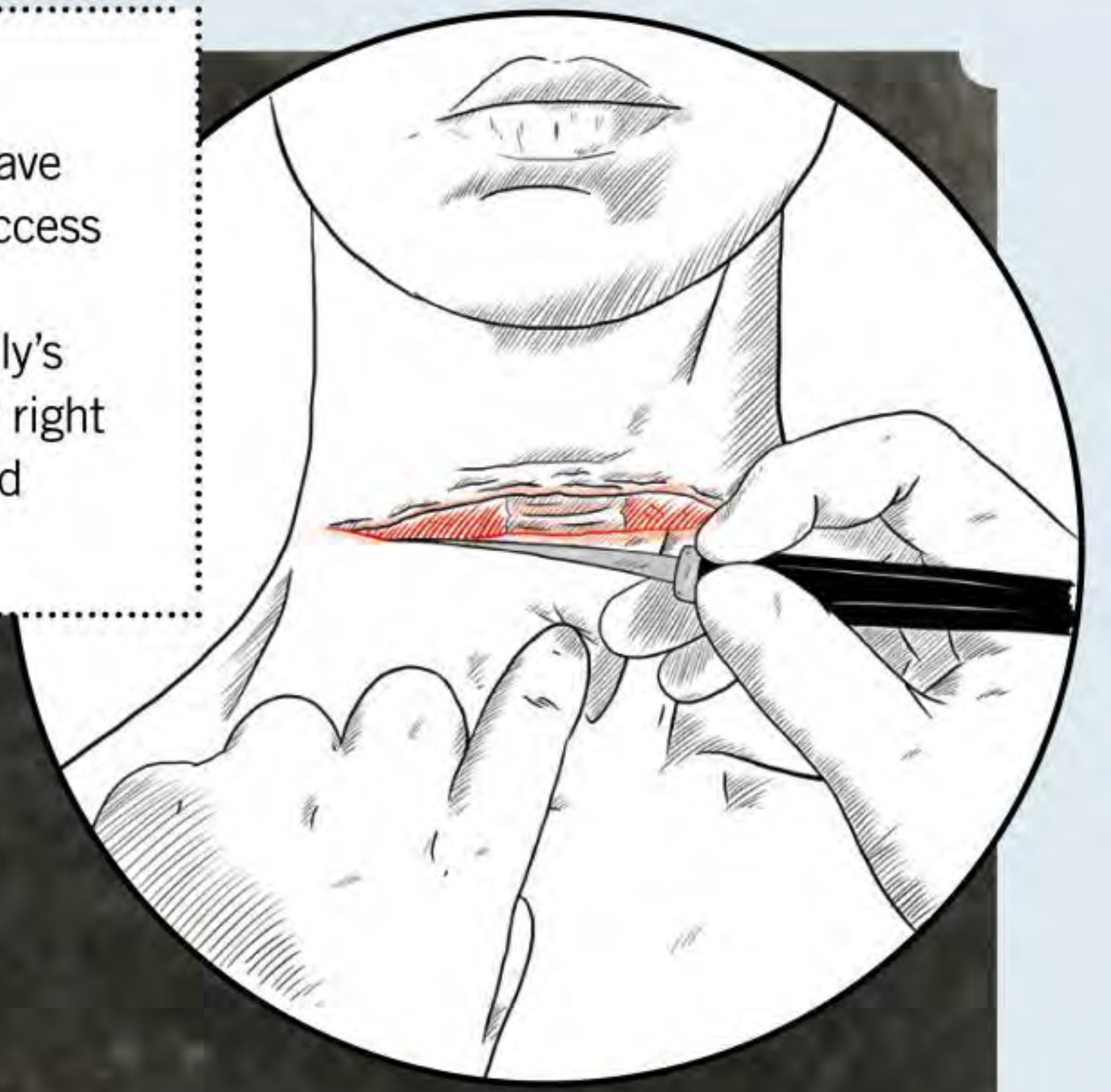


Chest

Using a longer scalpel, two neat, circular wounds would have been left by a surgeon in Mary Kelly's double mastectomy.

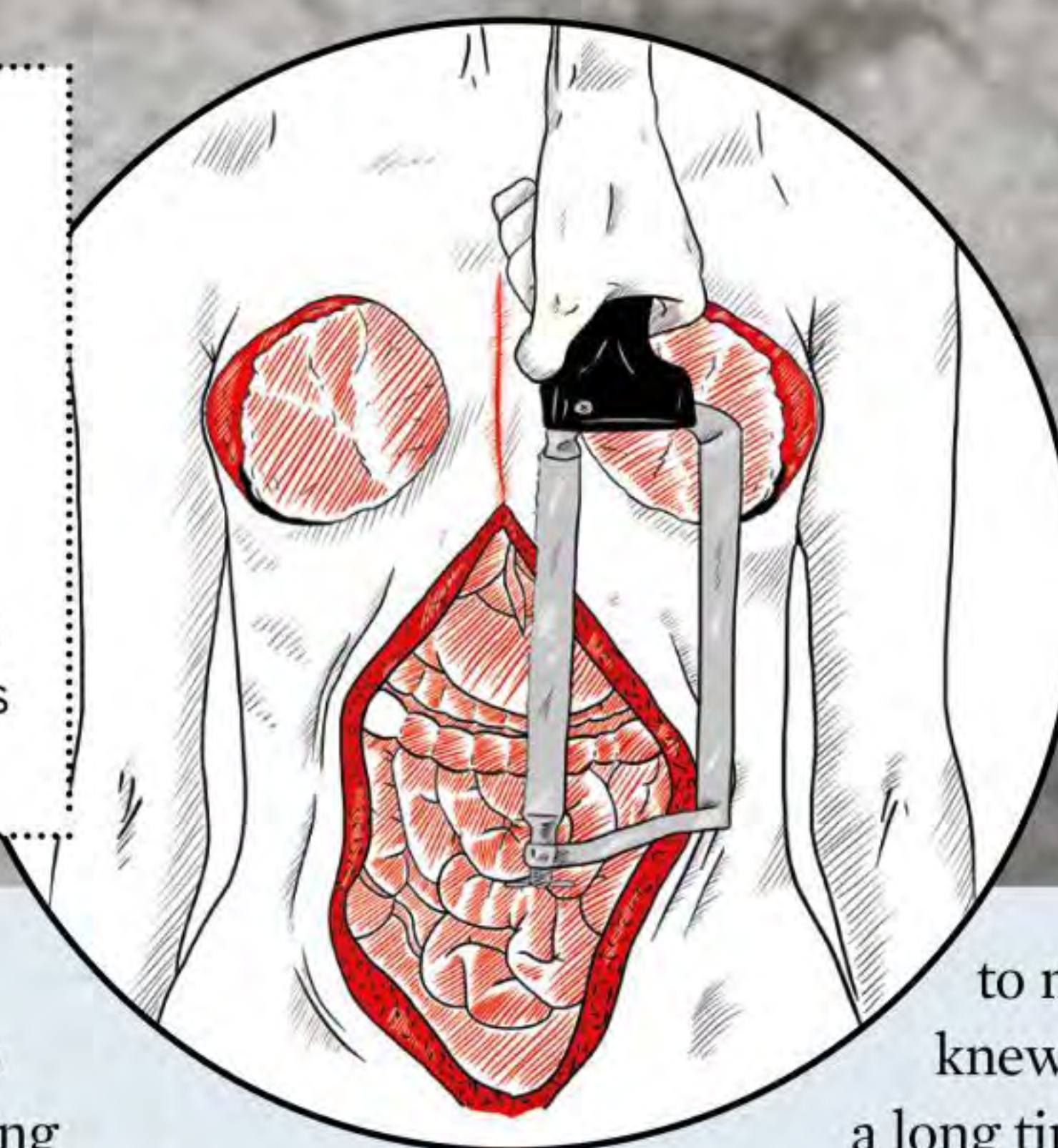
Throat

Whereas a surgeon would have carefully cut the throat to access the windpipe, perhaps in a practised tracheostomy, Kelly's throat was viciously slashed right to the bone with the frenzied strokes of a madman.



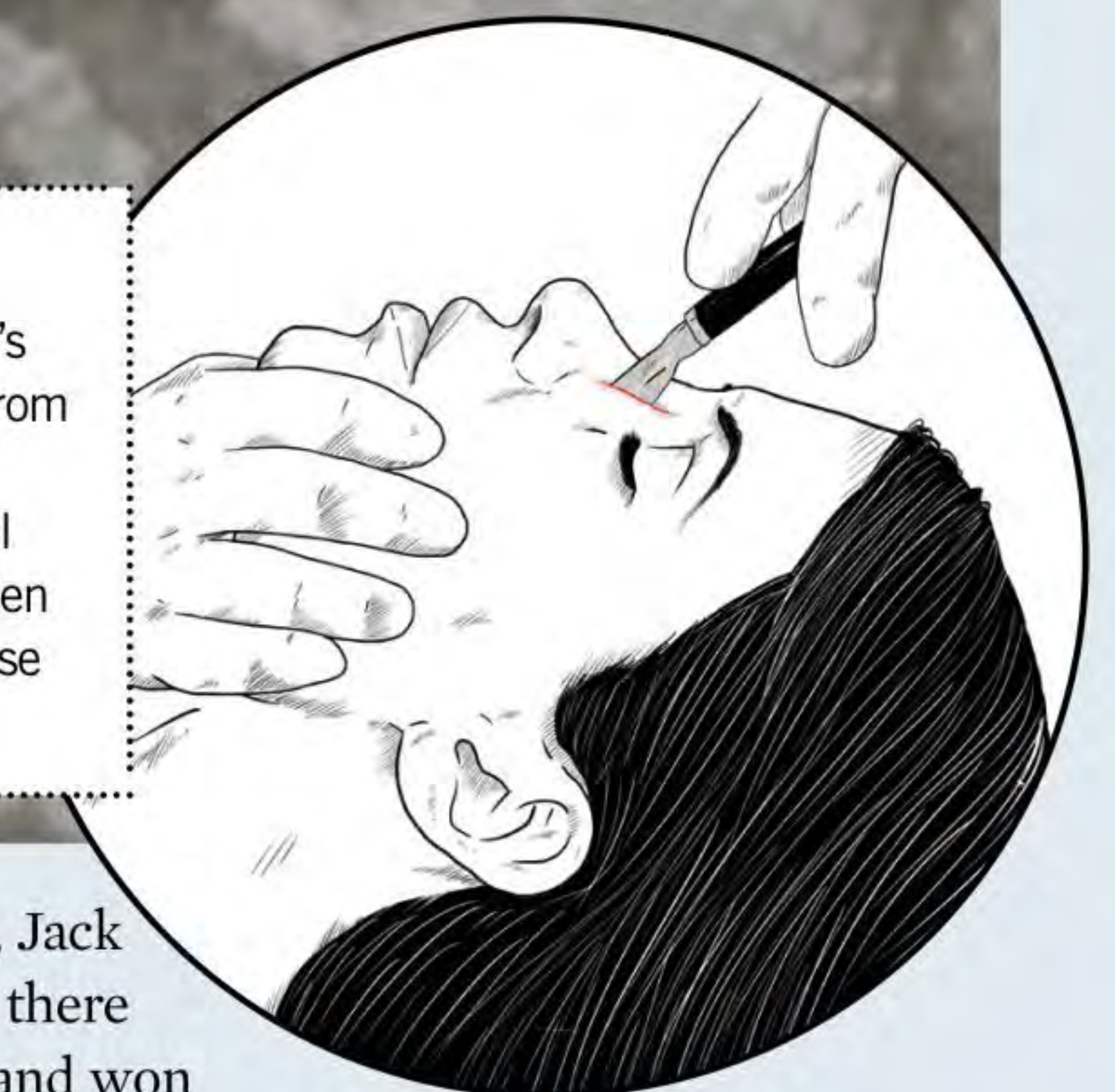
The Heart

Keyhole surgery is used where possible today, but in Victorian times, easy access to the heart would have meant sawing through the sternum (breastbone) with a surgeon's bone saw. This was evidently not what happened in the case of Mary Kelly, whose heart was removed from under the ribcage.



Face

The mutilation to Kelly's face was far removed from the methodical cuts of a surgeon's knife. Facial features would have been removed with the precise incisions of a scalpel.



also believed the Ripper had anatomical knowledge but did not equate it directly to surgical skill. He perceived a person working in a slaughterhouse could have adequate knowledge to do Jack's work. Brown thought the removed kidney had been deliberately targeted, but his colleagues were unsure. Dr Sequeira, who attended the autopsy, was asked by the *Star* newspaper, "By an expert, do you think?" To which he replied: "No, not by an expert, but by a man who was not altogether ignorant of the use of the knife."

PROFILE OF A MANIAC

Jack the Ripper is a blank face. He could be anybody. We know next to nothing about him as a person, but we may say with confidence he was not a man who spent his nights kipping in dosshouses or an individual of the labouring class who strived daily to earn a crust. He was not of that social strata. Jack the Ripper could come and go as he pleased without rousing much interest from family members or neighbours (he would have had the victims' blood on his clothes and hands). He killed after midnight and only on weekends and bank holidays. This suggests he worked Monday through Friday and committed the murders in his leisure time. Given the localities of the crimes and his ability

to move around without detection, Jack knew Whitechapel like he had lived there a long time. He hedged his bets always and won every round.

How many times must constables on their beats have passed him without once taking note? Did they interview him during the wide-ranging investigation and door-to-door inquiries? He more than likely took note of the brouhaha he created in the press and returned to the scenes of his triumphs to relive them. Serial killers are more than happy to take a dump on their own doorstep and comment to others, "Who did that I wonder? Isn't it terrible?"

In 1988, to mark the centenary of the slayings and the production of a television documentary, John Douglas of the FBI's ground-breaking Behavioural Sciences Unit profiled Jack the Ripper. Although he stated the maniac had at least "some anatomical knowledge", that does not smack of

“ ALL WE CAN SAY FOR SURE ABOUT THE SCENARIO IS THAT HE MET THEM, TOOK THEIR LIVES AND LEFT THEIR MUTILATED BODIES ”

overconfidence in the matter and certainly does not zero in on the villain being a medical student or surgeon.

The removal of organs was done during the ritualistic part of the murders. For what express purpose is unknown, but serial killers do claim trophies from the spoils of a kill. If the 'From Hell' letter and part of the human kidney sent to George Lusk, head of the Whitechapel Vigilance Committee, are authentic, Jack was potentially a cannibal. "I send you half the Kidne I took from one women prasarved it for you. Tother piece I fried and ate it was very nise."

HOW JACK ATTACKED

Victorian Whitechapel after the witching hour could be as lively as the daytime. There was a pub for every corner that was open all hours. Market porters and casual labourers were up well before first light and salesmen trudged back home with their unsold wares after a hard day's hawking at spots around the capital and Essex. Jack may have spent the evenings drinking, just like his victims were wont to do. A few ales washed down in The Ten Bells to build up Dutch courage. He might have clocked them at some point in the evening and kept tabs. All we can say for sure about the scenario is that he met them, took their lives and left their mutilated bodies to be found. Of the canonical five, three were discovered by working men either in the process of going to or returning from their jobs. Mary Kelly was found by rent collector Thomas Bowyer and Catherine Eddowes by a City police constable, PC Edward Watkins.

Jack didn't need to do much to find a prostitute really. They were everywhere. Chances are, they approached him. In their sozzled state of mind and desperation for money, their willingness to go off into a discreet and dark corner for a quickie against a wall, even during the Ripper's reign, highlights how these women had to sacrifice their personal safety in order to make a living with any man who approached them.

Jack might well have come off as a pleasant chap and rather charming. One witness, George Hutchinson, who claimed to be a friend of Kelly, potentially saw his mode of approach. He told Chief Inspector Abberline how a well-dressed man met Miss Kelly on Thrawl Street just a few hours before her murder. The gentleman tapped the girl on the shoulder, exchanged laughs and strolled back to her room at Miller's Court. Hutchinson heard the man say: "You'll do alright for what I have told you." As they passed, Hutchinson related how the man lowered his head as if to avoid detection and gave the witness a sour look. Abberline believed his testimony, but future Ripperologists have serious doubts.

Each murder commenced with what Douglas in his report called the 'blitz style'. The killer acted so suddenly that the victim never stood a chance. Picture a great white shark's surprise attack – it is terrifying and all-powerful. The victims had most likely been drinking or taking other readily available substances. They were in no fit state to fight off their killer. Jack incapacitated them by strangulation. Nobody heard a scream and there was no evidence of a struggle. After they were snuffed out, he laid them on the ground and got busy. In the case of Elizabeth Stride, a murder that today some cast

doubt as being at the hands of the Ripper, she was thrown to the ground and her throat sliced open, not strangled.

Mary Ann Nichols had tell-tale bruising on her face. One bruise ran along the right side of the lower jaw and another one on the left side. Dr Rees Ralph Llewellyn, who conducted the post-mortem, thought the bruising was caused by pressure marks. Annie Chapman, too, newspaper reports related, had fresh bruises on her lower jaw, head, neck and cheek. Dr Phillips believed she had been at least partially strangled and Chapman's thickened tongue, protruding slightly, was another pointer toward such a summary.

Catherine Eddowes's murder is the best documented of all the killings. Although Dr Brown stated she died from a six to seven-inch knife wound to the throat, there is evidence the Ripper strangled her first. The relatively minute spillage of blood suggests this, as well as Eddowes being found on the floor with no sign of struggle. Again, no screams were heard by the few residents in the square. A caretaker sweeping up in a building very close to the murder later told the police and press he heard nothing. If she had died from a knife wound, blood would have spurted out in arterial spray and dripped down the front of her clothes. Instead, it seeped gradually down the downward-angled pavement from the left and saturated her clothes at the back.

THE MURDER WEAPON MYSTERY

What knives did Jack use? There is nothing in the reports to suggest any particular use of medical equipment, only sharp knives used with ferocious intent and purpose. The Ripper more than likely changed weapons and could have purchased all sorts of knives from vendors dotted around the East End.

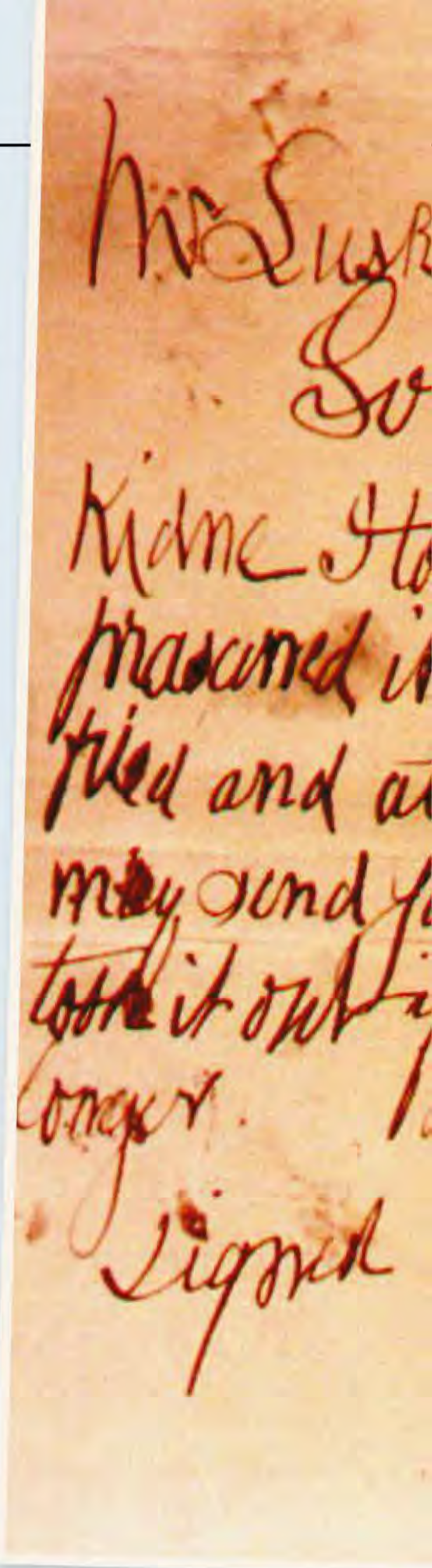
The only clue Jack ever left for certain is a piece of Catherine Eddowes's apron, which he cut off, covered in blood and faecal matter, and was found by PC Alfred Long in the doorway of 108-119 Wentworth Model Dwellings, in Goulston Street, just off Whitechapel High Street, at 2.55am on 30 September. Near the piece of apron was a message written in white chalk on black brick: "The Juwes are The men That Will not Be Blamed for nothing." From Mitre Square he walked along Aldgate and headed north back into Whitechapel via Goulston Street. The message and its direct link to Jack has never been satisfactorily explained. Was it a piece of anti-Semitic graffiti written by a local Jew-hating resident to stir up a powder-keg situation further into an all-out pogrom? Or did Jack actually write it to goad the police and cause bloody mayhem on the streets?

One would expect, too, that top doctors would recognise the tools of their own trade and proffer a definitive statement on the matter. But they did not. Dr Brown merely mentioned a "sharp-pointed knife" that had to be "at least six inches long." A bayonet was suggested in the murder of Martha Tabram, a potential Ripper victim. Elsewhere, a clasp knife was put forth and other times it was described as a "strong-bladed knife". Dr Llewellyn, who conducted the post-mortem on Mary Ann Nichols, stated that a moderately sharp knife produced the wounds. Dr Phillips said the weapon used to kill Annie Chapman was unknown to a surgeon.

“THE RIPPER MORE THAN LIKELY CHANGED WEAPONS AND COULD HAVE PURCHASED ALL SORTS OF KNIVES”

ABOVE The 'From Hell' letter was received by George Lusk, the head of the Whitechapel Vigilance Committee, along with half of a human kidney. It was signed 'Catch me when you Can, Mishter Lusk'

RIGHT A Victorian surgeon's equipment included incredibly sharp knives and other tools. At the time of the murders, investigators believed the Ripper could possess medical knowledge



Body of evidence

DON'T TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT, WE'VE SPOKEN TO AN EXPERT WHO CAN LAY THIS PARTICULAR RIPPER THEORY TO REST

Do you think Jack the Ripper had some form of knowledge regarding the human anatomy?

I personally don't think so. Having seen the photographs of the deceased and read books on the slayings, nothing suggests he had any form of knowledge beyond rudimentary anatomy. Some people may argue that's because he had 'very little time' during the procedures, but as a qualified anatomical pathology technician I'd be able to remove organs perfectly with 'very little time' because I'm trained to do so. The Mary Ann Nichols report says: "Two or three inches from the left side was a wound running in a jagged manner." Medically trained people don't make 'jagged' incisions. That said, Annie Chapman's report says: "...from the pelvis, the uterus and its appendages with the upper portion of the vagina and the posterior two thirds of the bladder had been entirely removed... the incisions were cleanly cut, avoiding the rectum, and dividing the vagina low enough to avoid injury to the cervix uteri. Obviously the work was that of an expert – of one, at least, who had such knowledge of anatomical or pathological examinations as to be enabled to secure the pelvic organs with one sweep of the knife... The appearance of the cuts confirmed him in the opinion that the instrument, like the one which divided the neck, had been of a very sharp character. The mode in which the knife had been used seemed to indicate great anatomical knowledge." It sounds like there was indeed some knowledge but this part: "...the uterus and its appendages with the upper portion of the vagina and the posterior two thirds of the bladder," has me doubting. It's very easy for a trained person to remove the uterus and ovaries intact, and even the bladder intact and full of urine without spilling a drop, when trained to do so. By the time we get to Eddowes, the incisions just sound frenzied rather than anatomically targeted. However, Kelly's murder

BIO CARLA VALENTINE



As Assistant Technical Curator of Bart's Pathology Museum in London, Carla's job is to repair, conserve and catalogue 5,000 specimens to the high standards of the Human Tissue Authority. She likes to talk dead things with anyone with the stomach for it on www.thechickandthedead.com

certainly has more anatomical aspects to it with specific organs removed and placed around her. I wonder whether that's simply because by now he has become very familiar with the inside of the human body? He seems to progress in ferocity as well as

knowledge as he continues his spree.

In theory, how easy is it for a person with a sharp knife to cut open the abdomen, poke around and pull things out? Does it require basic knowledge of anatomy or can anybody cut and remove organs?

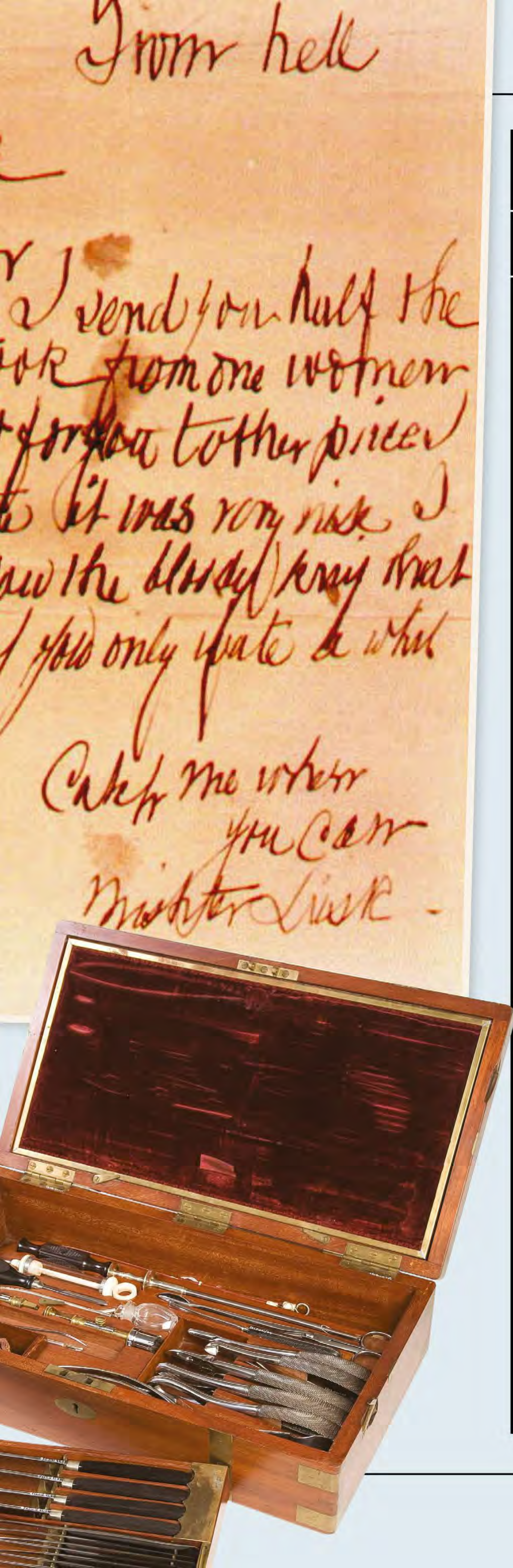
In my opinion, given how many serial killers there are who have dismembered their victims in a similar fashion and have had no medical training, I think practically anyone can do it. In one case a boy killed his mother, removed her intestines, threw them over one of her shoulders then raped her.

What sort of knives would be used to cut through flesh and remove organs in such quick fashion?

According to the reports, the first knife he used was "moderately sharp" so I assume any sort of decently sharpened kitchen knife would do the job, but then later reports say "very sharp". Perhaps he progressed to better tools after Chapman's murder? It could be anything – maybe a butchery tool or a surgical tool he got hold of somehow.

There is evidence strangulation occurred before the ritualistic aspects of the murders. Does this represent a person with knowledge of anatomy; lack of spray and why the killer wouldn't have been deluged with blood?

I'm not convinced it's to do with knowledge of blood spray. I think it's just an easy way to incapacitate and silence someone. Once a person's heart stops, the blood of course begins to lose its force as it courses through the body. He should still have some on him – it takes a while for it to coagulate – but there's an opinion he wore an apron or cloak that would have disguised it.



DIAMOND HEIST OF THE CENTURY

THEY PLANNED A DIAMOND HEIST... THEY CARRIED OUT A DIAMOND HEIST... BUT DID THEY GET ANY DIAMONDS?

It's 16 February 2003 and Agim De Bruycker is standing inside one of the most secure vaults in the world, two stories down in the bowels of the Antwerp Diamond Centre. A foot-thick, three-tonne steel door that could withstand 12 hours of continuous drilling protects its contents. This requires a key and the correct four-digit code to a 100-digit dial that had 100 million different possible combinations. Once that intimidating sentinel is defeated, a locked steel grate immediately bars your way while security cameras trained on your position monitors your entry, illegal or otherwise. Beyond that a battery of seismic, infrared, heat, motion and magnetic sensors are poised to alert security to any intruders that don't manage to reach the far wall inside the vault and enter the correct disarming code into the keypad in time. It seemed safe to say that the \$100 million in loose diamonds, gold, jewellery and cash stored in deposit boxes inside the vault was more than adequately protected from the tendrils of international jewel thieves. At least, up until the day it wasn't.

De Bruycker surveys the scene of devastation around him: dozens of deposit boxes yanked open with empty felt display trays and cases strewn in heaps around the floor, like the aftermath of a Black Friday superstore sale. One of the heads of the world's only diamond police, the Diamond Squad, pushes digits on his cell phone to call the vault's alarm company:

"What's the status of the alarm?" De Bruycker inquires. "It's fully functional," comes the reply from an operator at Securilink, who had checked what was happening with the vault's signals, "The vault is secure." "Then how is it that the door is wide open and I'm standing inside the vault?" He hangs up.

Just a few days previously Leonardo Notarbartolo, posing as a legitimate diamond dealer, was buzzed into the Antwerp Diamond Centre vault by the guard who was by now, well used to his visits. He stepped up to his deposit box – and then briefly away from it. From his top jacket pocket he retrieved a can of women's hair spray which he proceeded to cover the heat sensor with. The oily residue that the aerosol left on the sensor would insulate it, rendering ineffective for five minutes or so when activated. Having shuffled around in his deposit box, Notarbartolo dispensed with the ruse and calmly walked back out again.

Notarbartolo was picked up by the police having returned to the Diamond Centre in a, perhaps misguided, attempt to eliminate himself from their suspect list



The street leading to the front of the Diamond Centre is very secure, but the rear of the building was its weakness

**“ BY
FEBRUARY
2003
ONLY ONE
THING WAS
STANDING
IN THE WAY
OF THE
HEIST — THE
TIMING ”**

This was by no means the first step in his plan to rob the ‘impenetrable’ diamond vault. To crack such a secure facility would take months of planning and more than one man. On an earlier visit in 2001, Notarbartolo had carried a pen camera in his top pocket. Antwerp’s diamond district takes care of over 80 per cent of the world’s rough diamond trade for a turnover of more than \$50 billion, so security would get twitchy about someone taking photos in the street, let alone around the vault. A suited diamond dealer with a pen in his top pocket, however, would rouse no suspicion.

From the 100 or so images that he took, a shady contact who worked in the Antwerp diamond business made a reproduction of the vault. This was no architectural model; it was a 1:1 scale replica almost indistinguishable from the real deal, built inside a warehouse far from the vigilant diamond district. With the replica vault came the expertise Notarbartolo would need to pull this ambitious job off, three suitably discreet and equally shifty men his associate had hired who could have come straight off the set of the *Ocean’s Eleven* movie. They were only known to Notarbartolo by the nicknames that were given to them: the ‘Monster’ was an intimidating hulk of muscle with an impressive résumé that included lockpicking, electronics and getaway driving. The ‘Genius’ was a dab hand at alarms – his moniker alluded to

that fact that even the most advanced electronic security systems in the world weren’t safe from him. Finally there was the ‘King of Keys’, a locksmith in his sixties who was one of the best forgers in the world. His main job was to duplicate the foot-long vault door key.

THE PERFECT MOMENT

Months of preparation passed and by February 2003 only one thing was standing in the way of the heist – the timing. Then the prime opportunity asserted itself. The Diamond Games was in town, the semifinals of a world-class tennis tournament that featured Venus Williams. The who’s who of Antwerp was going to be there while the Diamond District would practically be in shutdown – totally deserted and an ideal time to conduct nefarious activities, should any vault raiders be inclined.

It wasn’t long before midnight that a Peugeot 307 pulled up at an abandoned building behind the Diamond Centre. Four men, including Notarbartolo’s long-time associate ‘Speedy’, exited the vehicle while Notarbartolo himself remained at the wheel. They picked the lock to the front door, made their way through to the back of the building and into a garden that ran flush with their target. A well-



The alleged mastermind behind the heist was a jeweller who set the team up for an insurance job

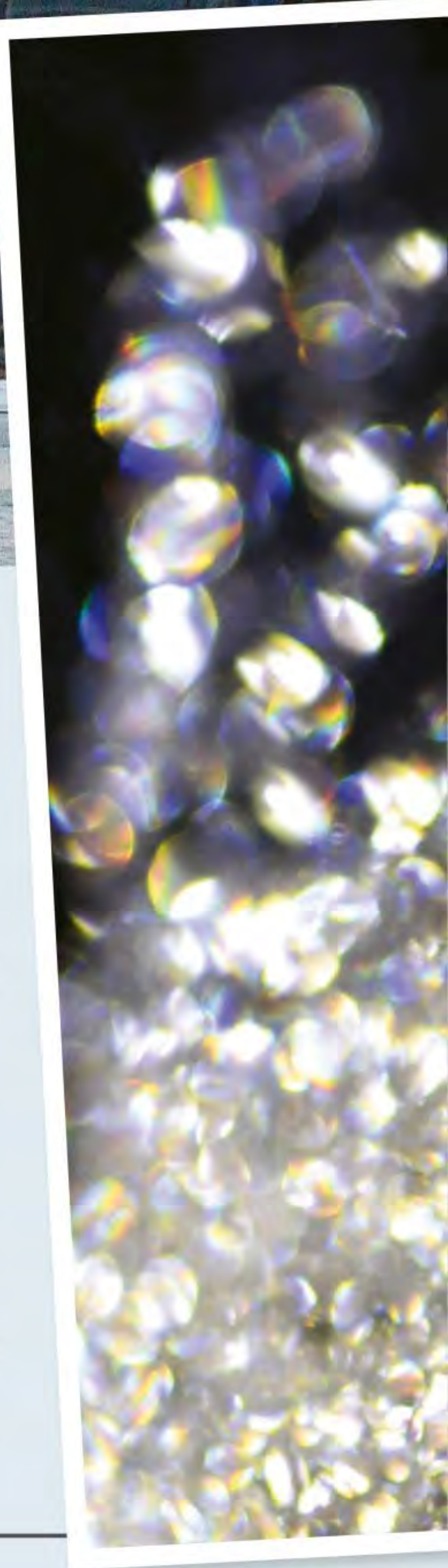
“INSTEAD OF STORING THE KEY IN A SECURE OFF-SITE LOCATION, IT WAS HANGING ON A HOOK IN A ROOM”

practised plan sprang into action. The Genius climbed to a second-floor balcony using a ladder that had been stowed earlier, used a large polyester slab to shield his body heat as he approached an infrared sensor, before laying the slab in front of it. The rest of the team climbed the ladder, carefully black-bagged the security cameras, then made their way into the building and its lowest floor where the vault was.

To Notarbartolo's eye the vault door was even more intimidating than it had been during opening hours, but this time they had the tools needed to crack this monolith. The Genius strapped a bespoke aluminium block to the parallel plates of the magnetic field generator on the vault door and then unscrewed their bolts. The door could now be opened without disrupting the field and triggering an alarm. The Genius promptly went to work on the combination lock, using the code he'd managed to glean from watching a video taken on a discreet camera Notarbartolo had installed on a nearby fire extinguisher.

The King of Keys had used the same video to take an image of the long door key and create the replica, but he'd spotted a huge human error in the vault's security. Instead of storing the key in a secure off-site location, it was hanging on a hook inside a nearby utility room. So he used the original to open the vault: why tip the cops or the vault makers off that there was a copy?

The dial clicked into place, well-oiled lock tumblers turned smoothly, bolts slid back and the vault door opened without a hitch. So far, so good. They had switched the lights off to avoid activating the light detector inside the vault, and now the King of Keys went to work on the lock in the metal grate. After cracking the vault door



this was a cinch and it quickly swung open. The Monster moved 11 practised steps into the darkness, felt for the security system's wiring and carefully stripped the plastic insulation to re-route the alarm. The vault was safe to enter.

GRABBING THE BOOTY

Ever cautious and still in pitch darkness, the men began to break into the deposit boxes. The contents of each raided box was blindly emptied into their duffel bags. Only in the ambient light from their torches did they glimpse the fortune in gold bars and currencies that they had amassed, plus the leather satchels Notarbartolo knew contained their biggest payday: tens of millions in rough diamonds.

Hours later, 109 boxes robbed and with dawn approaching, they stopped drilling and Speedy let Notarbartolo know that they were coming out. Exiting the building the same way they entered with the heavy haul took much longer than it did on the way in, but six hours after they had pulled up to the abandoned building behind the Diamond Centre, the jubilant robbers were loading the fruits of their labour into the vehicle. Then, they made their way back to Notarbartolo's apartment, where they were finally safe to tally up their hoard. The duffel bag zips were drawn open, gold bars and bricks of bank notes were fondled by all and finally, his hands trembling with excitement of what he was about to see, the Monster unclasped one of the satchels, lifted back the leather flap and found...



Antwerp's diamond district, known as the Diamond Quarter (*Diamantkwartier*), is the largest in the world



Notarbartolo and his gang of thieves should have stolen tens of millions in rough diamonds, but he says they weren't there

WHAT WAS INSIDE THE SACHEL?

The big mystery isn't what happened to around \$80 million in rough stones stolen from the vault, but who they were fenced to – if indeed, they were fenced to anyone. The official story has it that Notarbartolo opened the satchel, ran millions in diamonds gleefully through his fingers and then made preparations to shift the hot merchandise. Unfortunately for him and most of the team, the police discovered the videotapes they had stolen from the Diamond Centre, along with DNA from a partially-eaten sandwich dumped at a roadside near Antwerp. Coupled with cell phone records from the night and other damning evidence, they were able to arrest and convict Notarbartolo, Elio D'Onorio (the Genius), Ferdinando Finotto (the Monster) and Pietro Tavano (Speedy) – everyone but the King of Keys, who has never been caught. Each was sentenced to five years except Notarbartolo, who got ten years in prison as the mastermind behind the heist. As far as the diamond police are concerned, it's more than likely that Notarbartolo's Italian mafia connections had a hand in shifting the goods.

Notarbartolo himself has an – not entirely unconvincing – alternate story. When the Monster opened the satchel he found no diamonds. In fact, none of the satchels contained anything at all. The \$100 million trove had turned into \$10-\$20 million at the most and as Notarbartolo's heart sunk, his mind whirled with possibilities that were confirmed when his inside man, the jeweller who had set up the meeting and partly financed the job, failed to turn up at the arranged meeting point to take his cut. It was an insurance job, that was the only explanation. With much of the diamond trade in Antwerp being dealt under the table, it would be a breeze for the millions of dollars in stones to be laundered with the billions passing through the district.

At least, that's Notarbartolo's explanation. The police believe it's simply a cover story for his friends in Italy. But the stones have never been recovered and neither Notarbartolo's friends nor his alleged shady accomplice have ever been identified.



DEATH OF A PAGEANT QUEEN

THE MURDER OF JONBENÉT RAMSEY IN 1996 WAS A MEDIA SENSATION, BUT A SERIES OF ERRORS IN THE INVESTIGATION LEFT THE AWFUL CRIME UNSOLVED

It was on 26 December 1996 that a ransom note was discovered at the family home in Boulder, Colorado, demanding \$118,000 for the safe return of JonBenét. \$100,000 was to be in \$100 bills and the remainder in \$20 bills. Tragically, JonBenét's body was discovered later that day in the basement of the family home. She had suffered a skull fracture and been garrotted with an instrument fashioned from a paintbrush handle and a length of nylon cord. A knot in the middle of the cord clearly matched a wound on JonBenét's throat. The garrotte had seemingly been improvised, but by somebody who knew how to make one. Cord had also been used to tie her hands above her head and her body had been covered by a white blanket.

It was suggested that JonBenét's regular appearances at child beauty pageants might have attracted the unwelcome attention of predatory paedophiles. Her parents were also very wealthy, offering another potential motive: a kidnap for ransom gone tragically wrong. With John Ramsey being president of Access Graphics, a computer systems firm later to become a subsidiary of Lockheed Martin, it's easy to see how either theory could have been a likely option. One thing was certain, a six-year-old girl, seemingly without an enemy in the world, had been cruelly murdered in her own home, and the hunt was on to find her killer.

The murder appalled residents of Boulder, a Colorado town averaging only one murder a year, and the Boulder Police Department swung into action. Unfortunately, (by

police chief Mark Beckner's own admission) they made serious errors in handling the case, errors meaning that the case may always remain unsolved.

A FLAWED INVESTIGATION

The Boulder Police Department didn't have much experience in dealing with murder cases. An average of one murder a year is low for a town the size of Boulder, although Colorado isn't a state associated with rampant crime, especially not violent crime. That said, Boulder police made critical errors, leaving the investigation flawed right from the start. They should have immediately sealed off the crime scene and they didn't. That could have made for contaminated forensic evidence and an opportunity to remove, conceal or destroy evidence, if anybody had a mind to. It would also have skewed any forensic evidence as, with friends and relatives visiting the house soon after the crime was reported, people were regularly entering and leaving the crime scene. Any of them could (and may well have) left traces of their presence that would have muddied the forensic waters, making the job of investigators that much harder.

The ransom note itself was also questionable. The paper was identified as coming from a notepad in the Ramsey home. The only fingerprint on the paper, apart from those of police officers and forensic investigators, was Patricia Ramsey's. Not incriminating in itself – investigators would



expect to find people's fingerprints on their personal property in their own home – but it did increase suspicion, later voiced by Boulder police chief Mark Beckner, that this was a murder staged to resemble a kidnapping. But if it was a staged crime scene then who staged it? And why?

Police quickly – perhaps too quickly – dismissed the theory that an intruder was responsible. There was no sign of a break-in and nothing indicating forced entry from outside. It's also all too common in murder cases that the victim knows their killer and, in cases of this kind, that the killer is a close relative or family friend. That doesn't automatically mean the murderer is closely linked to the victim, only that they very often are. Intruder murders are comparatively rare in such cases, but it should seldom be so easily dismissed.

Standard rules when discovering a crime scene are that nobody enters the immediate area, nobody touches or moves anything and the scene is sealed off until forensic experts arrive to gather all available evidence. Instead, the initial search of the Ramsey home by Boulder police was cursory at best, the crime scene wasn't sealed off and some basic principles were not observed.

It is standard practice to interview witnesses and potential suspects as soon as possible after a crime and to do so separately. John and Patricia Ramsey did not give full statements to the police until five months after JonBenét's death. Separate, timely interviews enable investigators to cross-check one interviewee's account with another's. They also afford suspects the minimum opportunity to collude so their stories match. With separate interviews no interviewee or suspect knows what others have said, making it easier for police to probe contradictions during further questioning. That's a fundamental aspect of criminal investigation, so why wasn't it done? And why did the Boulder Police Department, by their own chief's admission not vastly experienced in murder cases, choose not to call in the FBI when their investigators are acknowledged experts in such cases?

TRIAL-BY-MEDIA

Press interest was intense from the start, making a difficult investigation even harder. Boulder Police Department might have had limited experience of murder cases, but they had

JonBénét's parents, John and Patricia Ramsey, were later exonerated



The Ramseys' home in Boulder, Colorado was an idyllic family home



ABOVE Patricia Ramsey entered her daughter in a series of child beauty pageants before the murder

“ PRESS INTEREST WAS INTENSE FROM THE START, MAKING A DIFFICULT INVESTIGATION EVEN HARDER... PUBLIC PRESSURE FOR A QUICK RESOLUTION GREW, AND BEING WIDELY CONSIDERED SUSPECTS, JONBENÉT'S PARENTS SOON BECAME SUBJECT TO TRIAL-BY-MEDIA ”

none whatsoever with such high-profile murder cases. Media and public pressure for a quick resolution grew in intensity and, being widely considered suspects, JonBenét’s parents soon became subject to trial-by-media.

Trial-by-media can be every bit as gruelling as trial in court, especially after losing a child. While courts of law deal with verifiable facts and scientific evidence, rules of evidence in the court of public opinion are much looser. Public attitudes towards people regarded as guilty, especially in a high-profile case involving children like this one, are extremely severe. That and endless opportunities for the press and public to speculate on a case (often without access to hard fact) can see a suspect widely considered guilty without even going to trial.

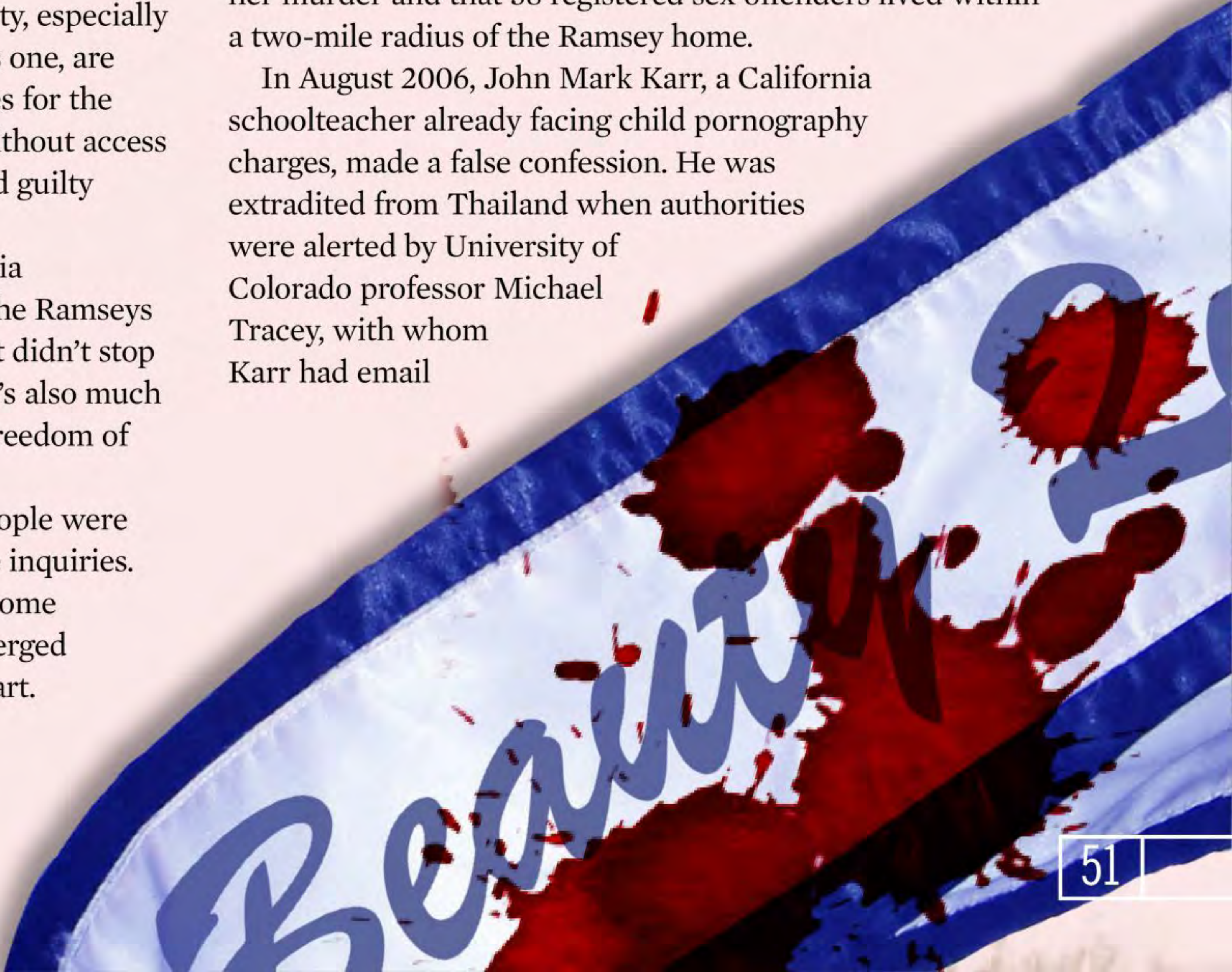
That’s assuming that public hostility and media misconduct don’t make a fair trial impossible. The Ramseys were never tried for JonBenét’s murder, but that didn’t stop many people considering them guilty anyway. It’s also much harder to bring libel cases in American courts, freedom of expression being a Constitutional right.

The case ground on without results. Many people were interviewed, but all were eliminated from police inquiries. Meanwhile, the media circus continued and to some extent still does to this day. Many facts have emerged suggesting the case was mishandled from the start.

FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS

In December 2003, a DNA profile was extracted from JonBenét’s underwear and run through the FBI’s CODIS database. CODIS (Combined DNA Index System) holds over 1.6 million DNA profiles, mostly from convicted felons. No match was found. It also emerged that the Ramsey’s neighbourhood had over 100 burglaries in the months before her murder and that 38 registered sex offenders lived within a two-mile radius of the Ramsey home.

In August 2006, John Mark Karr, a California schoolteacher already facing child pornography charges, made a false confession. He was extradited from Thailand when authorities were alerted by University of Colorado professor Michael Tracey, with whom Karr had email



correspondence about the case. Karr's confession was dismissed as he provided no information that wasn't already publicly available and no physical evidence linked him to the crime. He also claimed to have drugged JonBenét when no drugs were present at her autopsy.

On 9 July 2008, then District Attorney Mary Lacy formally exonerated John Ramsey and his wife, though Patricia had died two years earlier. Lacy cited improved forensic techniques and scientific evidence as grounds for exoneration, publicly apologising for his treatment. In 2009, her successor Stan Garnett announced he would be re-examining the case.

The investigation was finally re-opened in October 2010. A committee including state and federal investigators interviewed those involved and the latest DNA techniques were employed to comb over the evidence once more. So far, the new inquiry hasn't made any progress.

A new bombshell exploded in 2013, when it was disclosed that a grand jury had indicted John and Patricia Ramsey in 1999. The Ramseys were indicted for child abuse resulting in death and as accessories to crime including murder. The indictment further alleged that the Ramseys intended to delay or prevent the killer's capture. However, breaking with the standard procedure, then District Attorney Alex Turner had refused to sign the indictment, stating that the evidence was insufficient.

In a newspaper editorial in 2013, District Attorney Stan Garnett refused to discuss specifics of the Ramsey case. He did however state that a Grand Jury indictment is based on 'probable cause', a standard of evidence lower than that required for a conviction at trial. At trial, the higher burden of proof known as 'beyond a reasonable doubt' is needed. Garnett's opinion was that the District Attorney at the time believed the evidence was insufficient to go to trial so declined to sign the indictment. Without the District Attorney's signature, the indictment couldn't proceed any further.

John and Patricia Ramsey left Boulder, Colorado not long after their daughter's murder, moving to Atlanta, Georgia. In 2000, the couple published their memoirs of the events in a book entitled *The Death Of Innocence*, in which they made a heartfelt attempt to clear their names in the public eye. Both bitterly resented having suffered trial-by-media without ever having seen the inside of a courtroom.



In 2006 John Mark Karr made a false confession to JonBenét's murder; it was dismissed

THE INTRUDER THEORY

- The idea of an intruder committing the crime was quickly discounted by Boulder Police Department, but not by everybody. Detective Lou Smit came out of retirement in 1997 to assist the Boulder authorities in their investigation while the Ramseys themselves retained expert forensic profiler and former FBI agent John Douglas, a pioneer in criminal profiling, to assess the evidence.
- Smit initially suspected JonBenét's parents of the murder until forming the conclusion that an intruder was actually responsible. He resigned from the Boulder Police Department over the case, stating in his resignation letter of September 1998 that there was "substantial, credible evidence of an intruder and a lack of evidence that the parents [were] involved." Smit died of cancer on 11 August 2010.
- Douglas, hired by the Ramseys to investigate the case, disagreed with some of Smit's conclusions, but concurred with him that an intruder was responsible. He criticised Boulder Police for a flawed investigation, deciding that the available evidence pointed to a young and inexperienced criminal, possibly an obsessed sex offender or somebody wanting to extort money via kidnapping.
- Douglas stated there was no evidence directly linking the Ramseys to the crime and that physical evidence suggested an unknown individual was present. He also cited the lack of a plausible motive for the Ramseys murdering their daughter. There was no evidence of physical abuse, neglect, sexual molestation or serious personality disorders in the Ramsey family and their behaviour was consistent with that of other innocent parents in similar cases. It did not suggest they were guilty parents attempting to hide their crime.
- Douglas also stated that, in his professional opinion, it is unlikely that the murder of JonBenét Ramsey will ever be solved.







The background of the page is a photograph of a two-lane asphalt road that curves through a lush green valley. The road is flanked by dense forests of evergreen and deciduous trees. In the distance, a mountain range is visible under a sky filled with soft, white clouds. The overall mood is somber and mysterious, fitting the theme of the article.

THE HIGHWAY OF TEARS

SINCE 1969 VULNERABLE WOMEN, TEENS AND CHILDREN HAVE BEEN MURDERED ALONG A 724KM STRETCH OF HIGHWAY IN BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA. IS IT THE WORK OF ONE OR SEVERAL KILLERS?

Highway 16, known officially as the Yellowhead Highway, is part of the Trans-Canada Highway system. It begins in Manitoba and crosses the southern portions of the country, through Saskatchewan and Alberta, before turning northwards into British Columbia, a region roughly the size of Germany and France with a population of 4 million. It ends at the ferry terminal at Prince Rupert, a coastal town nestled close to the border with Alaska.

Once you leave behind all the cosmopolitan cities and large towns, the mountainous province is – like the rest of the country – awe-inspiringly gigantic. Vast tracts of it are inaccessible. It is wilderness pure and true. Former Royal Canadian Mounted Police officer Ray Milchalko, today a private investigator running Valley Pacific Investigations, works the Highway of Tears cases in his own free time. In May 2015, he described the route to CBC News as “the perfect place to go missing forever.”

The RCMP has been investigating 18 cold cases, but Amnesty International Canada puts the figure of missing or murdered women at 33. The murders began way back in 1969. Until 1994, given the sheer size of the region, the disappearances and murders were treated as separate incidents. It wasn't until 2006, however, that a comprehensive and in-depth historical investigation was finally launched. The fact is: British Columbia's Royal Canadian Mounted Police are hunting for more than one serial killer.

A HISTORY OF BOTH FEAR AND VIOLENCE

The murders must be contextualised by cumulative social horrors stretching into Canada's past. The Highway of Tears is entwined around the still-lingering effects of colonialism, social injustice and endemic poverty among First Nations people. Lack of suitable transportation links and services is one reason hitchhiking has become a cultural standard. Families belonging to indigenous tribes involved in the Highway of Tears saga have not only had to deal with a loved one vanishing without a trace or found dead, but they've also put up with systemic racism and callous indifference. When daughters and sisters went missing, the RCMP would brush off the need for an investigation by informing relatives that they'd probably run off to Vancouver, or some other big city. It's not as if they had much going for them on the reservations, they'd argue. Successive governments have been unwilling to offer hard cash and programmes to alleviate the woes of people traumatised firstly by colonialism, then by compulsory assimilation and, finally, because high levels of drink and drugs dependency exist, acting as if their problems were a self-inflicted product of failing to integrate, and not what they are and have always been: psychological traumas of indigenous people forced into the role of the outsider.

A deep-seated mistrust of authority figures also stemmed from the generational effects of the sickening Indian

residential school programme. Children were forcibly removed from their homes on the reservations, forced to speak English and made to reject their own rich cultural heritage, in place of the European-Christian one. The aim was to 'kill the Indian in the child'.

Interviews that were carried out by the Human Rights Watch organisation in an 89-page report titled 'Those Who Take Us Away: Abusive Policing and Failures in Protection of Indigenous Women and Girls in Northern British Columbia, Canada' (Feb 2013), attest to police disinterest in their well-being, as well as cases of assault, brutality and even rape. One report into aboriginal female disappearances and murders across the whole of Canada, beginning in the Sixties to the present day, estimated that the total runs close to 582. The numbers actually fluctuate, depending on the report. Historical, geographical and social factors created a pernicious perfect storm of circumstances for a murderer, or indeed murderers, to thrive and act without impunity. "Impunity is a double murder. It's like killing the dead twice." Chilean poet Raúl Zurita was referring to the crimes of the Pinochet era, but his words hit upon a truth known to all unsolved murders, and they certainly echo loudly throughout the Highway of Tears.

The sobriquet, by which these cases have become known both locally and globally, was coined in the mid-Nineties, and invoked the appalling treatment meted out to Native Americans by the expansionist policies of 19th century US governments. When the Cherokee nation was forced to surrender its lands and resettle elsewhere, the episode in their history became known as the 'Trail of Tears'. The appropriation and play on words might look a touch melodramatic at first but, to quote a truism written by author William Faulkner: 'The past is never dead. It's not even past.'

GLORIA MOODY: THE VERY FIRST VICTIM

Gloria Levina Moody is generally considered to be the first Highway of Tears victim. Aged 27, she was walking back from a pub crawl in Williams Lake on 25 October 1969 with her brother, Dave. He lost sight of her and went to his hotel room, thinking nothing of it. The family weekend away was, up until the next day, a fun trip. Less than 24 hours later, two hunters, following a cattle trail about 10km from Williams Lake, chanced upon her naked corpse. Gloria had been severely beaten, stripped naked and sexually assaulted, and died from wounds sustained in the attack. Her clothes were found a short way from the body.

The youngest person on the list of 18 is Monica Jack who, aged 12, disappeared on 6 May 1978 while riding her bike home from a shopping trip. Her remains were found in 1995 in a ravine on Swakum Mountain, some 20km from her home.

VICTIM TAMARA CHIPMAN



Tamara Chipman was last seen on 21 September 2005. It is said she was hitchhiking from an industrial park in Saint Rupert. She had recently shaved her head and was known to wear an assortment of coloured wigs.

CLUE IN THE ZONE

In August 2009, the two-hectare former home of convicted murderer Leland Vincent Switzer is searched as part of the Nicole Hoar case. He placed himself at the scene of Nicole's disappearance on that very same day. Pinewood Road is 30km from the gas station, accessible from a side road off Highway 16.

MISSING

6 APRIL 1975

VICTIM MONICA IGNAS



Monica Ignas was last seen walking along the highway near Thornhill in December 1974. She was never seen alive again. Her body was discovered on 6 April 1975 on a forestry services road outside of the town. Monica had been strangled.

9 APRIL 1995

CLUE KILLER CLAIM

Lloyd stated that Tamara was wrapped in two refuse bags and first driven out to Cloya Bay, but the killers decided to drive on further toward Terrace. She is buried somewhere off Highway 16, Lloyd claimed.

VICTIM RAMONA WILSON



Ramona hitchhiked to Hazelton from her home in Smithers, BC, on 11 June 1994. Her body was found behind Smithers airport in April the following year.

CLUE PHONE CALL

In January 1995 the RCMP received a phone call from a male telling them where to find Ramona Wilson's body. They searched and found nothing. The man has never been identified.

WITNESS

In 2007, drug addict and hooker Lorraine Lloyd told her priest, Rev Lloyd Thomas, that she was present at Tamara's death. She said Tamara was murdered by drug dealers known only as Nic and Andre, and it was premeditated because Tamara disrespected them in front of others. The RCMP took this confession very seriously, but they have not been able to locate Tamara's body. Nic and Andre were killed by Hells Angels, and Lloyd died in 2010 of an overdose.

GIRLS DON'T HITCHHIKE

50 YEARS OF MURDERED GIRLS HAS TAINTED THIS ROAD

VICTIM NICOLE HOAR



Nicole goes missing on 21 June 2002 from a gas station on Gauthier Road. Her body was never found.

WITNESS

A member of the public reports that she saw Nicole approach a yellow car driven by a male in a white t-shirt.

WITNESS

A person at the gas station thinks she saw Nicole approach a male with children, but she declined the ride.

CLUE JAGGED SCAR

In 2009, the RCMP releases a description of a man it is seeking in relation to Nicole's vanishing. He's in his 50s with shoulder-length, brown hair and has a 'pronounced jagged scar' on the left side of his neck. He had what is described as a 'scruffy' appearance and smoked cigarettes.

VICTIM AIELAH SARIC-AUGER



Teenager Aielah Saric-Auger was last seen climbing into a black van near a downtown bar in Prince George. One week later her body was found on an embankment by a passing driver, some 16km from the town of St George.

19

FOREVER YOUNG

- 2 ALBERTA WILLIAMS, 24, DEAD**
Found 25 September 1989 near Tye overpass, strangled
- 4 LANA DERICK, 19, MISSING**
Last seen October 1995 near a service station
- 5 DELPHINE NIKAL, 16, MISSING**
Last seen 13 June 1990 hitchhiking east from Smithers
- 7 CECILIA ANN NIKAL, MISSING**
Last seen 1989 near Smithers, cousin to Delphine
- 8 ROXANNE THIARA, 15, DEAD**
Found 17 August 1994 near Burns Lake
- 10 ALISHIA LEAH GERMAINE, 15, DEAD**
Found 9 December 1994 behind Haldi Elementary School
- 12 MICHELINE PARE, 18, DEAD**
Found 8 August 1970 near Hudson's Hope
- 13 GLORIA MOODY, 26, DEAD**
Found 25 October 1969 on a cattle ranch
- 14 COLLEEN MACMILLEN, 16, DEAD**
Found 4 September 1974 near 100 Mile House
- 15 GALE WEYS, 19, DEAD**
Found 6 April 1973 near Clearwater
- 16 PAMELA DARLINGTON, 19, DEAD**
Found 7 November 1973 in the Thompson River
- 17 MAUREEN MOSIE, 33, DEAD**
Found 9 May 1981 near Kamloops
- 18 MONICA JACK, 12, DEAD**
Found June 1995 in a ravine in Swakum Mountain
- 19 SHELLY-ANN BASCU, 16, MISSING**
Last seen 3 May 1983 near Hinton



ABOVE Madison Scott thought she was the last one still up at the campsite party



ABOVE Legebokoff claimed to have used the bloody wrench to subdue a deer

1994: THREE GO MISSING

Throughout the Seventies and Eighties, teenagers and women were reported missing or found dead along Highways 5, 16 and 97. In 1994, Leah Germaine (aged 15), Roxanne Thiara (aged 15) and Ramona Wilson (aged 16) were killed within a six-month period. This represented something of a spike in activity, in relation to the timeline of the murders. The cops began to wonder if there was a serial killer on the loose or if it was just grisly happenstance.

Roxanne Thiara from Prince George was a known sex worker with a drug habit. She was missing for just over a month and was dumped by the side of Highway 16 about 227km away, near Burns Lake. Her body was discovered on 17 August. Ramona Wilson was an ordinary teenager making her way to a dance on 11 June who decided to hitchhike the 75km to the town of Hazelton. On 27 January 1995, the RCMP received a mystery phone call from an unknown man informing them where the body could be found. They searched the area, but couldn't find Ramona. In April 1995 her remains were discovered only a few kilometres from her house on Railway Avenue, near Smithers airport. She had been strangled and sexually assaulted. Leah Germaine, another victim known to have worked as a prostitute, was found behind an elementary school in St George on 9 December. Germaine had been stabbed to death.

2002: NICOLE HOAR DISAPPEARS

The Highway of Tears murders broke into the wider mainstream media when Nicole Hoar vanished on 21 June

2002. Miss Hoar, aged 25, was travelling from a gas station outside of St George, hailing from Red Deer, Alberta. She was starting her MA in the autumn and had found temporary employment as a tree planter. Her aim that day was to visit a sister in Smithers, 370km away. She chose to hitchhike, as it was the social norm in that part of the world.

Friends dropped her at the Gauthier Road gas station, a popular spot with hitchhikers. Nicole was last seen at this gas station. It is stated by a witness report that a man with children initially offered a lift, but he wasn't heading as far as Nicole's destination. She chose not to accept. Another witness reported she saw a woman of Nicole's description approach a yellow car at 2.50pm, with the driver of the vehicle detailed as a white male, aged anywhere between 20 and 35, and wearing a white t-shirt. The witness, however, did not see the person she believed to be Nicole get into the car. Nobody did. Nicole's visit to her sister was intended as a surprise during a week-long vacation she'd intended to take. So nobody, including friends and family, thought it was strange she hadn't been in touch until six days later.

Nicole Hoar was wearing wire-rimmed octagonal glasses, a red, long-sleeved t-shirt and greenish-brown pants. She was carrying a black and purple backpack made by Mountain Equipment and a green shoulder bag with an orange dragon embroidered on it. As a white, middle-class, non-aboriginal graduate, her unknown fate drew the attention of the media.

The RCMP combed over 24,000km of land between Prince George and Smithers. After four days of scouting, the search was called off. But due to the media pressure and campaigning by Nicole's family, the Highway of Tears began to enter the news more frequently and it became part of the cultural lexicon outside British Columbia. It also spurred indigenous support groups and charities into speaking about the social ills of the region. They concerted efforts to hound the authorities into bringing to justice the perpetrators of these evil acts. Things had to change. No more half-hearted leg work would be accepted from the families of the victims.

“IT HAD TO CHANGE. NO MORE EXCUSES AND HALF-HEARTED LEG WORK WOULD BE ACCEPTED FROM FAMILIES OF VICTIMS”

THE INVESTIGATION

IT TOOK 20 YEARS TO RAMP UP THE INVESTIGATION. IN THAT TIME, AT LEAST ONE KILLER ESCAPED JUSTICE

The cops began taking the disappearances and murders seriously in 1994, when Germaine, Thiara and Wilson were killed. FBI profilers were brought in during 1995 (for one week). They did not think the deaths of the three girls were connected. But even after Nicole Hoar's vanishing, the RCMP took its sweet time in taking coherent action.

In 2005, support groups began an awareness campaign, which involved walks of solidarity and other social activities. Under the banner 'Take Back the Highway' organisers held demonstrations. The largest took place on 17 September along the entire 724km section of Highway 16. And yet in a cruel twist, four days later, Tamara Chipman (aged 22) disappeared from an industrial estate near Prince Rupert.

The Highway of Tears Symposium was also held in 2005, and a list of recommendations drawn up (long-term and short-term aims) and handed over to the authorities. Calls for public inquiries were – and continue to be – dismissed. There is a ray of optimism: First Nations spokespeople and families have acknowledged the RCMP's change in attitude. Communications between officers and relatives have since struck a more positive tone. By 2006, Project E-PANA was underway. The name was derived from a combination of the task force emanating from the E Division of Criminal Operations and the Inuit word for the goddess Pana who, in Inuit mythology, watched over the souls of the dead in the underworld, Aðlivun, before undergoing reincarnation.

Project E-PANA initially focused on nine cases. On 11 October 2007, the list had grown to 18. They were selected from a small set of criteria, which ensured E-PANA did not get out of hand or overwhelm the 50 law enforcement officers before they had even begun. E-PANA investigators decided that victims were always females either undertaking what is deemed high-risk activity (hitchhiking or prostitution) or last seen within a one-mile radius of Highways 5, 16 and 97. Since launching E-PANA, the RCMP

has gathered information on 1,413 persons of interest, taken 750 DNA samples and 100 polygraph tests, and conducted 2,500 interviews. Only two cases have been brought to a conclusion: one of 16-year-old Colleen McMillan, who was abducted and slain in 1974; and Monica Jack.

McMillan, a strawberry-blonde teenager, disappeared while hitchhiking on Highway 16 from her home in Lac La Hache to a friend's house. A month after her disappearance, her body was found on a logging road south of the town known as 100 Mile House. In September 2012, the DNA of an American hailing from Texas was found on McMillan. The transient construction worker and known felon, Bobby Jack Fowler, became a person of interest, and forensic testing was carried out. There would be no dawn bust or trial, however. Fowler, a man with a violent temper and mean amphetamine habit, had passed away from lung cancer in 2006, while serving time on a 16-year stretch for assault, attempted rape and kidnapping. He had been put away in 1996. Fowler emerged as a key suspect in the disappearances of Gale Weys and Pamela Darlington (both aged 19). The RCMP has not discounted his involvement in other murders, and cops across the border in Oregon also believe he was the culprit in the murders of 16-year-olds Jennifer Esson and Kara Leas, last spotted hitchhiking along the road near Newport. Their bodies were discovered a month later in woodlands outside the city.

In December 2014, sex offender and ex-con Garry Taylor Handlen was charged with the deaths of Monica Jack and 11-year-old Kathryn-Mary Herbert, the latter of which was unrelated to the Highway of Tears.

Colleen's killer, Bobby Jack Fowler, was said to be charming and disarming, and could turn extremely violent



Colleen MACMILLEN
100 Mile House
1974

LELAND VINCENT SWITZER

A PERSON OF INTEREST IN NICOLE HOAR'S DISAPPEARANCE, SWITZER DENIES INVOLVEMENT

In August 2009, the RCMP searched the home of convicted killer Leland Vincent Switzer. The suspect had murdered his brother at the property in 2002. A two-hectare homestead, at 31645 Pinewood Road, District Isle Pierre, was combed by the Unsolved Homicides Unit. The RCMP initially told press it was investigating a historical homicide, but would not confirm which one. Later it admitted it was searching the grounds for Nicole Hoar's body and any items pertaining to her case. The occupants at the time were not under suspicion.

Switzer cropped up on investigators' persons-of-interest list because he approached them voluntarily with information. He told them he had taken a toilet break at the gas

station on the same day Hoar disappeared, so if his DNA was found at the scene, that was why. Was Switzer toying with the RCMP, or merely being honest about his whereabouts on that day? Cadaver dogs sniffed the property, and state-of-the-art radar systems were deployed to look for signs of disturbed areas of earth.

Switzer had been arrested in 2004 for the murder of his older brother, Irvin, during a heated argument in 2002. The siblings were known to have a tempestuous relationship. Leland claimed that he'd only intended to fire off a warning shot. Irvin was shot in the chest and died from the wound. Contradicting Leland's claim was the knowledge that he was a master marksman. The pair had been at each

other's throats for years, according to testimony heard in court. The judge did not believe the defendant's self-defence argument.

In 2014, the *Prince George Citizen* wrote an article revealing that Switzer had taken a polygraph test. Switzer claimed during a Parole Board of Canada hearing that he had passed it, and produced a letter confirming the result. However, the parole board, which has since denied Switzer an early release from his 10-year sentence, believed the letter to be of dubious origin, given that it wasn't presented with an official-looking RCMP letterhead. Whether Leland Switzer is still a person of interest in the Highway of Tears case is currently unknown.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: SERIAL KILLER CENTRAL

CORRUPTION IN GOVERNMENT RANKS HAS SEEN THIS STRETCH OF DEADLY ROAD BECOME A MURDERER'S HAVEN

Bobby Jack Fowler (an American who killed in the US and British Columbia), Israel Keyes (another American killer known to have spent unaccounted-for periods of time in Canada and BC), Clifford Olson, Gilbert Paul Jordan, Robert Pickton and Cody Legebokoff: British Columbia's history of serial killers is as rich as it is horrifying.

At the age of 20, most young adults are busy making their way in the big wide world, either working or studying at university. Cody Legebokoff (born 1990) of Prince George, British Columbia, was on trial for the murders of Loren Donn Leslie (aged 15), Jill Stuchenko (aged 35), Natasha Lynn Montgomery (aged 23) and Cynthia Frances Maas (aged 35). He is the youngest serial killer in the country's history, and was caught red-handed by an RCMP constable, not very long after he'd buried his last victim, Loren Donn Leslie, in a shallow grave.

It isn't unusual for a serial killer to start their reign of terror at a young age, but Legebokoff's case was still somewhat unusual. He was an ordinary-looking country kid with a circle of friends and a girlfriend, and gainfully employed as a mechanic for a Ford dealership. He did have a minor criminal record, but he wouldn't ever have been suspected of multiple-homicide.

It was a cold, snowy evening on 27 November 2010, when an RCMP officer took one look at the speeding GMC pickup truck pulling out of a remote logging road off Highway 27, north of Vanderhoof. Suspecting the driver of dangerous driving, he decided to pull it over. When he approached Legebokoff, the officer saw red-coloured smears on his face and there was a pool of what looked like blood on the floor mat. He initially claimed he'd been out hunting deer. "I'm a redneck, that's what we do," he said.

When the constable searched the vehicle, he found a backpack with a girl's name on it and a bloodied monkey wrench. Legebokoff was initially detained by the cop under the Canada Wildlife Act. Conservation officers were radioed in and they arrived on the scene. With the RCMP, they headed back down the road to see if they could find evidence of poaching. What they found was a grave, and in it the bloodied and partially naked body of 15-year-old Loren Donn Leslie, a legally blind teenager whom the killer had met on the social-media network Nexopia. His tag was 'ICountryBoy'. She had been bludgeoned to death.

After his arrest, stories of a hidden double life emerged. Legebokoff was a secretive drug user (cocaine and crack) and sought out the services of St George's street walkers. It was via these socially vulnerable women that he procured the marching powder or the gear to chase the dragon. The RCMP went through its files of missing or murdered women around the city, who had also died from blunt force trauma to the cranium, and it began to suspect this wasn't a one-off event for baby-faced Legebokoff.

In October 2011, police charged him with the murders of Stuchenko, Maas and Montgomery. DNA had linked

him to the victims after police found unusual items in his apartment, including an axe.

During his trial, which began on 2 June 2014 in Prince George, he developed an elaborate story involving three drug dealers, and claimed that they were responsible for the murders, not him. He bizarrely claimed that troubled teen Loren Donn Leslie killed herself in his truck. However, nobody believed the wacky tales he spun. On 11 September 2014 he was convicted on four counts of first-degree murder, and sentenced to 25 years without parole.

“THE OFFICER SAW RED-COLOURED SMEARS ON HIS FACE AND THERE WAS A POOL OF WHAT LOOKED LIKE BLOOD ON THE FLOOR MAT”

RCMP representative Gary Shinkaruk answers questions at a Highway of Tears press conference in 2012





ABOVE “Don’t tell Mum I’m hitchhiking,” Colleen told her little brothers



ABOVE “Hello - the police please. I know where Ramona Wilson’s body is...”



THE AFTERMATH

WILL ALL THE CASES EVER BE SOLVED?

E-PANA has endured cutbacks and funding issues, and the number of officers assigned to the task force has quietly diminished. In 2015, a former government worker, Tim Duncan, told the press that a dozen emails relating specifically to the Highway of Tears case had been deliberately and permanently deleted by British Columbia’s Ministry of Transportation, after a freedom of information request was lodged in 2014.


Yet women have continued to disappear. At some point in the early hours of 28 May 2011, Madison Scott (aged 20) was abducted at Hogsback Lake, 24.5km south-east of Vanderhoof. She’d been partying with friends on the Friday night and decided to pitch her tent and stay there by the lakeside. The last people at what was said to be a boisterous and sometimes violent shindig, saw her alone in the early hours.

Details of the party that Madison had attended were shared on social-media channels, and it is said that people unknown to the organisers showed up. Madison’s friend, Jordanne Bolduc, was so inebriated she fell into a fire and was taken home. Jordanne asked Madison to go back to town with her, but she declined. Police continue to be baffled and the search goes on.

It is highly doubtful the RCMP will solve every Project E-PANA case, let alone others that are not even within the investigation’s purview. As activists continue to highlight the risks of hitchhiking along British Columbia’s roads, the fact remains the State has failed some of its most vulnerable citizens, and a culture of racism has enabled some killers to have their fill. Will the Highway of Tears ever stop weeping?

DEADLY SPY GAMES

ALEXANDER LITVINENKO WAS KILLED IN NOVEMBER 2006, BUT DID THE FORMER SPY ACTUALLY SOLVE HIS OWN MURDER?



As he lay critically ill in an intensive care unit at University College Hospital in central London, the defiant words of Alexander Litvinenko were as caustic against those he felt were behind his poisoning as the chemicals ravaging his body: "You may succeed in silencing me but that silence comes at a price. You have shown yourself to be as barbaric and ruthless as your most hostile critics have claimed. You have shown yourself to have no respect of life, liberty or any civilised value. You have shown yourself unworthy of your office, to be unworthy of the trust of civilised men and women. You may succeed in silencing one man but the howl of protest from around the world will reverberate, Mr Putin, in your ears for the rest of your life. May God forgive you for what you have done, not only to me, but to beloved Russia and its people."

Litvinenko died on 23 November 2006, 22 days after being taken ill following a meeting with a business associate at the Millennium Hotel overlooking Grosvenor Square in London's Mayfair. What the perpetrators of the crime perhaps didn't bank on though was that Litvinenko would use his extensive espionage skills to finger his own killers.

EXPOSING THE TRUTH

Litvinenko had been a lieutenant colonel with the Federal Security Service (FSB), which was the successor to the Russian KGB and run by Vladimir Putin. However, in 1998 he was arrested with charges of abusing his office after exposing corruption within the organisation and uncovering an alleged plot to assassinate the Russian tycoon Boris Berezovsky (who was later found dead at his Ascot home in March 2013). After spending nine months in a remand centre, Litvinenko was acquitted and then fled to Britain in 2000 with his wife, Marina, and their young son, Anatoly, where he was granted asylum. While living in exile, Litvinenko then went on to write the book *Blowing*

Did Russian president Vladimir Putin authorise the assassination of Alexander Litvinenko?

Up Russia: Terror From Within, in which he claimed that FSB agents had been responsible for the bombing of some apartment blocks in Moscow in 1999, causing fear and panic among the Russian people. The Russian government blamed Chechen separatists for the bombings, but in his book, Litvinenko claimed that the bombings were organised by the government as a pretext for the second Russian invasion of Chechnya, and to aid Putin's rise to power.

From 2003 onwards, Litvinenko worked as a spy (an expert on Russian organised crime) for MI6, investigating Spanish links to the Russian mafia. The mafia, Litvinenko discovered, had close ties with senior Russian politicians, and the roads of corruption apparently led straight to the president's office and dated back to the Nineties when Putin was operating within the gangster circles while acting as the aide to Anatoly Sobchak, the then mayor of St Petersburg. Over the years, Litvinenko continued to openly accuse Putin and his intelligence agency of further acts of terrorism; perhaps most notably of the assassination of the prominent Russian investigative reporter, and fellow opponent of Putin's regime, Anna Politkovskaya in October 2006. Although the Russian government publicly brushed aside Litvinenko's accusations, behind the scenes a plan was being hatched to

silence him once and for all – and the telling blow was delivered by someone he knew.

FRIEND AND EXECUTIONER

On the afternoon of Wednesday 1 November 2006, Litvinenko had a rather busy schedule. At 3.00pm he met with Italian investigator Mario Scaramella at the Itsu restaurant in Piccadilly. During this meeting, at which Litvinenko ate sushi, Scaramella apparently warned him that both of them were on a Kremlin hit list. A short time later, Litvinenko



Litvinenko, along with his wife, Marina, and their son, Anatoly, fled to England to escape Russian persecution in 2000

Litvinenko agreed to have photos taken on his deathbed to show the world how he been "poisoned by the Kremlin"

was to meet with Russian businessman Andrei Lugovoi at the Millennium Hotel in Mayfair. Litvinenko and Lugovoi were both members of Boris Berezovsky's entourage in the Nineties and in 2005 Lugovoi had got back in contact with Litvinenko to suggest that they work together on advising western firms who were looking to invest in Russia.

At the meeting, which took place in the hotel bar shortly after 4.00pm, Litvinenko declined to order a drink, but was offered the remainder of a pot of green tea that was already sitting on the table when he arrived. There was only about half a cup left in the pot and it was virtually cold, but Litvinenko swallowed three to four mouthfuls before the two men were joined at their table by Dmitry Kovtun – a fellow business associate of Lugovoi who, along with the two men, was an ex-KGB agent. The three men briefly discussed the arrangement of a further meeting scheduled for the following day, before they went their separate ways. What Litvinenko didn't know at the time was that the tea was laced with a toxic, radioactive chemical called polonium-210, and that the countdown on his life had started to tick.

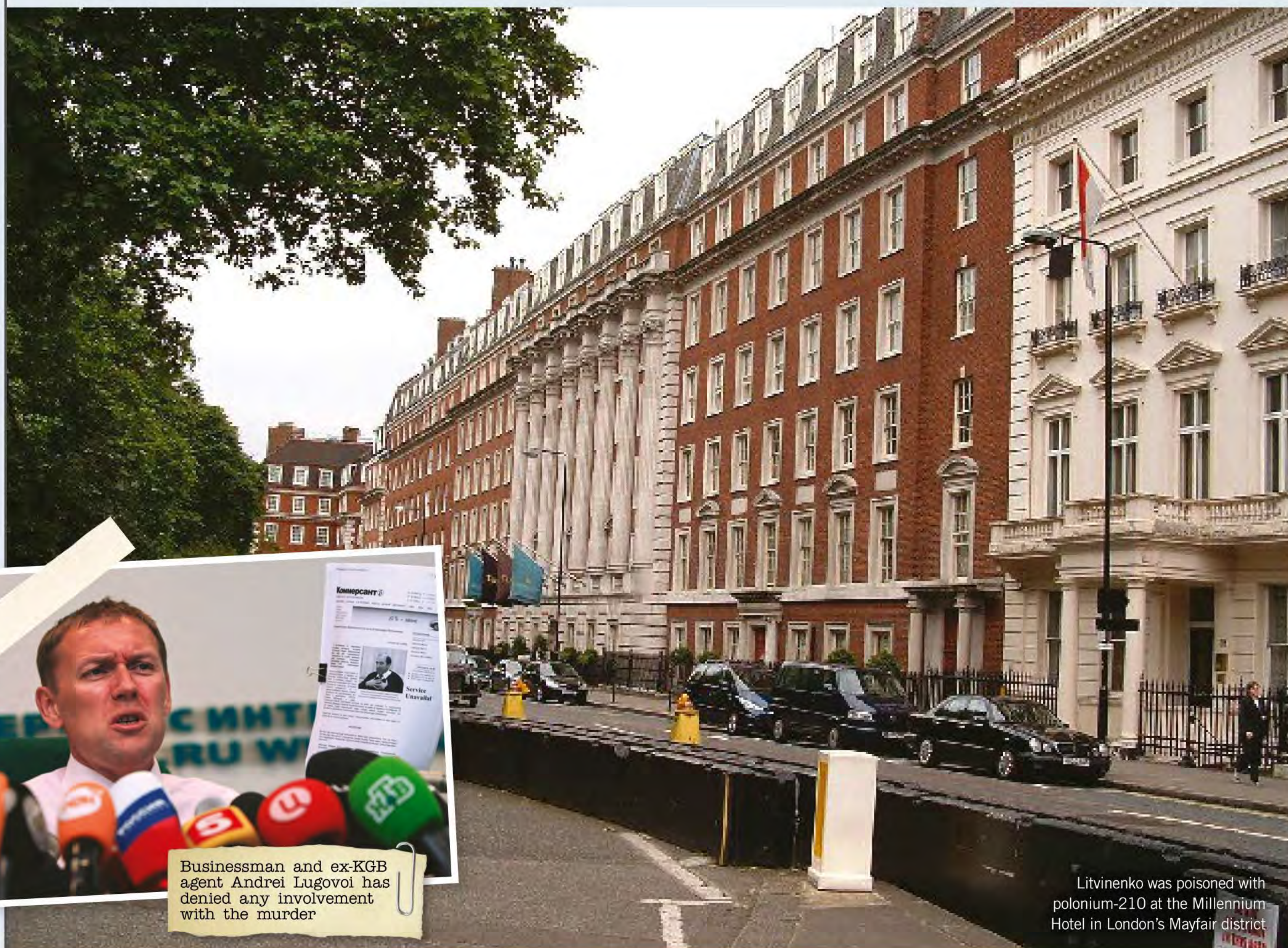
Later that evening, as Litvinenko and his wife, Marina, were preparing to celebrate their anniversary (and recently becoming British citizens), 'Sasha' – as Marina referred to him – suddenly became very ill. "It started just like a simple

sickness," she recalled, but in the days following, Litvinenko continued to suffer with vomiting and severe diarrhea, at one point being unable to even walk without assistance. Litvinenko was hospitalised for what doctors first thought was an intestinal problem, however, by the second week it was clear that something was seriously wrong. "Sasha started to feel very bad," Marina explained. "His skin became very yellow. It was so scary."

When Litvinenko struggled to open his mouth and his hair began to fall out in clumps, the doctors treating him began to realise that he had been poisoned, but had no idea what had actually poisoned him. All Scotland Yard could do was seal off his room to try and protect him – but the damage was already done, and the polonium-210 was eating Litvinenko away from the inside.

As Litvinenko lay slowly dying in hospital, he was able to give Scotland Yard detectives a detailed account of his movements, his associates and their behaviour on the day of his poisoning. And thanks to his accounts and the extensive CCTV footage from the Millennium Hotel, detectives were able to unravel a sprawling and highly dangerous polonium trail in and out of London, with faint traces found in restaurants, public transport and even Arsenal's Emirates Stadium, where Lugovoi had watched a Champions League

**“ THE
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INSIDE ”**

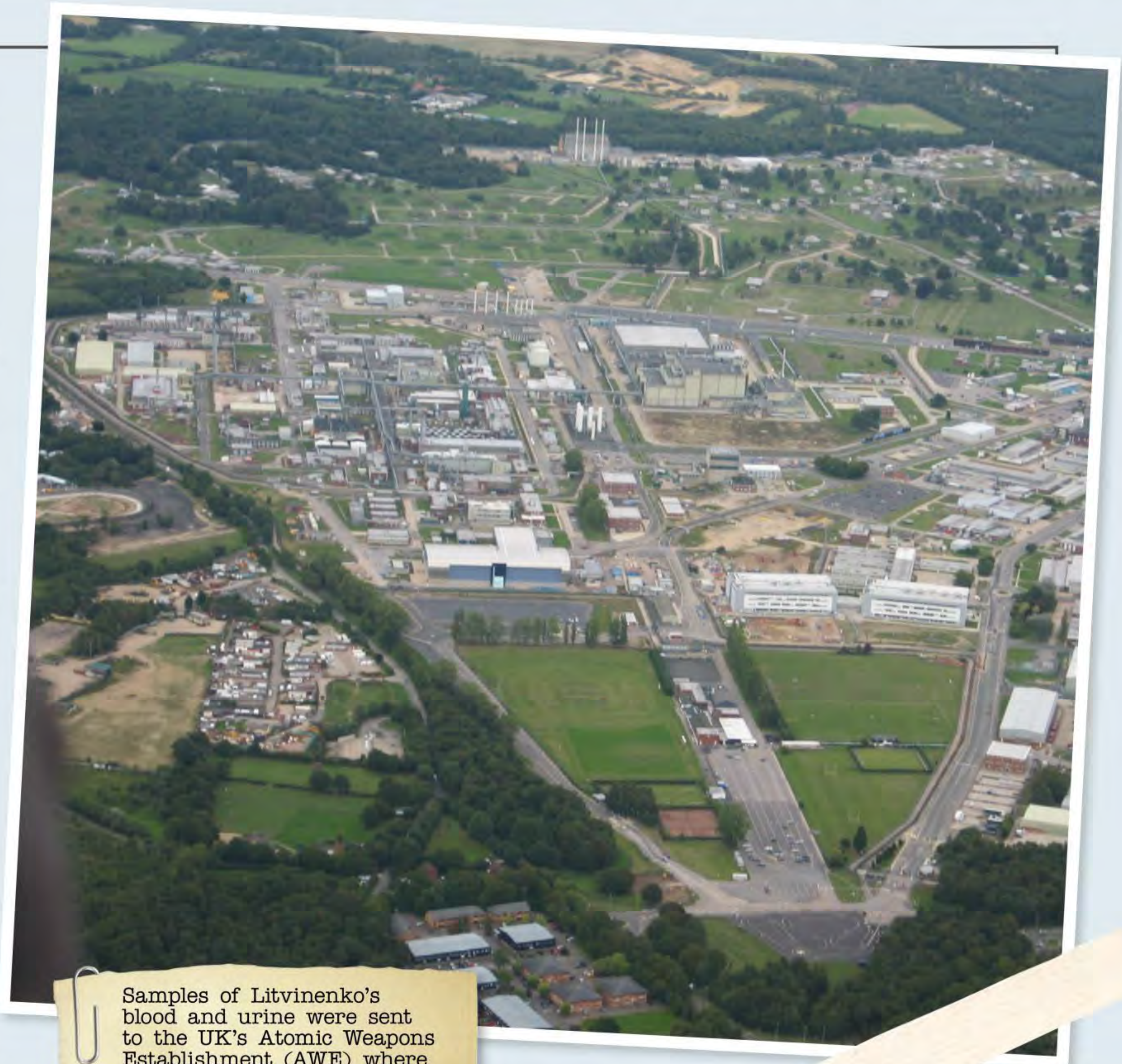


Litvinenko was poisoned with polonium-210 at the Millennium Hotel in London's Mayfair district

match between the Gunners and CSK Moscow immediately after the hotel meeting. Then, of course, there were high traces in the hotel itself – the bar, the toilets and especially Lugovoi's room, where the readings went off the scale as it appeared that the assassin had emptied the remainder of the vial down the bathroom sink. The evidence seemed highly conclusive against Lugovoi, although traces of polonium were also found at the sushi restaurant where Litvinenko had dined with Scaramella – could this have been from an earlier meeting with Lugovoi at a Grosvenor Street boardroom back in October? On that occasion, Litvinenko had declined a drink and his glass remained untouched, but perhaps he had ingested small amounts of the chemical some other way.

After a two-month investigation, Scotland Yard detectives handed over a file to the then director of public prosecutions, Sir Ken Macdonald, who announced in May 2007 that he was recommending Lugovoi be charged with murder. Lugovoi, along with Kovtun, denied any responsibility for Litvinenko's death, deflecting blame to the British Secret Service on account of Litvinenko's spy status. An order to extradite Lugovoi from Russia to face murder charges in England was denied by Moscow on account of the Russian constitution preventing the extradition of its citizens, and to date no formal charges have been brought against him.

Although Litvinenko couldn't pinpoint exactly who had poisoned him, there was little doubt in his mind who was ultimately responsible, and from his hospital bed he smeared his blood on Putin's hands and allowed himself to be photographed on his deathbed in order to show the world that when you cross the Russian leader, there is ultimately only one outcome.



Samples of Litvinenko's blood and urine were sent to the UK's Atomic Weapons Establishment (AWE) where the polonium was discovered



Alexander Litvinenko's funeral took place on 7 December 2006, and he was buried at Highgate Cemetery

THE SILENT KILLER

"My son died yesterday," the grief still very raw in the trembling voice of Litvinenko's father, Walter, "and he was killed by a nuclear bomb that is so little, so small that you couldn't see it." Initially, Litvinenko's condition had somewhat baffled doctors, and it was only when blood and urine samples were sent to the UK's Atomic Weapons Establishment (AWE) to be tested for traces of radioactive poison that a breakthrough discovery was eventually made. By pure coincidence, another scientist at the AWE, who wasn't involved in the analysis, had overheard a discussion about a spike that had been detected in the samples using gamma spectroscopy. Having previously worked on Britain's early atomic bomb programme several years before, the scientist was intelligently able to link the spike to the gamma ray signal of polonium-210, which was a critical component of early nuclear bombs.

Polonium is a highly radioactive isotope that is invisible, undetectable without specialist equipment, and fatal if ingested. The post-mortem examination carried out on Litvinenko's body was described by Home Office forensic pathologist Dr Nathaniel Cary as "the most dangerous ever undertaken in the Western world." Cary and his colleagues had to wear protective suits with air continuously pumped through a filter during the process, and the results of that examination proved beyond doubt that polonium-210 was used to kill Litvinenko. The polonium was traced back to a nuclear power plant in the Russian Ural Mountains, and was likely processed at the Russian town of Sarov, a closed nuclear research facility, before being converted into a miniature transportable weapon.

Uncovering who was behind the murder would ultimately be much harder to prove, but in a statement that Litvinenko dictated to a friend shortly before his death (the words of which appear at the front of this piece), there was little doubt in his mind who had authorised the use of this 'little nuclear bomb'.

THE BLACK DAHLIA

HOLLYWOOD'S OWN JACK THE RIPPER CASE

THE MURDER OF ELIZABETH SHORT WAS SENSATIONALISED BY THE PRESS, WHO SAW HER AS BOTH VICTIM AND TEMPTRESS

“ SHE WAS FOUND IN TWO HALVES, CUT NEATLY ACROSS AT THE WAIST... HORRIFICALLY, SHE HAD DIED FROM SHOCK AND BLOOD LOSS ”

The mannequin lay in the vacant parking lot near 39th and Norton in Leimert Park, discarded and forgotten about. As Betty Bersinger walked down South Norton Avenue with her three-year-old daughter, Anne, en route to the nearby shopping centre and its shoe-repair shop, she spotted it, white and bare. She registered it, but saw it as nothing unusual. It was an object thrown out of another shop, its purpose gone, left in a neglected part of Los Angeles. It seemed to have split in two, perhaps as a result of hitting the ground – divided into two parts, separated at the waist.

Betty initially thought that someone was playing a trick on her, but as she approached, she drew a breath. For a mannequin, it didn't half look real. Although it was pale and lifeless, as one might expect, there were marks on it that a mannequin wouldn't, and shouldn't, have. Yet it was very clean – too clean. As the realisation dawned on Betty that this was a corpse rather than a mannequin, she became

very scared and grabbed her little girl's hand, running to the nearest house.

The first house whose doorbell she rang was empty. Luckily, at the second, a woman came to the door. “I saw something strange,” Betty told her, struggling to make sense of what she had seen. The woman allowed Betty to use her phone, and she asked the police to come and “check it out,” still worried that she had mistaken a mannequin for a body. But she hadn't.

ECHOES OF THE RIPPER

Initially, the body was a Jane Doe – an unidentified female corpse. It took two days to identify her as 22-year-old Elizabeth Short, using fingerprints that were taken from the dead woman. The violence and mutilation done to Short's body was initially glossed over in the press. She was found in



two halves, cut neatly across at the waist. There was evidence that she had been tied up: ligature marks found on her neck as well as her wrists and ankles. Horrifically, she had died from shock and blood loss from the cuts that had been made to her – most notably, the cuts made from either side of her mouth to her ears, creating what was known as a Chelsea smile. She had also been struck on the head, with further mutilation occurring before her body was placed in the parking lot and posed – arms above her head at right angles, legs spread out wide.

The mutilation of Short's body immediately conjures up a series of earlier murders across the Atlantic. Even the press coverage of the Short case had striking parallels to the Jack the Ripper case half a century earlier. The Ripper had focused on women from troubled backgrounds and the working classes; he too had exposed parts of their bodies and given them horrific injuries that focused on

their internal organs. For example, in 1888, victim Mary Jane Kelly had had her breasts removed, arms mutilated by 'several jagged wounds', and abdominal cavity emptied. The careful mutilation carried out by Jack the Ripper on his victims echoed this case across the Atlantic in 1947, for the Black Dahlia's murderer had taken pleasure in despoiling Elizabeth's looks. He had not only slashed her face but also cut her thigh and breasts several times, cutting off whole sections of flesh. Her intestines had been removed and placed carefully under her buttocks, before the body was posed. In addition, after her body was cut in two, the blood had been drained from both halves completely.

Jack the Ripper had chosen to 'work' in the deep recesses of East End London – the less salubrious areas where crimes could be committed in alleyways and lodging houses without anyone noticing. He killed women who had already been clinging on to life, living a hand-to-mouth existence, whose

ABOVE Short posed for various stylish photos, but it was as a mutilated corpse that she would be remembered

RIGHT Photographs of Elizabeth's mutilated corpse created a sensation

deaths might be less mourned than others who were more comfortable in life. Like the murderer of the Black Dahlia, the Ripper was never identified or brought to justice. The police photographs of the mutilated body of Mary Jane Kelly, and the mortuary photographs of other Ripper victims, for example, became famous, preserved forever, just as photos of the two parts of Short's body were kept by the *LA Times* photographer who took them, and shown to others as a *cause célèbre*. The victims of the Ripper had their lives dissected in detail by police and press, their identities reduced to easy headlines. Likewise, Short became famous through her death and the headlines it generated, as well as the rumours and theories that have flown around ever since.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

Elizabeth Short was, in some respects, rapidly dehumanised in the press, becoming little more than a gruesome tale – a 'nude dissected body found on a vacant plot' by a 'werewolf maniac'. The manner in which she died, and the gruesome injuries made to her body, created a myth, while at the same time making her less 'real'. In a way, this was because the mythologising was simpler than creating a three-dimensional picture of a woman who failed to conform to the idealised image of a young, innocent woman killed in the prime of life. Short was a troubled individual; someone who had previously been in contact with the police as an underage drinker, a girl with a fractured family. The press could not focus on her as an innocent girl, as they had been able to do with another, younger murder victim. Marion Parker, a 12-year-old schoolgirl, had been murdered in 1927. Strangled and mutilated, her body parts had then been reassembled (and her eyes held open with wires) in order to fool her father that she was still alive.

Some attempts were made to make Elizabeth out to be a glamorous starlet, with some reporters describing her as an aspiring actress, when she was really more of a drifter, with little evidence of acting potential or ambition. As the *New York Times* has since noted, there is no record of Elizabeth 'having played so much as a bit part'. Did this inability to depict her in such a way to create sympathy among the public affect the likelihood of her murderer being identified and brought to justice? Some at the time may have seen her as deserving of being murdered due to her lifestyle; others were critical of her risk-taking attitude and sexual activity. Today, it is said that the murder of a prostitute or girl from a working-class background will garner fewer column inches than that of a middle-class schoolgirl, for example, and that the coverage of the former will be less nuanced, less sympathetic. In the Black Dahlia case, coverage was extensive; one detective said that the case was front-page news in the local newspapers for a full two months after Short's murder. Yet it is also true that the press wanted to see things in black and white, when Short's life was more complex and greyer than that.

First, contrary to the assumptions made by press and public, just as there was little evidence of serious acting commitment, there was similarly little evidence that Short had been a call girl or prostitute. These assumptions were likely to have been made partly because of Short's troubled background, and because of her known sexual relationships – still seen as the sign of an immoral woman in the Forties,



“ SHE WAS SEEN IN A SEXUAL LIGHT SIMPLY BECAUSE OF THE FACT THAT HER BODY WAS FOUND NAKED, SPLAYED AND ON DISPLAY ”

given Short's unmarried status and youth. Short was said by investigators to have 'known' at least 50 different men by the time of her death, often choosing the company of servicemen, and getting dates to pay for her stockings and drinks bills. Finally, she was seen in a sexual light simply because of the fact that her body was found naked, splayed and on display. Despite this logically having nothing to do with sexuality, the press focused on Short's nudity in death, and the image of her naked body became sexualised or fetishised when it had everything to do with violence, and nothing to do with sex.

One fact made Short's murder become mythologised more than any other – her nickname. She had been called the Black Dahlia by her friends, 'because of her penchant for wearing black clothing to match her black hair'. This was her friends' reaction to Elizabeth's similarity to Veronica Lake, the movie actress who had starred in a film called *The Blue Dahlia*, and who had black clothes and hair. The press leapt on this fact, and used it to create an identity for Short – she was the flower that had become corrupted and thus blackened.

This darkening of her name was not immediate. Initial reports of her murder used the younger mugshot of Elizabeth, taken when she was caught underage drinking, to illustrate their articles – without referring to why the picture





Beth Short was a young, glamorous woman, but one who lacked direction



Elizabeth Short, also known as Betty or Beth, was previously known to police as an underage drinker

was taken or where it had come from. She was referred to as the 'fiend's victim', with no nickname given. It was only later, and thanks to the influence of some yellow journalism, that she became the Black Dahlia, the sexually experienced young woman found appropriately nude in a deserted parking lot. Another article, though, used a lovely smiling, more glamorous photograph of Elizabeth stating that she was known as the Black Dahlia 'because of her dark beauty'. It added, though, that she loved wearing 'sheer black dresses' and that she was the victim in the 'werewolf murder'. This article clearly shows the desire of the press to emphasise both Elizabeth's beauty and her sexual availability.

But Elizabeth remained elusive to the frustrated press. She had lived her life largely below radar, moving around, first from the east to west coasts, and then within California. She had different boyfriends and jobs, and little stability in terms of relationships or home. Even today, crime sites describe her as 'a mystery' and 'as elusive in life as she was in death'.

MEDIA MISBEHAVIOUR

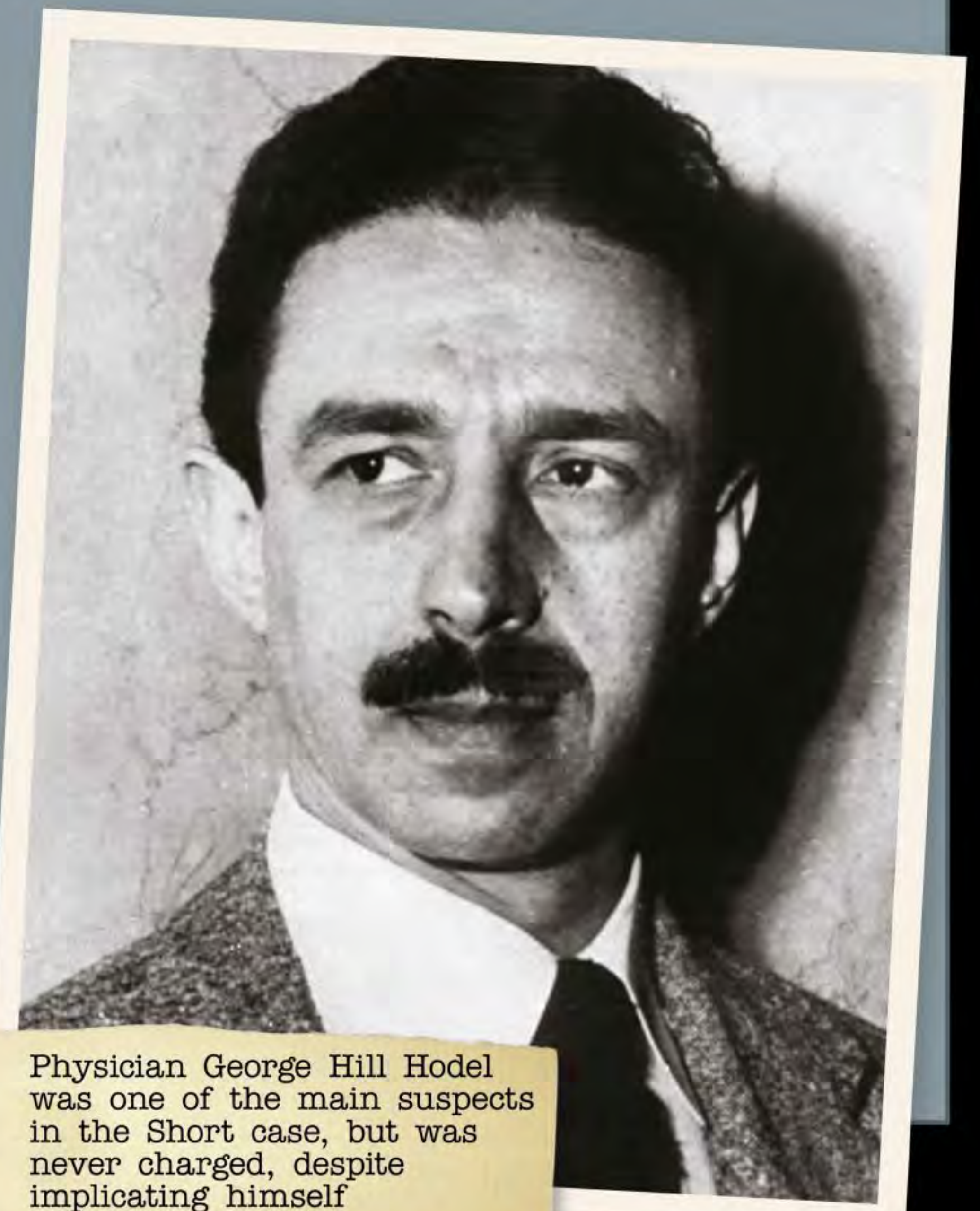
Elizabeth's elusiveness added to the media's obsession with the case which, in turn, resulted in some rather unethical behaviour familiar to those who have followed the recent exploits of parts of the British tabloid industry. As soon as the Black Dahlia's body had been identified, *Los Angeles Examiner* reporters had got in touch with her mother, Phoebe, and told her that Elizabeth had won a beauty contest. This was a pretext to pump her for personal details about her daughter. Only after she had chatted with them, and given them what they wanted, did they tell her that her daughter was dead. Even then, they paid for her to travel to Los Angeles from her home in Medford, Massachusetts,

THE MAIN SUSPECTS

The investigation into Beth Short's murder by the LAPD was the largest since the murder of 12-year-old Marion Parker 20 years earlier. Unsurprisingly, many individuals were fingered for the crime, and amateur investigators have continued to put forward theories about who was responsible ever since. LAPD originally had 25 main suspects, and around 60 people confessed to the murder. Even the gangster Bugsy Siegel was considered a suspect.

Due to the mutilation of Elizabeth's body, several doctors were also suspected, with one of the enduring names being that of Dr George Hodel. Hodel, a doctor specialising in sexually transmitted diseases, was first investigated by police in 1949 after his teenage daughter accused him of sexually assaulting her. Police placed him under surveillance for a month in 1950, and he was heard saying: "Supposin' I did kill the Black Dahlia. They couldn't prove it now." Under surveillance, he also implicated himself in the 1945 death of his secretary. Although Hodel was never charged with the murder, his son, himself a former LAPD detective, wrote a book in 1991, claiming that his now deceased father had killed not only Elizabeth Short but several other women. His theory, though, continues to be disputed.

Others similarly brought their relatives to the police's attention. In the Nineties, George Knowlton's daughter claimed to have witnessed him murdering Elizabeth, her story based on 'recovered memories' she had during therapy. Her father had died in 1962, so could not explain himself. The LAPD did some investigating and found no evidence. However, George's daughter, Janice, still wrote a book accusing her father of the crime. Nightclub and theatre owner Mark Hansen was a more feasible suspect; his address book had been sent to the press after Short's murder, as Elizabeth had been using it. It was suspected that Hansen had been sexually interested in Short but she had rejected him, and he subsequently made contradictory statements to police. No charges were ever brought against him, though, and he died in 1964.



Physician George Hill Hodel was one of the main suspects in the Short case, but was never charged, despite implicating himself



LEFT Media magnate William Randolph Hearst owned the *Los Angeles Examiner*, which wrote some of the most sensational stories about the Short case



MIDDLE The Black Dahlia with her mother who, after her daughter's death, was tricked by the press to talk



RIGHT Police officers remove Elizabeth's bloody clothes from a storm drain

saying it was to help with the police investigation. When she arrived, she was put in a hotel by the newspaper but kept away from the police, so that *The Examiner* could present her story as an exclusive. The feelings of Phoebe Short, or of her four remaining daughters, do not appear to have been a consideration. On arrival in LA, Phoebe was photographed with one of her other daughters, Virginia West, and Virginia's husband, Adrian. All looked awkward and uncomfortable, which was understandable.

It was the same newspaper, along with its stablemate, the *Los Angeles Herald-Express* (the two papers merged in 1962 and ceased publication in 1989), who were guilty of the most sensationalist reporting of Elizabeth's case. They sexualised her character, changing the smart, tailored suit she had last been seen wearing into a provocative outfit of sheer blouse and tight skirt, and making her out, rather simplistically, to be a woman of loose morals. Those who had barely known her, or didn't know her at all, were pressed for comments, with one describing her as "a man-crazy delinquent." This fitted the newspapers' desire to portray Elizabeth as a wicked woman, but this approach was not unexpected of such papers. Both of the LA papers were owned by the magnate William Randolph Hearst, who had a long history of sensationalising stories in his *New York Journal*. He was concerned more with selling papers and increasing circulation, rather than providing objective, well-researched

articles. In 1990, Martin Lee and Norman Solomon stated that Hearst "routinely invented sensational stories, faked interviews, ran phony pictures and distorted real events." This sensationalism was clear in the coverage of Elizabeth Short's life and death.

The east-coast papers had a field day, too. Short was an east-coast girl, born in Boston and raised in both Massachusetts and Maine. One Maine paper, the *Press Herald*, leapt on this link, headlining one article (published on 20 January) as 'Short had home on Munjoy Hill: Girl later visited here', with the piece setting out as exclusive news the fact that the victim of the 'California mutilation murder mystery' had lived in Portland when young, and that her grandmother still lived in the city. Elizabeth's residency in Portland only amounted to around a year, or at most two years, when she was around three or four years old, but this did not stop the paper shouting it out as big news.

FALSE CONFESSIONS

In another parallel to Jack the Ripper, the Black Dahlia case also saw a potential murderer contact the police to try and maintain publicity in the case. In 1888, a letter had been sent to the Metropolitan Police by someone claiming to be the murderer, signing his name Jack the Ripper. The letter is believed to have been a hoax, perhaps written by a

“THEY SEXUALISED HER CHARACTER, CHANGING THE SMART, TAILORED SUIT... INTO A PROVOCATIVE OUTFIT OF SHEER BLOUSE AND TIGHT SKIRT”



journalist trying to increase sales, but it gave the unknown killer a catchy name, just as Elizabeth Short became the more memorable Black Dahlia. Another letter, which became known as the 'From Hell' letter, included half a human kidney, allegedly taken from one of the female victims. Eight days after the murder of the Black Dahlia, someone rang the editor of the *Los Angeles Examiner*, offering to send Short's belongings to him. The following day, the newspaper office received items including Elizabeth's birth certificate, supposedly taken from her handbag, which was later found at a municipal dump, along with one of her shoes.

This is not to say that there weren't suspects, but some individuals sought their own publicity. On the evening of Tuesday 29 January 1947, a 33-year-old red-headed man, labelled in one report as a musician, and in another as a restaurant porter, walked into the police headquarters in LA. He announced to Captain Jack Donahoe that he wanted to confess to Short's murder. The man, Daniel S Voorhees, had previously telephoned the headquarters saying: "I cannot stand it any longer; I want to confess to the murder of 'Black Dahlia'!" He then put the phone down, and shortly afterwards, walked into the homicide department. Voorhees was detained pending further investigations. He was questioned by Detective E Barratt, and showed the detective a sheet of paper on which he had written: 'I did kill Elizabeth Short'. He then said: "I am so sick, I can't stand it. I simply had to get it off my chest." He claimed to have met Elizabeth two weeks earlier, and taken her for a bus ride. He was certainly at a hotel in Los Angeles on the night her body was found. However, he was never charged; a psychologist refused to let him take a lie-detector test as he

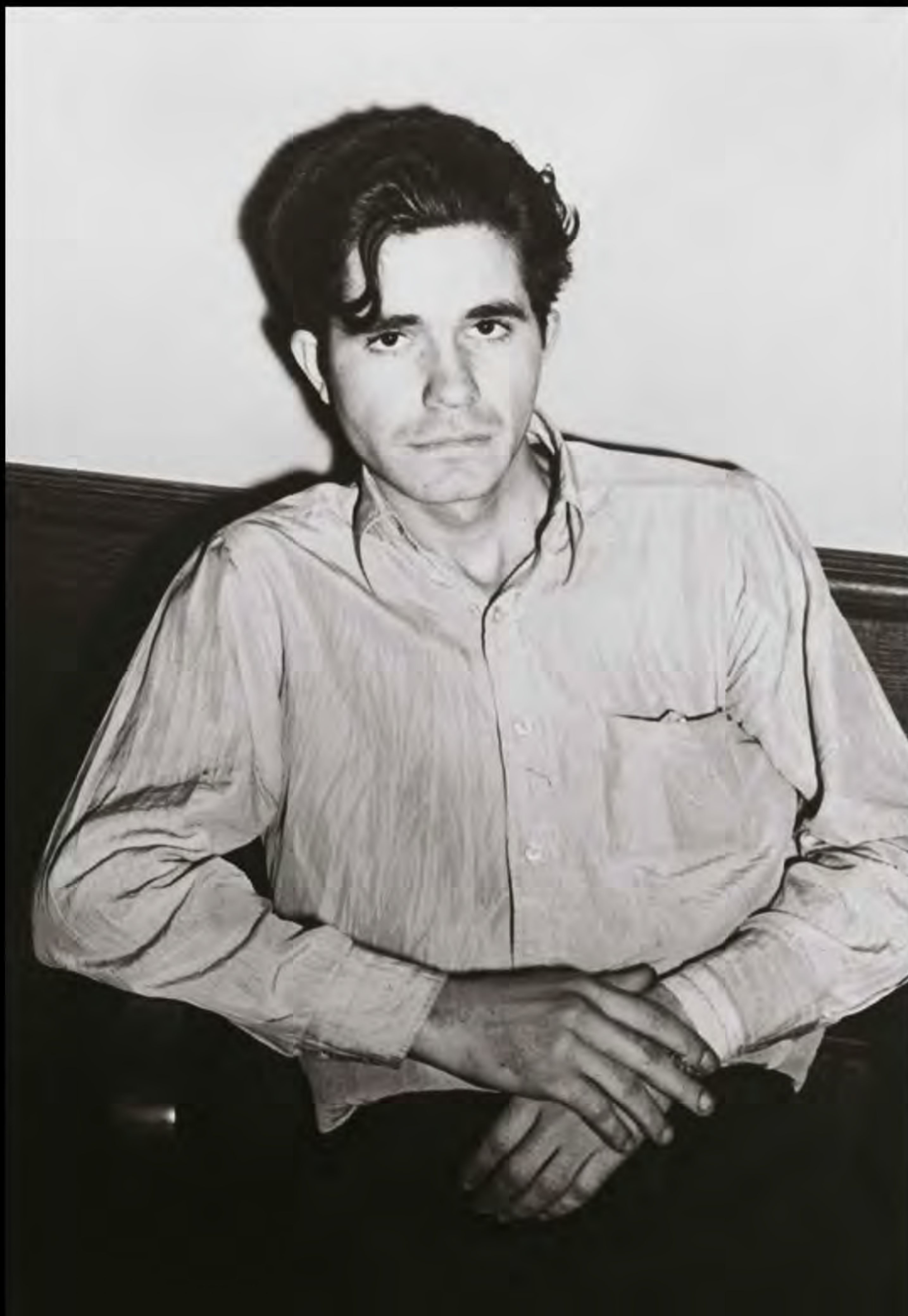


Daniel Voorhees made a false confession of murdering Elizabeth Short in 1947

THE DAHLIA SHOW

The murder case became known by the press as 'The Dahlia Show', because of its notoriety, its horror, and the misinformation it subsequently generated. It was reported, two months after the murder, that other 'run-of-the-mill criminals and even ordinary drunks' were using the case to threaten their victims; in several attempted rape cases, the victims reported that their attackers had said they would 'get what the Black Dahlia got' if they put up a protest. Drunks who were facing the Lincoln Heights Drunk Tank tried to get out of it by alleging an involvement in the murder, or witnessing it. People facing eviction from their apartments were reported by their landlords as suspicious and perhaps having been involved in the crime, keen to do anything to get their tenants out. In one case, a glamorous blonde woman reported a 'home-loving corporation executive' for the murder, having been blackmailing him for years. When he made it clear he was not interested in her, she accused him of

the Black Dahlia murder. The many people who falsely confessed to the crime ensured that it continued to get column inches and publicity. They also gave the police in LA and elsewhere more paperwork to do. No wonder parts of the press described these individuals as 'sinister and maddening', out for personal revenge rather than a genuine desire to help the police. Others wanted to help, but made things worse, such as an old lady who walked several miles to the nearest police station to suggest that if the corpse was buried with an egg in her hand, the way they did back in her home state of Alabama, the killer would be found within a week. Another amateur detective wanted Elizabeth's right eyeball, so that he could photograph the final image reflected in it, which would be the image of her killer. Although bizarre, this act had its origins several centuries earlier, when superstitious belief stated that such images would, indeed, be recorded in a dead person's eyes.



was in a “befuddled and bewildered state,” and there was no evidence linking Voorhees to Elizabeth. After a note was sent purporting to be from the murderer, Voorhees’ handwriting was checked, and found to not be a match. After a night in the cells, Voorhees was released, although *Life* magazine later stated that he ‘was eventually jailed as a mental case’.

Another man, Corporal Joseph Dumais, a curly headed, mustached young combat veteran, aroused interest after bloodstains were found on his clothing, together with newspaper cuttings about the murder. Dumais was willing to entertain the possibility that he was a murderer, saying: “It is possible that I could have committed the murder – when I get drunk, I get rough with women.” He was soon provided with an alibi (he had been at Fort Dix at the time of the murder), and so was sent on to a psychiatrist.

Following this, a woman described by *Life* as a ‘lanky former Wac’ walked into the San Diego police station and announced: “Elizabeth Short stole my man, so I killed her and cut her up.” However, she failed to answer any questions about the case correctly, and soon admitted making her story up. Then 21-year-old Carol Marshall, arrested on suspicion of car theft, told police: “I know who killed Beth Short, and if the reward is big enough, I’ll talk.” Many others also admitted to the killing, to the extent that it was said that even the newspapers had stopped getting excited when new

confessions were made. Other men came forward to admit to sleeping with Elizabeth; one man thought he may have killed her while drunk, but was unable to give any details, and it turned out he had a strong alibi for the time when it was thought Elizabeth had been killed. One of the most bizarre pieces of misinformation was when, a few days after the murder, two homicide detectives were in a restaurant having coffee and discussing the case. A call came in to headquarters from someone panicking, saying he had just spotted the killers. Of course, it turned out that the caller was a waiter in the restaurant, and his suspects were the two men discussing the murder in detail – the detectives.

LIKE A MOVIE

The Black Dahlia murder came at a time when Hollywood, and the world beyond, was fascinated by sex, crime and policing. Film noir was still huge at this time; the 1948 movie *He Walked By Night* was one example of the genre, and was inspired by the real case of a World War II veteran who turned to crime and was pursued by the LA cops. Film noir was both erotic and cruel; it set out to challenge filmgoers with its complex depictions of gangsters, police investigations and private eyes. Female characters were often femme fatales, but sometimes corpses – such as the character of Chrystal

LEFT Melvin Robert Bailey confessed to the crime, but there were discrepancies in his story

MIDDLE Short’s body was found in the Leimert Park area of Los Angeles, pictured here in 2013



Kingsby in *Lady In The Lake* (1947), based on the Raymond Chandler novel. Elizabeth Short's murder was therefore guaranteed to grab the interest of the public, because it seemed like a real-life film noir being played out in front of them. It was a crime drama, featuring a femme fatale. Elizabeth, with her catalogue of boyfriends, was put in this role by the press and by her status as a murder victim.

The Black Dahlia case has, of course, since been made into its own movie, starring Scarlett Johansson, and the murder remains a source of intense interest. This is partly, of course, because of its relatively rare nature – a gory crime where nobody is brought to justice. Just as the Jack the Ripper cases of the late 19th century have become mythologised, and spawned a whole industry around writing and rewriting the facts (and the recent opening of a controversial museum that makes Jack and his victims a form of entertainment to visitors), so too has the Black Dahlia murder become a fiction. It was the subject of James Ellroy's bestselling book, on which the film was based, stressing the importance of fiction over reality, and continues to be the subject of newspaper articles investigating the case. It seems likely, though, given the fact that nearly 70 years have elapsed since the discovery of the body in Leimert Park, that the Dahlia's murderer died taking his secret with him.

**“ONE MAN
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ELIZABETH'S MISSING WEEK

Elizabeth Short was last positively seen on 9 January 1947, and the police believed her to have been murdered on 14 January. Where was she in the intervening five days? It is possible that she was being held somewhere by her murderer; remember, she was found with rope marks or ligature marks around her wrists, ankles and neck, suggesting she was tied up before she was dismembered. Was she, in fact, tied up while alive and held captive? The police were certainly convinced that she had been murdered inside a room or flat, and that there must have been water and drainage in order for her body to be drained of blood so effectively.

It is known that she had been on a date with a married man on 9 January. She had stayed at a motel with 25-year-old salesman and former army corporal Robert 'Red' Manley. His wife, Harriette, only found out after Short's death. He was interviewed by reporter Agness Underwood, who quoted him as saying: "I knew Betty Short, sure. I saw her twice. I even kissed her a couple of times." In a slight to Short, he said his experience with her had 'taught' him to 'walk the straight and narrow' in future.

At around 12.20pm on 9 January, Elizabeth had left the San Diego motel where she had been with Red Manley. He had driven her back to Los Angeles, first taking her to the bus depot, where she said she had some luggage. She had wanted Red to leave her there, but he believed it was a dodgy neighbourhood and refused to leave her. She then asked to be taken to the Biltmore Hotel, and Red left her in the lobby there at around 6.30pm. She was then seen at the Crown Grill at the junction of Olive Street and Eighth Street, not far away from the hotel – but although a few other drinkers there remembered seeing her there, nobody saw her leave. After that, there are no concrete sightings; just a few, vague reports of Elizabeth possibly being around the Hollywood Boulevard area a few days after her night with Red Manley. And then her body was found in an empty parking lot, her only form of company being a handful of weeds.



Elizabeth's last known date was with married salesman Robert 'Red' Manley

THE INVISIBLE WOMEN OF CIUDAD JUÁREZ

FOR MORE THAN TWO DECADES, HUNDREDS OF WOMEN HAVE BEEN RAPED AND MURDERED IN CIUDAD JUÁREZ, BUT THE CULPRITS REMAIN UNKNOWN

In most instances, it would only take a handful of apparently linked but unsolved murders to prompt some raised eyebrows from the police. But in Ciudad Juárez, Mexico, hundreds of young women have been abducted, raped, tortured, mutilated and murdered since 1993, and the people who are supposed to be protecting the city are yet to discover who is behind it all.

FEMICIDE AS AN EPIDEMIC

With so many women going missing and so many bodies remaining unidentified, it's impossible to tell just how many have fallen victim to the decades-long femicide epidemic of Ciudad Juárez, but the number is well into the hundreds. Between 1993 and 2005, it's estimated that more than 370 murdered women have been found, but the murders still continue to occur. Some believe it's the work of a serial killer; others a result of Mexican gang wars and drug culture, with cartels attempting to control the territory. But each new body brings us no closer to finding out what's going on.

However, certain patterns have been prominent and unavoidable since the start. Many of the victims shared common attributes, including dark skin, dark hair and a slender physique. Most showed signs of being tortured and raped before being killed. Some were raped many times by many different people. Some had their bodies mutilated after their deaths, with hands, feet and limbs showing up, attached to nothing, making them unidentifiable. Some were dumped on empty wasteland and left for months, or even years, before their bodies were found. Almost all of them were from impoverished backgrounds, which partly explains why the police haven't come close to catching the culprits: in Ciudad Juárez, the rich get protection and the poor do not.

MACHISMO AND MARIANISMO

One explanation behind at least the motives for such violence against the women of Ciudad Juárez could be that

Pink crosses mark where bodies were discovered, and are scattered all over the city's wastelands





Women are easily abducted, unnoticed in the hustle and bustle of the city

“ MOST SHOWED SIGNS OF BEING TORTURED AND RAPED BEFORE BEING KILLED. SOME WERE RAPED MANY TIMES ”

of a sociocultural nature. Strict gender constructs have long been a large part of Latin American culture, and still dominate the way men and women are often treated in Mexico. The region's traditional gender roles are referred to as machismo and marianismo. Machismo represents the idea of masculinity and manliness, and asserts male dominance and superiority in Latin American society. It encapsulates everything that the wider culture believes to be positive male traits, like physical strength, courage, self-confidence, heightened sexual power and an unhindered pursuit of women. It's about being the most macho man you can be.

Marianismo describes women's roles in society, which is more often than not confined to their private home lives. Latin American women who grow up under the ideas of machismo and marianismo are expected to look after their homes, children and husbands. Historically, marianismo

Ciudad Juárez's murdered women are honoured each year on the Day of the Dead



had more positive connotations. Derived from the Catholic belief in the Virgin Mary as both a virgin and a mother, it symbolised typically female traits, such as kindness, instinct, vulnerability and purity, as well as unassertiveness and docility. These traits have been carried through to modern ideas of marianismo, but in a new context they now seem a lot more oppressive. Latin American women are seen as being inferior to men, with their main roles being to act as wives and mothers. Under machismo and marianismo, men and women exist in completely separate social spheres: men occupy the public sphere, working in the arenas of politics, economy and military, while women occupy the private sphere, that is their homes.

These imposed gender roles don't work so well in a capitalist society, as a lot of women now want and need to make a living too, just as much as men, which is where the situation in Ciudad Juárez starts to make sense. It would be fair to argue that a lot of the world still operates under these gender-dividing beliefs, but where some societies tackle issues like the gender pay gap and female media representation, the women of Juárez focus on staying alive.

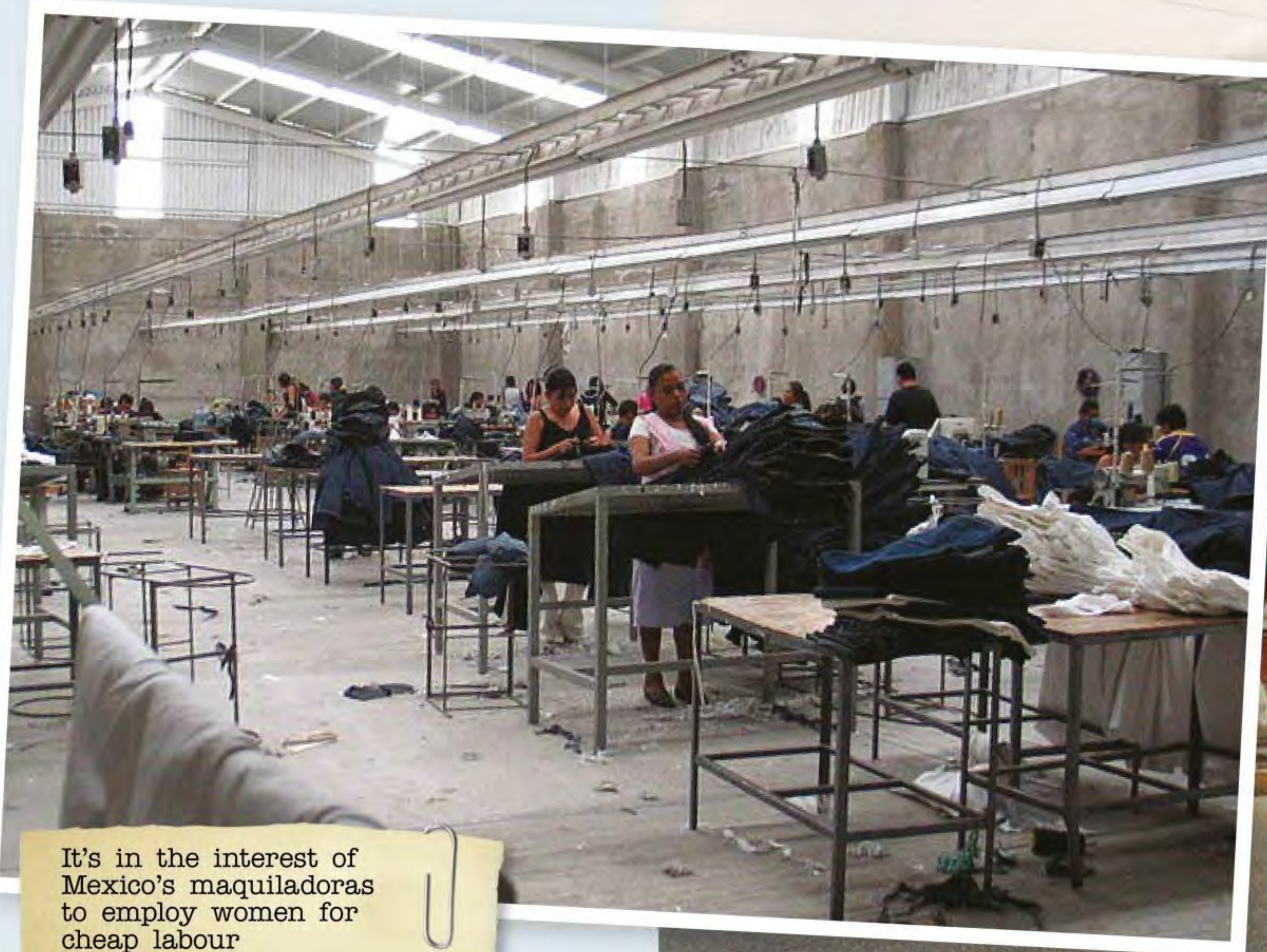
Many of the murdered women worked in the maquiladoras (Mexican manufacturing operations that import products and materials on a tariff and duty-free basis) on the Mexican/American border. Maquiladoras are known for their cheap labour and exploitative conditions so, as a result of the value of women compared to the value of men, the companies are able to hire female workers on a much lower wage. That means that in this particular city, employment opportunities for men dropped drastically when women started leaving

their homes and entering the workforce. The sudden change in dynamic could well have created a new cause for conflict between the sexes. Many believe Juárez's femicide is in some way related to organised crimes, and perhaps the patriarchal backlash of new gender roles was the tipping point. Another factor could be the women's new need to walk to and from work. It may seem like a small inconvenience for many, but in an environment so seeped in gang culture, just leaving the house alone causes young women to become vulnerable. Unbelievably, the trip from work to home proved fatal for many. When the murders became more and more common, women started to take door-to-door buses to ensure they got home safely.

CORRUPTED POLICING

The unsolved nature of the crimes is not so much a case of police not having enough evidence, but instead, some believe, a case of them being unwilling to investigate. In this particular culture, poor people – especially poor women – mean almost nothing to many. Would looking into the murders of factory women be a valuable use of police resources? Most would say so. But others would disagree, and perhaps these are the people who have the power to decide.

Some people who have been directly involved with the city's law enforcement have frankly and directly admitted to evidence of corruption within the police. In an interview for the 2003 documentary *The City Of Lost Girls*, Oscar Maynez, who was the former head of the forensic team for northern Chihuahua investigating the murders, revealed that he was

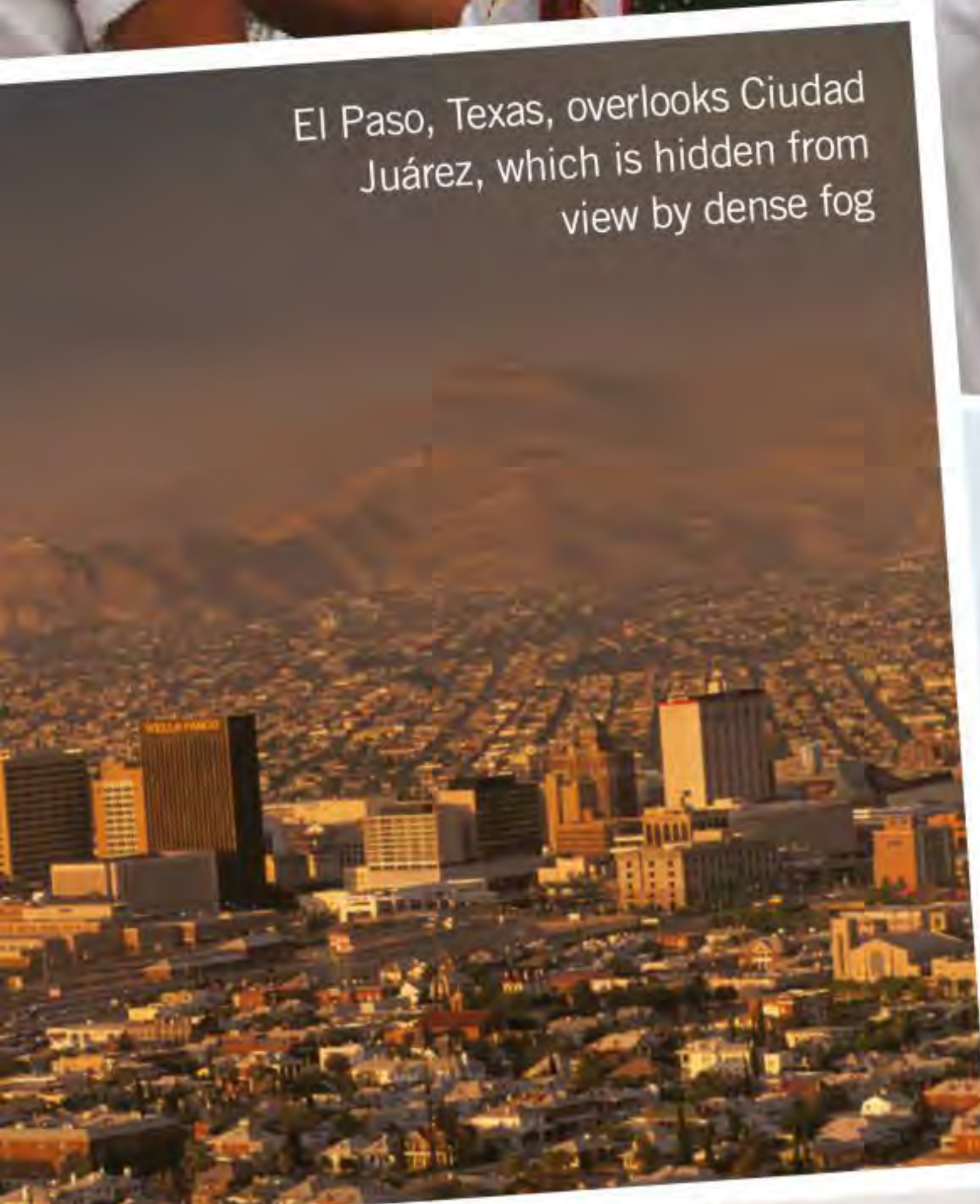


It's in the interest of Mexico's maquiladoras to employ women for cheap labour





Demonstrators continue to campaign for a proper investigation for their sisters, daughters and friends



El Paso, Texas, overlooks Ciudad Juárez, which is hidden from view by dense fog



Not a lot has changed in Juárez since the femicides first started in 1993

INCONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE

The continuing mystery surrounding the femicides of Ciudad Juárez, as well as the all but proven negligence and corruption within the city's police force, make it impossible to pin down a single suspect, or indeed a group of them. Many have been arrested, some have been questioned, but only three have been convicted: Abdul Latif Sharif, Víctor García Uribe and Gustavo González Meza. Of those three, one served a 60-year sentence before succumbing to natural causes, one claimed he was tortured into confessing to the murders, and one suspiciously died while in police custody.

It's unlikely that the abduction, rape, torture and murder of hundreds of young female maquiladora workers were carried out by one person. Many believe the crimes were a result of already violent drug cartels operating in Mexico's

intensely patriarchal and oppressive environment. It seems like the most viable explanation.

The new economic environment – women working in factories for unjustifiably low wages while men, worth more than their wages, go without jobs – could have been incentive for murder. Revenge killings of sorts. Or it could be a matter of boredom: cartels killing for sport, just because they can. But if that's all that has been going on since 1993, why haven't the police found solid evidence yet? Some believe police have been planting evidence to avoid working against the city's drug lords. Just as many believe they have been planting it while working with them. Both theories are almost as bad as the third: that they're acknowledging the femicides but just don't care.

“SOME WHO HAVE BEEN INVOLVED WITH THE CITY'S LAW ENFORCEMENT HAVE FRANKLY ADMITTED TO EVIDENCE OF CORRUPTION WITHIN THE POLICE”

once asked to plant evidence, a request that prompted his resignation. It makes you question whether Ciudad Juárez's police force could have been involved.

FALSE CONFESSIONS

Though Juárez's police have been negligent more often than not while investigating the murders, a fair number of suspects have been taken into custody since 1993. However, after hundreds of arrests, only three people have ever been convicted. As the attacks continued after each was locked up, it's unlikely that they were solely (if at all) to blame. The police's questioning methods also arouse suspicion in relation to the legitimacy of their investigation. In 2003, US citizen Cynthia Kiecker and her Mexican husband, Ulises Perzábal, were arrested and imprisoned after they confessed to the murder of a young Latin American woman. Since being questioned, the couple have changed their story and insist they were innocent, but they also insist they were physically tortured into confessing by Chihuahua police.

Speaking to a journalist for *The City Of Lost Girls* documentary, Kiecker said: “They were torturing us, and my husband was in another room. I could hear him screaming; they were giving him electric shocks and I was telling [the police]: listen, we don't have anything to do with this. I'm telling the truth. And they said if you don't go along with the story you're getting another treatment. There was no way you could get out of it and say the truth; they wouldn't let me. And then suddenly they took me to a room; there was my husband, naked,

sitting on a crate surrounded by four hooded guys with these electric prod things, and they were burning him with this electricity and they threatened to kill me.” Kiecker and Perzábal remained in custody and went to trial, but the case quickly dissolved. Their claims of confessing under severe torture and inconsistencies in the police story caused the judge to call off the trial, and the couple was acquitted.

NI UNA MAS

The lack of thorough police investigation hasn't gone unnoticed by the general public. News of the negligence, as well as Mexico's continuous reports of violence against women spread all over the world, and global organisations like Amnesty International got involved to help change the way the area and its police force operate.

But before the world caught wind of Ciudad Juárez's femicide, families and friends of the victims donned banners and placards, and took to the streets of their hometown in order to mourn the lost women, and protest against the lack of police attention. In 1999, a group of Juárez feminist activists went a step further and founded Casa Amiga, the city's first rape crisis and sexual assault centre. Over time, the group has continued to grow, and now has social-justice movements, such as Ni Una Mas (Not One More) and Nuestras Hijas de Regreso a Casa (May Our Daughters Return Home) following in its wake.

After more than two decades of unspeakable violence, the surviving women of Ciudad Juárez are not even close to forgetting.



THE CABIN IN THE WOODS MURDERS

THE GRUESOME DISCOVERY OF THREE BATTERED AND MUTILATED BODIES AND A MISSING CHILD BEGAN A DECADES-LONG INVESTIGATION INTO A CASE THAT STILL PROVOKES CONSPIRACY AND CONTROVERSY

The foothills of the Sierra Nevada mountains are a four-hour drive north-east of San Francisco. Yet such is the contrast between metropolis and pastoral idyll, it could be a million miles away. Almost impossibly scenic, the area is a hiker's dream landscape. Undulating hills clash with rougher shaped jagged peaks. Inviting rivers and waterways run with an abundance of trout. The national parks draw holidaymakers and recreational sports enthusiasts like moths to flame. The region is also home to one of the world's largest specimens of tree: the mighty sequoia. Locals smilingly refer to the foothills as 'God's own country'. The place is a kind of paradise, certainly, but the picture postcard vistas belie a sickening trauma just beneath the surface of this heavenly part of California. One that stubbornly refuses to go away – or to yield its secrets – 36 years on.

Plumas County and the town of Quincy never felt the same after the triple homicide and kidnapping, in Cabin 28 at the Keddie Resort, on 11 April 1981. In the decades since, residents have described feeling haunted by what happened to Glenna Sharp (36), John Sharp (15), Tina Sharp (12) and Dana Wingate (17). It wasn't just the shock of murder in a tranquil American town, but the brutality of the crime. This was more than killing.

THE KEDDIE RESORT

As a resort, Keddie rented out 33 cabins or offered single rooms in the lodge. The Keddie Lodge restaurant was known in northern California for its fine locally-sourced barbecue cuisine and wines, today renowned around the world. Such was its reputation as a fine eatery, customers would be willing to make the long drive in all the way from San Francisco and Sacramento.

By the late 1970s and into the early 1980s, however, the resort had fallen onto hard times. Owner Gary Mollath began renting out the cabins to low-income families and while by no means a disastrous policy, it is said small-time criminality followed. The distribution and sale of marijuana, in particular, was prevalent.

In November 1980 a recently single mother, Glenna Sharp, arrived in town with her brood and moved into Cabin 28. Her children ranged in age. John and Sheila were teenagers while Tina was just about to be one. Ricky and Greg were aged 10 and 5. After the murders, residents gossiped about Glenna, who was known to all by her middle name 'Sue'. The woman was deemed a bit of a loner. It is said she let her kids run wild and townsfolk postulated that a lack of parental

skills led the family on the road to ruin. To this day, many in the town feel the murders were related to some sort of drug deal gone very wrong.

Living close by to the Sharp family was chef and occasional drug dealer, Martin Smartt, his wife Marilyn and their children. One of them, Marty's young stepson, Justin, would be present in Cabin 28 at the time of the killings, and his confused witness statements led many to believe he saw something important.

SHARP FAMILY BLUES

As the sole parent in a new neighbourhood, Glenna had attracted the attention of several men in the area. One of these men was John Boubede, a decidedly shady fellow, who would later become a prime suspect in the slayings. Glenna's relationships at the resort prior to her death are not well documented, save for a gentleman, known as Daryl, who left a week before the murders. Witnesses attest to a blazing row between the pair with plenty of cussing, but the guy was tracked down by investigators in neighbouring Butte County and his alibi and whereabouts checked out. He was not the man responsible for the massacre in Cabin 28.

If the Sharps were far from a model of family unity, it did not make them bad people. They were a working-class, single-parent clan experiencing hard times. For a mother to lose her grip on the situation is not uncommon, but neither is it a particular source of shame. Kids, after all, are prone to rebelling against mum and dad as part of their formative experiences. As many attested, Glenna Sharp loved her kids and they did not lack that vital emotional nourishment. The FBI's Behavioural Sciences Unit, however, declared the victims as 'high risk' individuals. This belief stemmed from associations with crooks. (John Sharp was friends with Dana Wingate, a kid with a troubled home life



ABOVE Cabin 28 showed no signs of forced entry. The victims may have known their killer

THREE MUTILATED BODIES AND A MISSING GIRL

THE SCENE IN CABIN 28 LEFT MORE QUESTIONS THAN ANSWERS



CLUE THE KNIVES AND HAMMER

A hammer and two knives were left at the scene by the killers. One knife and the hammer were on left on a wooden table in the living room. Detectives also recovered a steak knife from the scene with a peculiar 25-degree bend.



WITNESS

At 1.15am, a couple occupying Cabin 16 wake up and believe they hear 'muffled screams'.



VICTIM DANA WINGATE



Dana Wingate was found lying in the living room, as per the others, and his head was partially resting against a cushion removed from the sofa. Cause of death: head trauma and strangulation.



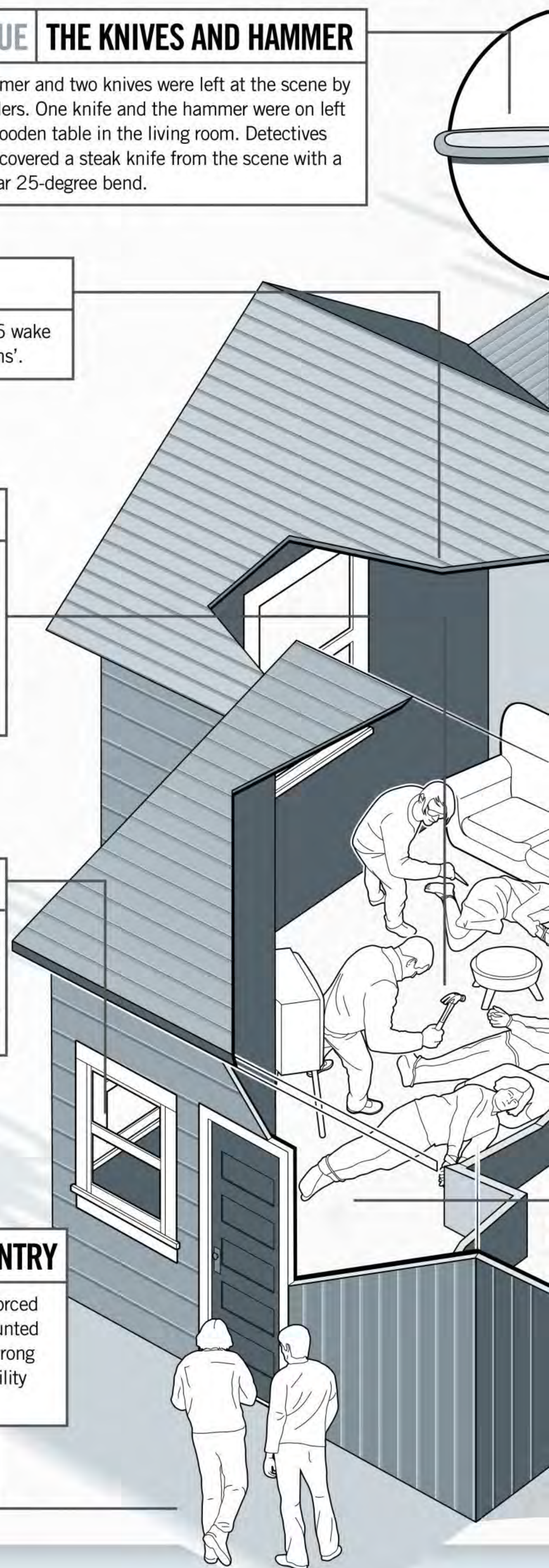
WITNESS

A resident known as Arthur J walks by Cabin 28 at 11.30pm and notices the porch light is off. This is deemed unusual, as it normally left on.



CLUE NO FORCED ENTRY

The detectives found no sign of forced entry into Cabin 28, which discounted the idea of a burglary gone very wrong and presented the chilling possibility the victims knew their killer.





WITNESS

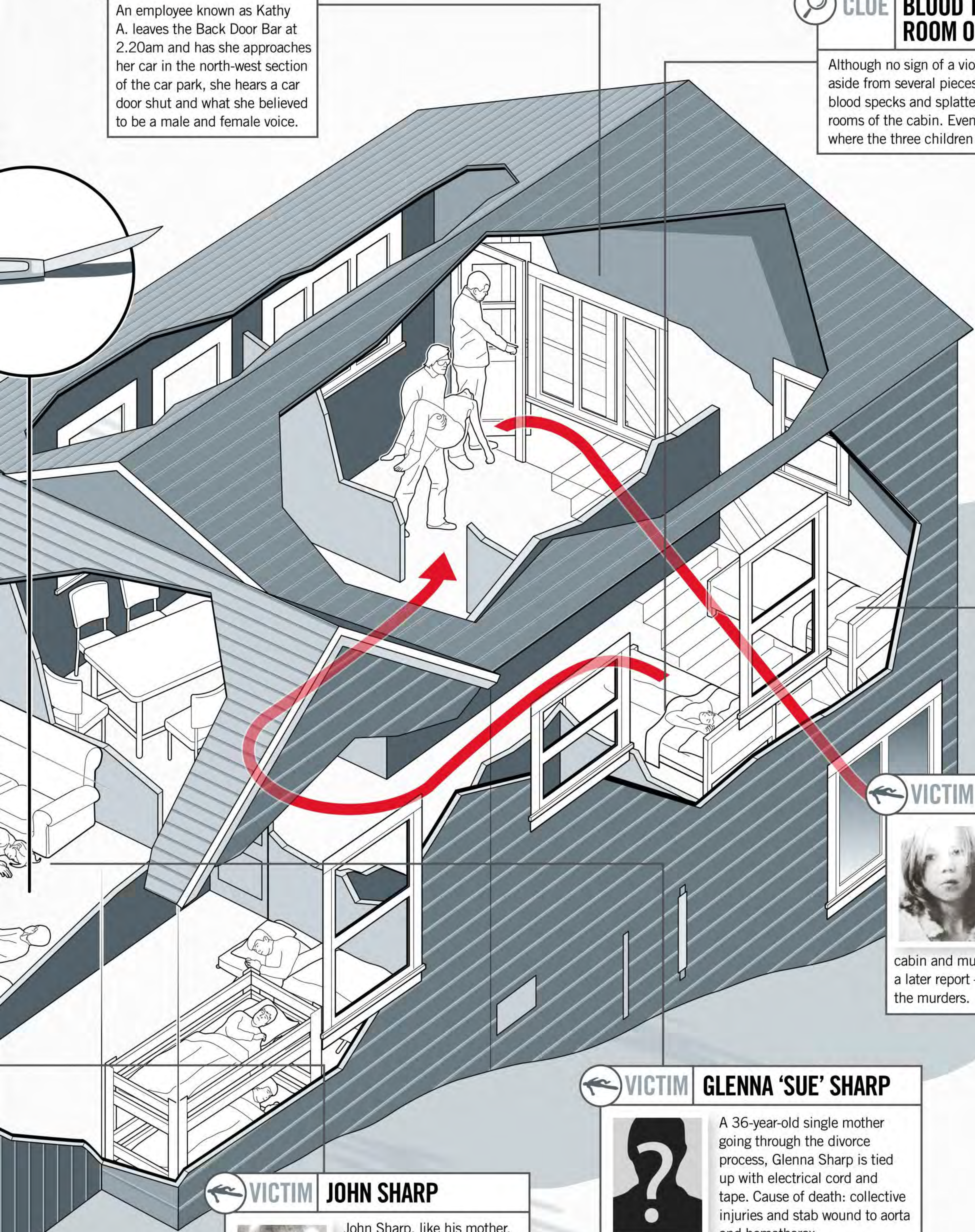
An employee known as Kathy A. leaves the Back Door Bar at 2.20am and as she approaches her car in the north-west section of the car park, she hears a car door shut and what she believed to be a male and female voice.



CLUE

BLOOD TRACES IN EVERY ROOM OF THE CABIN

Although no sign of a violent struggle was found, aside from several pieces of rearranged furniture, blood specks and splatters were evident in all rooms of the cabin. Even the adjoining bedroom where the three children slept.



VICTIM

TINA SHARP



The FBI presented several scenarios for 12-year-old Tina's fate in their reports of the crime scene: her being abducted, being removed from the cabin and murdered elsewhere, and – in a later report – her direct involvement in the murders.



VICTIM

GLENNA 'SUE' SHARP



A 36-year-old single mother going through the divorce process, Glenna Sharp is tied up with electrical cord and tape. Cause of death: collective injuries and stab wound to aorta and hemothorax.



VICTIM

JOHN SHARP



John Sharp, like his mother, was tied up and suffered blunt and sharp force trauma to the head and body. Cause of the death: the stab wound to his right carotid artery, vein and larynx.

and was well known to the local fuzz, due to his various criminal activities.)

SAVAGE NIGHT: 11 APRIL 1981

As deadly events conspired against the unknowing Sharps, the night began so ordinarily as to render what happened not only a tragedy beyond words, but horrendously perverse. How on earth could a family be murdered so viciously and with neighbours oblivious to what had occurred? Some of the cabins were mere feet apart. It is but one sorry element of the Keddie Murders which defies belief and comprehension.

Sheila had arranged a sleepover at the Seabolts next door, Glenna was at home with Greg, Rick, Tina and their friend Justin came over to spend the night. They played and watched television, until they went off to sleep between 8pm and 10pm. When they awoke the next morning, to see Sheila ordering them to follow her out of the bedroom window, their lives would change forever. Justin told the police Tina was missing. How could he have known, if he had slept right through? He later told a police officer during an interview about a dream he had had, where Tina had fallen overboard. Prior to getting their heads down for the night, the kids had watched the television series, *The Love Boat*. Was Justin mixing up dream with reality or was it a nightmare cruelly jumbled up in his head as having significance to the case? The problem with Justin's statements to the authorities were that they kept changing - and he was a kid.

Two particular narrative strands may have led directly to the murders. Firstly, John Sharp and his friend Dana Wingate had been partying with acquaintances and friends, and hitchhiked both to and from the party at Oakland Camp. This was in direct defiance of a promise Wingate had made to his foster parents. Had they met their opportunistic murderer(s) and bummed a ride with them? Secondly, Marty Smartt, John Boubede and Marilyn Smartt set off for a night out at the Back Door Bar, their local watering hole, Marty insisted on

“ HOW COULD A FAMILY BE MURDERED SO VICIOUSLY AND WITH NEIGHBOURS OBLIVIOUS TO WHAT HAD OCCURRED? ”



ABOVE One body had been partially covered with a blanket, suggesting remorse from the killer(s)

THE SKULL

THE GHOULISH DISCOVERY OF A CHILD'S SKULL ANSWERED ONE QUESTION, BUT RAISED MORE

In 1984 Robert Pedrini, out looking for old bottles, found a human skull 200 yards from a campsite used by Boy Scouts, known as Camp 18, nine miles from the local beauty spot, Feather Falls. A remote location, it is situated 50 miles south from Keddie, in Butte County.

Pedrini called the local sheriff's office and they recovered the skull. A deputy from then contacted Dr Turhon Merhad, forensic anthropologist at Chico State University, and asked him to study the skull. Was it modern or prehistoric? If it was the latter, the cops would hand it over to a Native American tribe and that would be that. However, Dr Merhad filed a preliminary report and revealed the skull belonged to a child aged between 11-12.

The skull was in good shape, there was nothing to signify evidence of blunt force trauma or sharp force trauma. No cause of death could be determined from an examination. Dr Merhad suggested that rodents, perhaps squirrels, had denuded the skull of all flesh, which left it exposed and clean as a whistle. When it came to approximating a timescale related to the child's death, it was found very difficult to answer. There was no grease found on the skull and it was odourless. One part of the skull was covered in dirt and the other side had been exposed to sunlight and was bleached out. Dr Merhad concluded therefore that for the bleaching process to occur, it

would take roughly a year or maybe even a couple of years.

After an anonymous phone call was received on 30 May, on 8 June a remarkable find was made: an investigative team recovered a piece of lower jaw while undertaking a painstaking re-examination of the area, based on the anonymous tip. The Department of Justice's missing persons unit sent X-rays, the skull and useable part of the lower jaw to help identify the body. These were compared with Tina's dental records and a forensics expert, Dr Norman Sperber, confirmed to the authorities the skull belonged to the missing child. Instead of settling matters, it only raised yet more questions about the crime.

THE TALE OF MARTY SMARTT AND JOHN BOUBEDE

THE TWO MET IN A HOSPITAL FOR VIETNAM VETS AND BECAME PRIME SUSPECTS IN THE CABIN 28 MURDERS

Martin Smartt scarpered from Keddle Resort a couple of weeks after the murders. His marriage was toast and he well knew the cops were looking at him closely. One day in mid-April, Smartt was spotted walking alone along Highway 70 near Portola, hauling a backpack and wearing his green army jacket. It's the sympathetic Vietnam-vet-as-social-outcast image with a perverse twist. Smartt knew the heat was on. He had made an attempt to plead his innocence to a close pal, but wasn't that interested in staying around to fight against any future potential charges.

A cook by trade, Smartt served two tours in 'Nam and believed his experiences of war left deep psychological scars. The truth was far less honourable: he was there as a chef and was stationed well away from the fighting. Like many soldiers over there, he took advantage of the easy access to drugs and returned to the US acting like a five-star lunatic. One time, he threatened to kill his brother and blow up his parents' house. Even when sober, his behaviour was erratic, violent and unpredictable. Smartt also routinely threatened the lives of his wife and children.

Marty's tendency to be quick to anger, to act violently towards others – even his nearest and dearest – raised suspicions. These were compounded when it was found he lacked a solid alibi for the night of 11 April and into the early hours of 12 April. Marilyn's doubts about her husband stemmed from his abusive nature, his lightning quick temper and the fact she thought he was more than capable of committing murder. He also knew the victims and Boubede had expressed an interest in getting to know Glenna Sharp on a romantic level.

In the early months of 1981, Marty was regularly attending a hospital for veterans, in Reno, Nevada, to receive counselling. Smartt told the therapist about his anger issues, marital woes and that he was suffering

post-traumatic stress disorder. A month before the killings took place, Smartt befriended John Boubede, during the stay on Ward 4A. John was known to everybody as 'Bou'. Marty invited John to move into the Smartt's cabin, numbered 26, without any prior notification and became a fixture in the household. Marilyn dared not say a word about their new house guest, in case it riled her husband. Marty and Boubede became bosom buddies, but did it spark off a folie à deux situation, one which led to murder? It takes two to tango, a gun needs bullets, and a stick of dynamite requires the spark of a flame to ignite.

Unlike Marty Smartt, whose dalliances with criminality were minor (he sold hash occasionally to residents), Boubede was a convicted criminal with a charge sheet including breaking and entering, home invasion, bank robbery and allegedly he had links to the Chicago Mafia. 'Bou' was a bad egg and certainly not the kind of man you bring into a sleepy rural community.

Smartt and Boubede were interviewed by the police on 13 April and gave statements. These interviews were taped and transcribed. In them, both men related their comings and goings during the night. The accounts are evasive and possibly total fiction after a certain point. Incredibly, when such holes in their statements appeared, detectives Harry Bradley and PA Crim Jr, conducting the interviews, failed to recognise them. Marty concocted a tale about two guys he'd never seen before, drinking in the Backdoor bar who they looked odd. No other witnesses interviewed recalled these two men. Boubede played the 'I'm new in town and don't know nothing' card. Acting dumb worked for him. He was able, also, to hide the fact he had a record as long as his arm. Later, Boubede was driven to a local bus station and he left town for Klamath Falls, Oregon. Smartt remained and undertook a polygraph test on 17 April, passed it and left Keddle for good.



ABOVE Blood on Glenna Sharp's feet suggested she had initially survived the attack



ABOVE A child's skull was found 50 miles from Keddle. It belonged to Tina Sharp

THE INVESTIGATION

COPS WERE STUMPED BY THE SENSELESS SLAYING, BUT THE FBI DEVELOPED A COMPELLING THEORY

Sheila Sharp returned from the sleepover at the Seabolts, right next door to Cabin 28. She was up bright and early because she'd decided to join the family at their local church service. It was 7:45am. She walked the short journey, literally a few yards, and opened the front door. She found her mother, her brother and his friend, Dana, lying close together, dead in the living room.

Sheila, traumatised but spurred immediately into action, ran back to the Seabolts and with their help, managed to pull Greg, Ricky and Justin through a bedroom window, so they did not have to see the state of the living room. Unable to use the phone, they ran over to the caretaker's cabin, number 25, and made a call to the sheriff's office. The cops arrived approximately ten minutes later, around 8:00. Police entered the crime scene and were overwhelmed by the grotesque nature of what they saw. This was big city-type evil, not the sort of thing which happened in quiet little Plumas County. The victims were not only killed, but mutilated and beaten beyond recognition. As Patrol Commander Rod DeCrona told the press, whoever was responsible for the murders was a 'psychopath'.

In later years, the Plumas County sheriff's department would come in for much criticism

for their handling of the case, which included neglecting potential DNA evidence and failing to secure a crime scene properly. As the surviving eldest, Sheila provided the police with information about her mother, brother and sister. As well as Tina being physically absent, Sheila reported she had not seen her the night before, and assumed she'd been out playing with friends. Also missing from Cabin 28 was a shoebox Tina had made for a class project. She had a particular attachment to this shoebox. A red nylon jacket and shoes were gone, too.

The police devoted 4,000 man-hours and eight investigators to solving the murders, but the mysteries only seemed to deepen. Nothing could be tied together to fit any particular scenario. The lack of clear motive, no sign of forced entry and Tina's disappearance continued to stump authorities. The groundbreaking Behavioural Science Unit at the FBI pitched in with their rather surprising version of events. John Douglas profiled the potential suspect, too, but even he remained cautious as to the likelihood of the scenario's veracity.

Douglas also noted that Dana Wingate had had a troubled home life, was in foster care, had been known to commit crimes such as burglary and displayed antisocial behaviour. Wingate also had a penchant for cruelty to animals.

Douglas concluded he was therefore likely to know the criminal element in the Plumas County area and be involved in illegal activities. Did he lead the killer or killers to the Sharps' unassuming door?

Of the crime scene, he stated the killings were an 'afterthought' and not premeditated. He deduced this by the materials and weapons used in the murders (a steak knife, a claw hammer and bindings derived from the home). Douglas, too, did not discount the idea there was a sole perpetrator. But he would have been physically strong and in complete control of the environment.

The big twist in the five-page report is that Douglas postulated the key involvement of Tina in the crimes. He also stated Glenna and John Sharp knew their murderer. Glenna was covered in a blanket from her bed. It's an unusual detail, for sure, but one that Douglas believed was crucial to interpreting the scene. Why cover up the body? Is there remorse involved? Being respectful of a person who may be upset by the body? Douglas felt the crime was committed by a man involved somehow with the younger Sharp and murdered Glenna, Johnny and Dana, who was never a target, but in the wrong place at the wrong time, out of warped love and sense of duty toward the child.



The Sheriff released this drawing of the two men they wanted to speak to

Marilyn inviting Glenna, so that his buddy John had some female company. Boubede had taken a shine to Glenna, but she didn't want to go and told Marilyn so. Later on, though Marilyn is a somewhat unreliable witness, she told the police the rejection left Marty and John stewing and in a grumpy mood. But would such a slight kick off a mass killing?

Between 10pm and the following early hours of 12 April, the killer(s) entered Cabin 28, tied up Glenna, Johnny and Dana with duct tape and electrical cord, stabbed and beat them to death with a knife and claw hammer. Sue had been gagged with a blue bandana and her panties. They were embedded deep within her mouth and throat. The killer(s) tied her up with two types of electric cord, one coloured brown and the other black. White adhesive tape had also been used to bind her hands and ankles. The subsequent autopsy report and photographs noted the marked tightness of the ligatures. She suffered multiple bruises and lacerations to the face, stab wounds to the throat (her larynx was severed) and chest area and her teeth were fractured. Her lounging dress was saturated with blood. Her body was next to Dana Wingate's, directly in front of the sofa.

John was found closest to the front door, his hands and feet tied with the same kinds of duct tape and electrical cord. A bent steak knife was found very close to his body. His head and face had been severely beaten. The brain had swelled from the trauma of the blows. He was stabbed in the throat – the right carotid artery, vein and larynx were cut – and his chest also received puncture wounds from a knife. The right orbital bone was fractured.

Dana's murder differed on several fronts. He was not stabbed, but died from asphyxia brought on by strangulation. As with the others, his teeth were fractured and there was swelling of the brain from repeated blows to the head. When his body was discovered, his head was placed on a sofa cushion and his arms and legs were not tied up like the others. Dana had an electrical cord and white adhesive tape on left arm and the left ankle of his hiking boots, but they were not connected with the right arm or leg.

Had Dana helped the assailant(s) with Glenna and Johnny before his own grisly demise? Why had Sue been covered up with a blanket from her bed, too? The FBI found this particular detail very telling, and they summed up – much to the shock of the surviving family – that Tina may have taken part or aided the killer or killers in their activity that night. But when it comes to the Keddie Murders, the lack of a clear motive and the array of theories muddied the waters. Tina disappeared from the face of the earth for three years, until partial remains were recovered (the skull and detached lower mandible) in 1984. This resolution of sorts offered too few solutions to dislodge the case from true crime infamy and urban myth, inspiring in part 2008 home invasion horror movie *The Strangers*.

“ THE KEDDIE MURDERS RANK AS ONE OF CALIFORNIA'S GREATEST UNSOLVED CRIMES AND ONE OF THE MOST BAFFLING. THE TRUTH MAY NEVER BE KNOWN ”

THE AFTERMATH

36 YEARS LATER, THE CASE CONTINUES TO HAUNT PLUMAS COUNTY

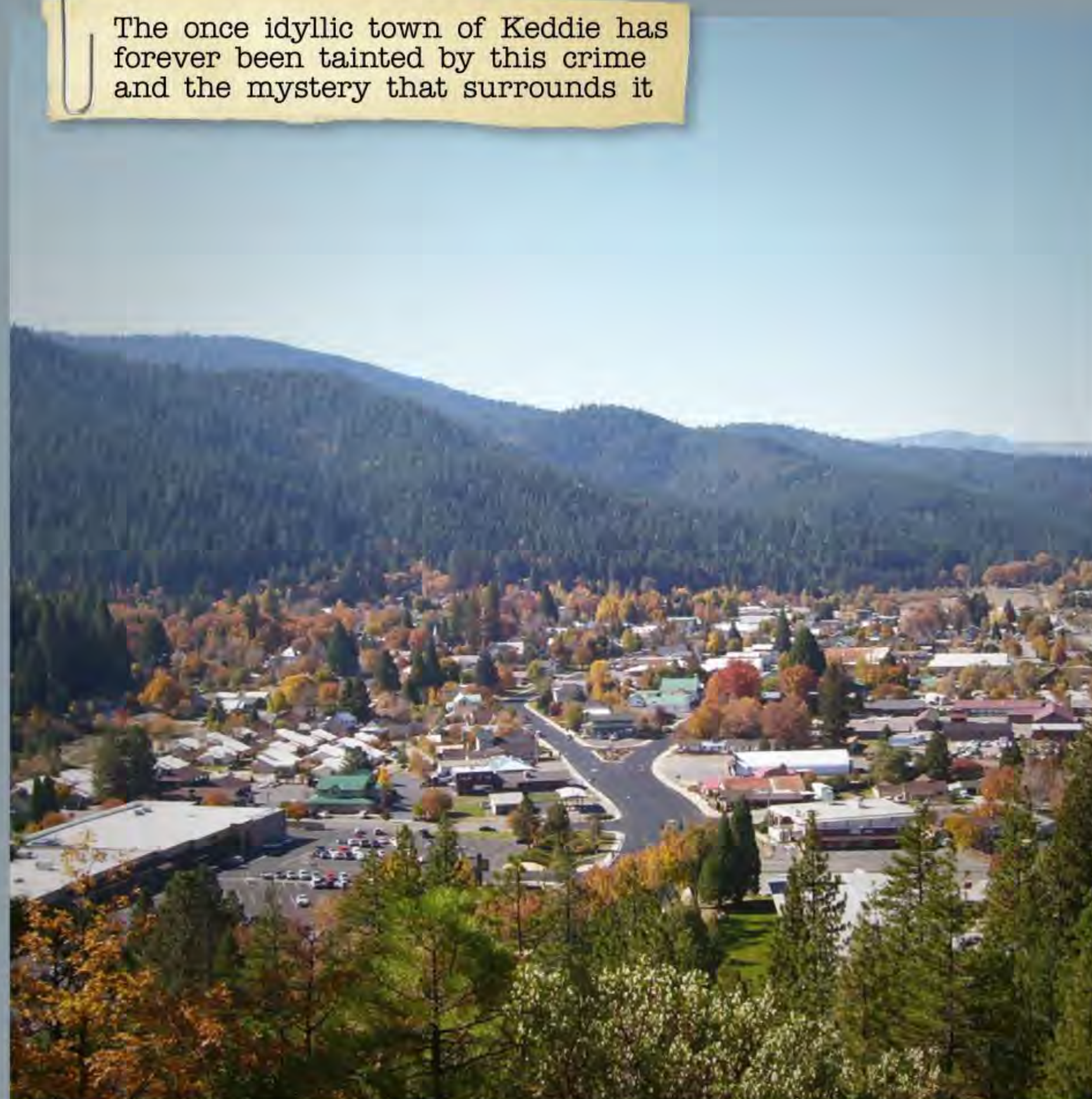
In the absence of the truth, the murders in Cabin 28 on 11 April 1981 became swamped in wild tales involving drug trafficking, the Mafia, hired assassins, sex rings and all sorts of sordid nastiness. It began as something very real, but soon turned into stories of the supernatural.

Ghosts make perfect metaphors for the haunted past and soon enough locals and those brought up in Plumas County and the nearby town of Quincy spread legends of ghostly goings on. Cabin 28 was dubbed 'Murder House' and the place considered to be rampant with poltergeist activity. Teens would get their kicks breaking in and relating stories to their pals about hearing spooky noises or seeing spirit manifestations. Scott Lawson, executive director of Plumas County Museum, told a San Francisco Gate reporter in 2001, "It's the whodunit of the century around here." It wasn't easy letting go.

The Keddie Resort was never the same after that bloody night and it slowly fell apart. Within the space of a year, folk began to leave and the owners put it up for sale in 1984. The asking price was \$1.8 million, but nobody was interested. Vagrants began to occupy the deserted cabins and it effectively became a ghost town. There were attempts to rebuild the community, but it was never the same again. In 2004, Cabin 28 was demolished for good, not long after a former owner described to the press her terrifying experiences of living there. She'd even wanted the place exorcised, at one point.

For Sheila Sharp and others directly affected, the killings continued to plague their lives. Survivors and relatives of murder victims are presented with a horrible existential conundrum: trying to move on, to live with the pain the best they can, but with memories lurking at the back of the mind. Like a wound, it can fester and spread. Learning to cope is a great emotional challenge. Some get by, others fail miserably. The Keddie Murders rank as one of California's greatest unsolved crimes and one of the most baffling. The truth may never be known.

The once idyllic town of Keddie has forever been tainted by this crime and the mystery that surrounds it



AUSTRALIA'S BROKEN FAMILY

ON 26 JANUARY 1966, THREE CHILDREN VANISHED INTO THIN AIR ON AN ADELAIDE BEACH. COULD FOOTAGE REVEAL WHO WAS BEHIND THE CRIME?



The Beaumont children (left to right): Arnna, aged seven; Grant, aged four; and Jane, aged nine

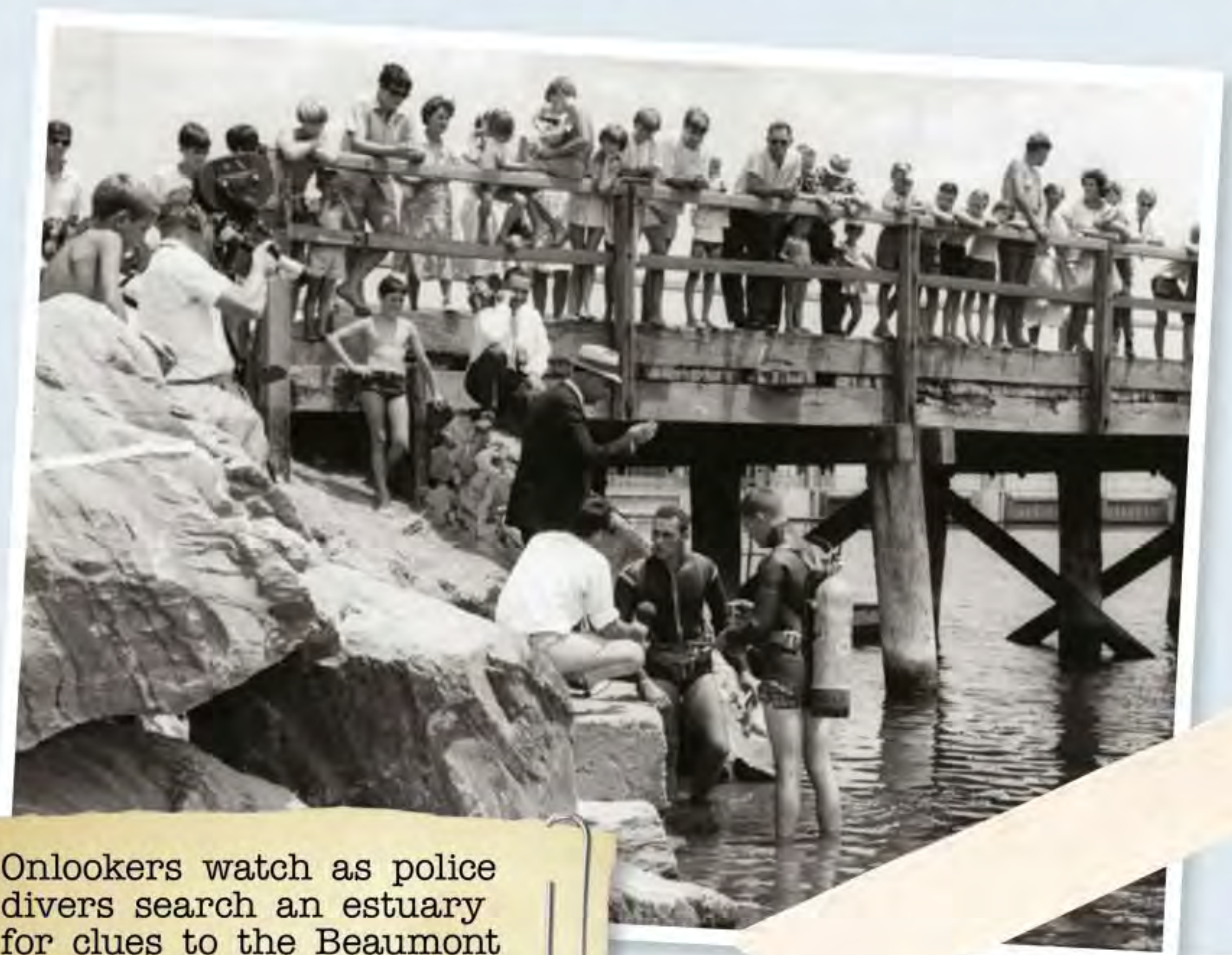
Australia Day 1966 and, unsurprisingly for a summer's day in South Australia, it was forecast to be a scorcher. Jane, aged nine; Arnna, aged seven; and Grant, aged four were three of thousands of other children who decided to spend the national holiday at the seaside. At 10.00am, the Beaumont children left their home in Somerton, laden with towels and books, and caught a public bus to nearby Glenelg Beach, as they had done many times before. Their parents had given them strict instructions to be back by 2.00pm, but had no qualms about letting the children go out by themselves. It was normal for children to play unsupervised; their safety was taken for granted. That would all change when at 7.30pm, the police received a call informing them that the Beaumont children had never returned home. It was an event that changed Australian society forever.

As the days went on and the search widened, witnesses came forward reporting to have seen the children that fateful day. Several said they had seen two young girls and a boy playing near the beach with a tall, blonde-haired man in his mid-30s. A shopkeeper who knew the children well told police that Jane had bought pasties and a meat pie with an A£1 note at approximately 12.15pm. Her parents confirmed that she had only been given coins, so it was likely that the note had been given to her. The shopkeeper also said that the children had never bought a meat pie before.

INNOCENCE LOST

The last confirmed sighting was by a postman, who reported that he had seen the children walking alone, away from the

“THE LAST CONFIRMED SIGHTING WAS BY A POSTMAN, WHO REPORTED THAT HE HAD SEEN THE CHILDREN WALKING ALONE, AWAY FROM THE BEACH AT AROUND 3.00PM”



Onlookers watch as police divers search an estuary for clues to the Beaumont children's disappearance



The beachside suburb of Glenelg, where the children were last seen

beach, “holding hands and laughing,” at around 3.00pm. Again, this witness knew the children from his rounds so his statement was considered reliable, but their parents could not understand why the trio, usually so reliable, would be strolling along seemingly unconcerned when they were already an hour late. The authorities suggested that the postman had in fact encountered the children earlier in the day, and had simply got his timings wrong.

It also seemed strange that the children would be playing so happily with a man whom they had never met before. Jane in particular was an extremely shy child, and also very responsible. This led investigators to believe that the children had met the man on previous occasions and grown to trust him. A remark made by Arinna prior to their disappearance suddenly took on a whole new meaning; she had told her mother that Jane had “got a boyfriend down the beach.” What Nancy Beaumont had assumed to mean a playmate now seemed several shades darker.

THE MAN

Over the next year, dozens more sightings of the Beaumont children were reported, and their disappearance became one of the largest police investigations in Australian criminal history. It attracted huge media attention from around the

world, and the press has regularly revisited the story. Hopes were raised when, two years after the apparent abduction, the children’s parents received a letter supposedly written by Jane. She described a relatively pleasant experience, and referred to ‘The Man’ who was keeping them. Comparisons with examples of Jane’s handwriting indicated that the letter was authentic. They then received another letter from ‘The Man’ himself, saying that he was willing to return the children. He stated a meeting place and time, and the parents, followed by an undercover detective, drove out to meet him. No one ever turned up, and they later received a letter from ‘The Man’ explaining that he had been disappointed to see that a detective had been with them, and that he had changed his mind about returning the children. No more letters were ever received, but 25 years later forensic examinations of



The children's disappearance made front-page news across the country

the letters were able to prove them to be a hoax. Fingerprints revealed that the author was in fact a 41-year-old man who had written the letters in his teenage years as a joke.

Though the fate of Jane, Arnna and Grant has never been resolved, several suspects have been named. One of these suspects is Bevan Spencer von Einem, a convicted murderer who was sentenced to life in 1984 for the killing of Adelaide teenager Richard Kelvin. He had later become the leading suspect in the unsolved murders of four other young men that took place between 1979 and 1982, known as The Family Murders. The victims were Alan Barnes, aged 17; Neil Muir, aged 25; Peter Stogneff, aged 14; and Mark Langley, aged 18. Stogneff's remains had accidentally been burnt by a farmer clearing his property so it was impossible to determine cause of death, but each of the other men had died from gross injuries to the anus. Their bodies had been mutilated, and traces of sedative-hypnotic drugs were found in their blood.

The culprits were believed to be members of The Family, a group of up to 12 Adelaide men involved in the kidnapping, drugging, sexual abuse and torture of young men and boys. Einem, believed to be one of them, was charged with the murders of Barnes and Langley in 1989, but the prosecution was forced to enter a *nolle prosequi* (unwilling to pursue) when they failed to get enough evidence admitted into court.

It was during the inquest into their murders that Einem was first linked to the Beaumont children's disappearance.

The link was made by a witness known only as 'Mr B', who claimed to be a former associate of Einem. He said that a conversation between the two had taken place in which Einem boasted of taking three children from a beach several years earlier. He said he had performed "brilliant surgery" on them, and had "connected them up." One of the children had died during the procedure and so he had killed the other two and dumped their bodies in bushland.

Police had not previously considered Einem in connection with the case, but he resembled the descriptions and police sketches from 1966, despite being only 21 at the time. Einem was known to have frequented Glenelg Beach to 'perv' on the changing rooms, and was preoccupied with children. He apparently also told Mr B that he had abducted two girls from the Adelaide Oval during a football match. However, he refused to cooperate with investigators about his involvement.

This is why when in August 2007 a man resembling a young Einem was spotted in a newsreel from 1966, the suspect – now serving a life sentence – was once again questioned about the Beaumonts. The footage was from Channel 7's archive, and depicted police divers searching a storm water drain in the days following the children's disappearance. The man in question stands among a crowd and looks on. The man standing next to him also matched the descriptions of the man seen playing with the children that day. It is a common occurrence for criminals to return to the

MISS BEAUMONT

SOUTH AU

At 10.00 a.m. on Wednesday, 26th J children left their home at 109 Hard go to the beach at GLENELG (a dist have not been heard of since despit



SUSPICION IS ATTACHED TO AN UNKNOWN MAN,

DESCRIPTION

Male, late 30's or early 40's, 6 ft. to 6 ft. 1 in., light brown hair long at the back with a part on the side, slim build and thin faced, fair complexion.



Police cadets wade through the Patawalonga River during the search for the missing children

ING CHILDREN STRALIA

January, 1966 the undermentioned
ing Street, SOMERTON PARK to
ance of about two miles). They
e extensive Police enquiries.

1. Jane Nartare BEAUMONT, 9 years – 4 ft. 6 in. tall. Hair: fair, ear length, sun bleached, pushed back with a fringe in front. Two front teeth prominent. Well spoken but stutters when excited.
2. Arnna Kathleen BEAUMONT, 7 years – 4 ft. tall, dark brown hair with a fringe, suntanned complexion. Dark brown eyes, plump build.
3. Grant Ellis BEAUMONT, 4 years – 3 ft. tall, brown hair with a fringe, brown eyes, olive complexion.



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Brechin's DIARY
Adelaide's brightest new daily column starts today on Page 5

The Beaumonts

Jane Grant Arnna

If they were alive today

JOIN THE DRAUGHT

SPECIAL REPORT

By LAW BOWLES

what the three missing children may look like if they are still alive today. I asked the Toronto Police world leaders in forensic to complete the illustrations. Beach in January 1966. Beaumonts are still alive Jane Arnna 32 and Grant 29. I be leading normal lives for true identity. You may live next door, to one of wait last month ended for mother of a missing when the technology used in pictures helped locate 5, in California. The work carried out by the Department's forensic unit police around in its services. Id chief, Mrs Bette Clark, pictures are about 90 to part to determine is said. recibility the Beaumonts hat they were abducted commune, possibly in y may well be alive and true identity. Missioned the Toronto Hill to provide this go someone, some- prise the Beaumonts to a mystery which is f a century old. HE PHOTOS: Page 2

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Page 2

23042201 MUST CREDIT PHOTOS BY: Newsfax/REX/Shutterstock

In 1990 The News published images of the children as they would then look, causing public outrage

HELP FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE?

The Beaumont children's disappearance caused a worldwide media frenzy. One man who took an interest in the case was Gerard Croiset, a parapsychologist and psychic from the Netherlands. In November 1966, he travelled to Australia to assist in the search. Though police were sceptical about his involvement, they received a lot of pressure from the public to take his claims seriously, and a wealthy businessman covered his expenses.

His stories changed regularly, with all of his leads resulting in dead ends. One of his most infamous claims was that the children were buried beneath a warehouse near their home, which at the time of their disappearance had been a building site. He believed that their bodies had been buried under new concrete, inside the remains of an old brick kiln. \$40,000 was raised by the public to have the building demolished, and the property owners eventually agreed to it. No remains nor any clues to the children's disappearance were ever found.

In the years that followed this public humiliation, Croiset's reputation diminished as more and more unsuccessful claims were made. He did experience some success in the Seventies when he was flown to Tokyo to find a missing child, and following his instructions, her body was actually found. He had further success in Japan in 1976 when he was enlisted by a television station to locate a seven-year-old girl. He said that her body could be found "on the surface of a lake near her home and near a quay for boats near a yellow protruding structure." The girl was later discovered floating in a nearby reservoir that had a yellow-painted water tower.

While the warehouse in Adelaide was undergoing a partial demolition in 1996, it was searched once again, but still no evidence was found.

scene of the crime to watch police search, and often actually assist the police in their enquiries. This way they can stay informed about the investigation and attempt to mislead it.

Despite this, major crime acting superintendent Tony Cramer said Einem made a short statement to detectives, but announced to the media that: "There has been no evidence produced which furthers this line of inquiry, and it is now complete." Two years later, Einem was charged and pleaded guilty to possessing child pornography – the first time he had ever admitted to a crime. He was sentenced to a further three months in prison.

GONE FOREVER

Jim and Nancy Beaumont remained at their home in Somerton Park for decades, saying it would be "dreadful" for their children to one day return and not find them there. For years they cooperated with every line of enquiry, however bizarre they may have been, from suggestions of the children having been abducted by a religious cult to possible burial sites. They are now believed to have accepted that the truth may never be found; they have sold the house and are living separately away from the public eye.

The South Australian government is still searching for the Beaumonts, as well as 15 other children who went missing between 1966 and 2000. A \$1,000,000 reward has been offered to anyone who can offer information that may help solve the mystery, and immunity has also been granted to those who may have been involved. It may well be that the one person who knows the answer is already behind bars.

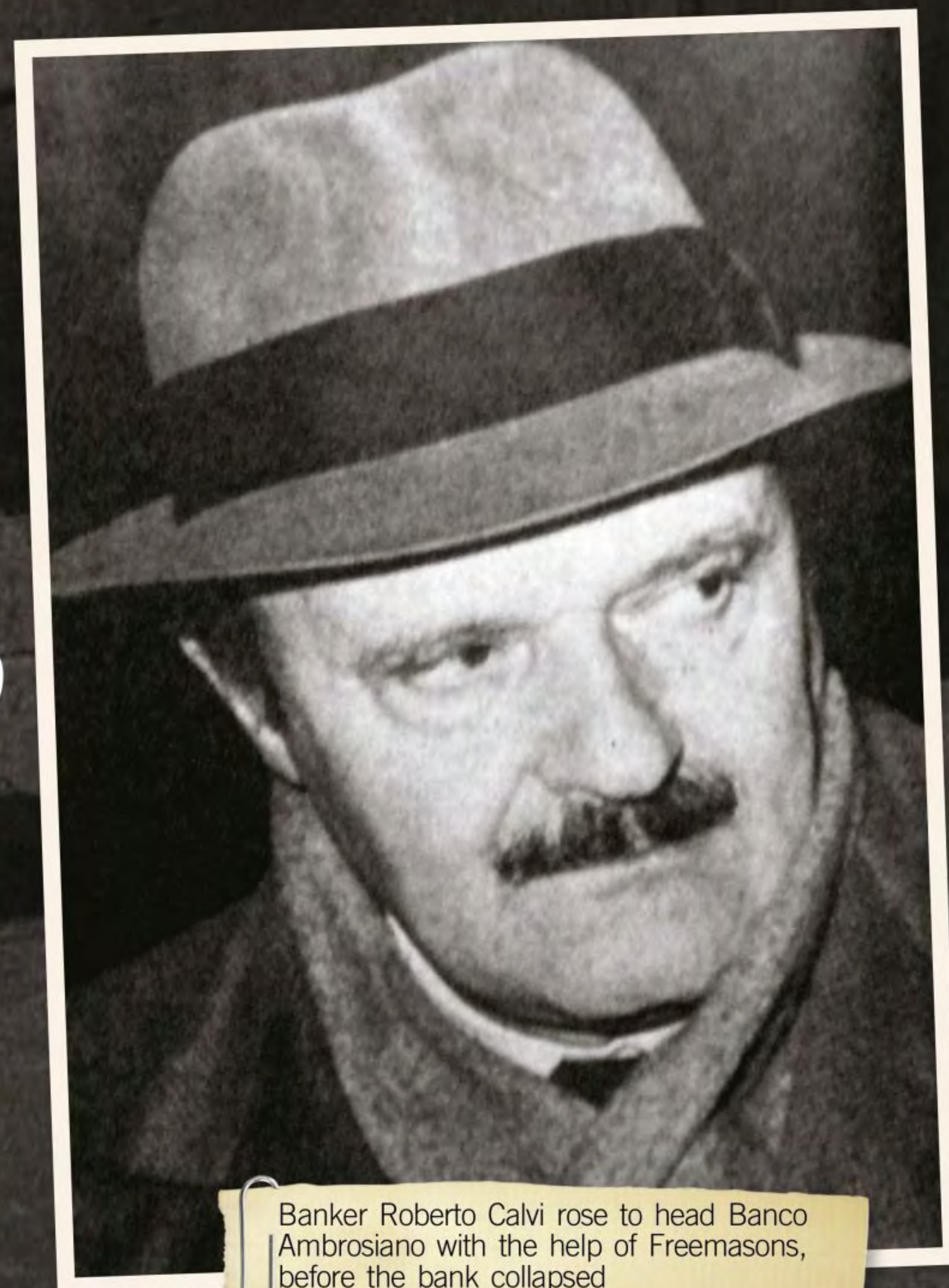
“ IT IS A COMMON OCCURRENCE FOR CRIMINALS TO RETURN TO THE SCENE ”



The warehouse where Dutch clairvoyant Gerard Croiset believed the children were buried

WHO KILLED GOD'S BANKER?

BEHIND THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF AN ITALIAN BANKER LAY A TRAIL OF SHADY FINANCIAL DEALS, BLOOD AND CORRUPTION THAT LED TO THE SICILIAN MAFIA AND THE HEAD OF A POWERFUL MASONIC LODGE, RIGHT UP TO THE VATICAN ITSELF



Banker Roberto Calvi rose to head Banco Ambrosiano with the help of Freemasons, before the bank collapsed





ABOVE After the collapse of Banco Ambrosiano, Calvi was arrested and represented himself at trial

On 5 June 1982, Roberto Calvi, the chairman of Italy's Catholic bank, Banco Ambrosiano, wrote a letter to Pope John Paul II from his office in Milan: "Holiness," he began with the usual protocol for addressing the head of the Catholic Church, "a possible collapse of the Ambrosiano Bank would provoke a catastrophe of unimaginable proportions in which the Church will suffer the gravest damage. It must be avoided at all costs.

"It was me, following the mandate of your authoritative representatives, who arranged significant financing of several countries and politico-religious associations in the East and the West. It was me, in agreement with Vatican authorities, who co-ordinated across the whole of South America, the establishment of numerous banking entities, mainly aimed at countering the penetration and expansion of neo-Marxist ideologies. It was me, finally, who is betrayed today by the very same authority for which I have always shown the utmost respect and obedience."

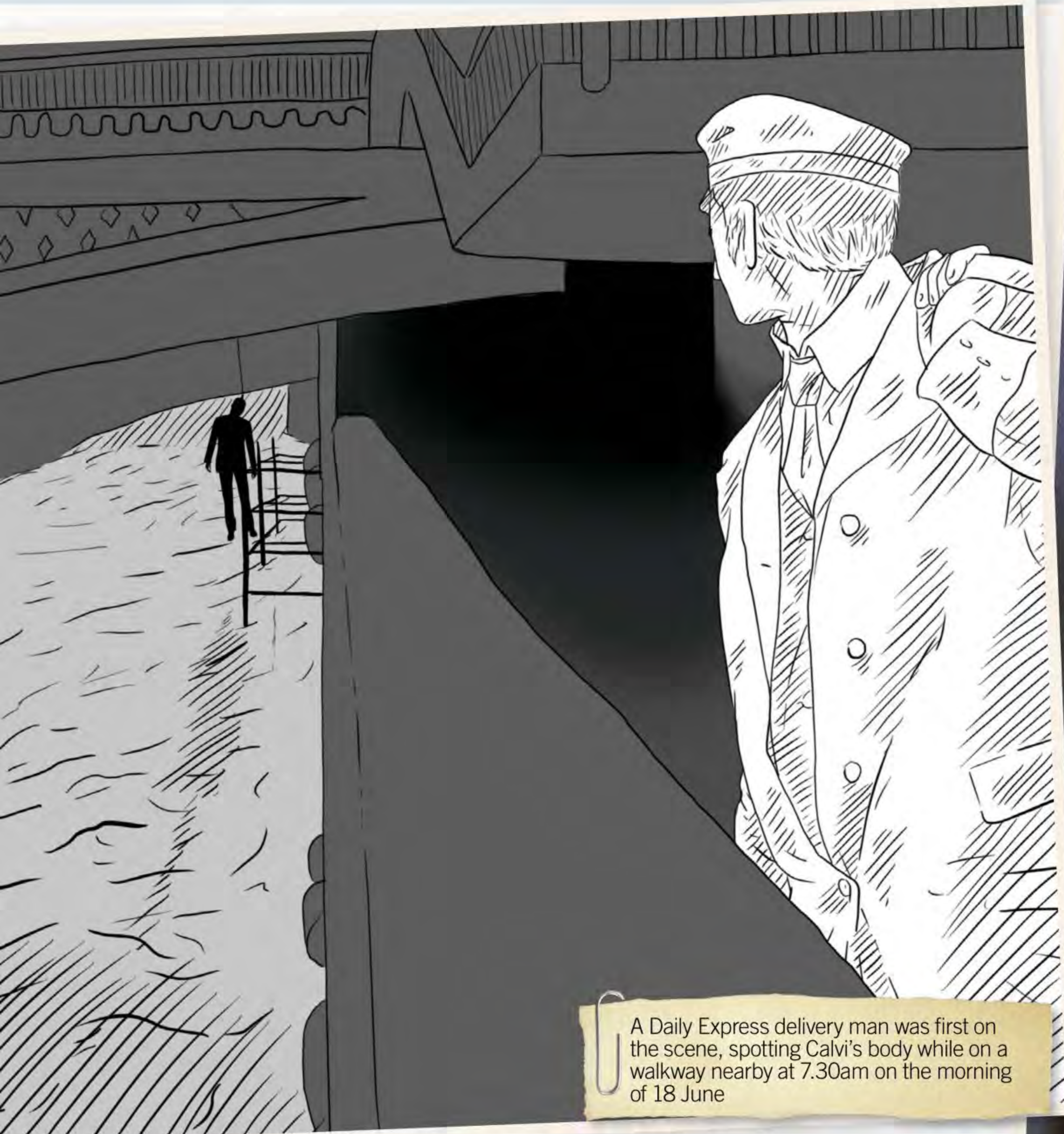
12 days later, following the highly publicised collapse of Banco Ambrosiano, Roberto Calvi was found hanging from some scaffolding beneath Blackfriars Bridge in central London, England. It seemed like an obvious suicide to a casual observer and possibly to the man who had the misfortune to be the first to witness this disturbing scene. Some cursory digging, however, would reveal that Calvi had sanctioned illegal overseas transactions for huge sums of money, that he was facing a possible prison term and millions of pounds in fines and that he had already attempted suicide during a previous spell in jail. But he had been swimming with sharks. Calvi was a ranking member of the powerful, illegal and secretive P2 (Propaganda Due) Masonic lodge,

the head of which would have blanched at being connected to such a high profile case. Banco Ambrosiano was home to dirty Sicilian Mafia money too, which would have been swallowed up by the \$700 million to \$1.5 billion hole discovered in the bank's books. It was a debt that mafia 'cashier' Giuseppe 'Pippo' Calò wouldn't simply have had Calvi's thumbs broken for, and neither would the mob have liked its dirty washing being laundered in the subsequent, very public investigation.

GOD'S BANKER

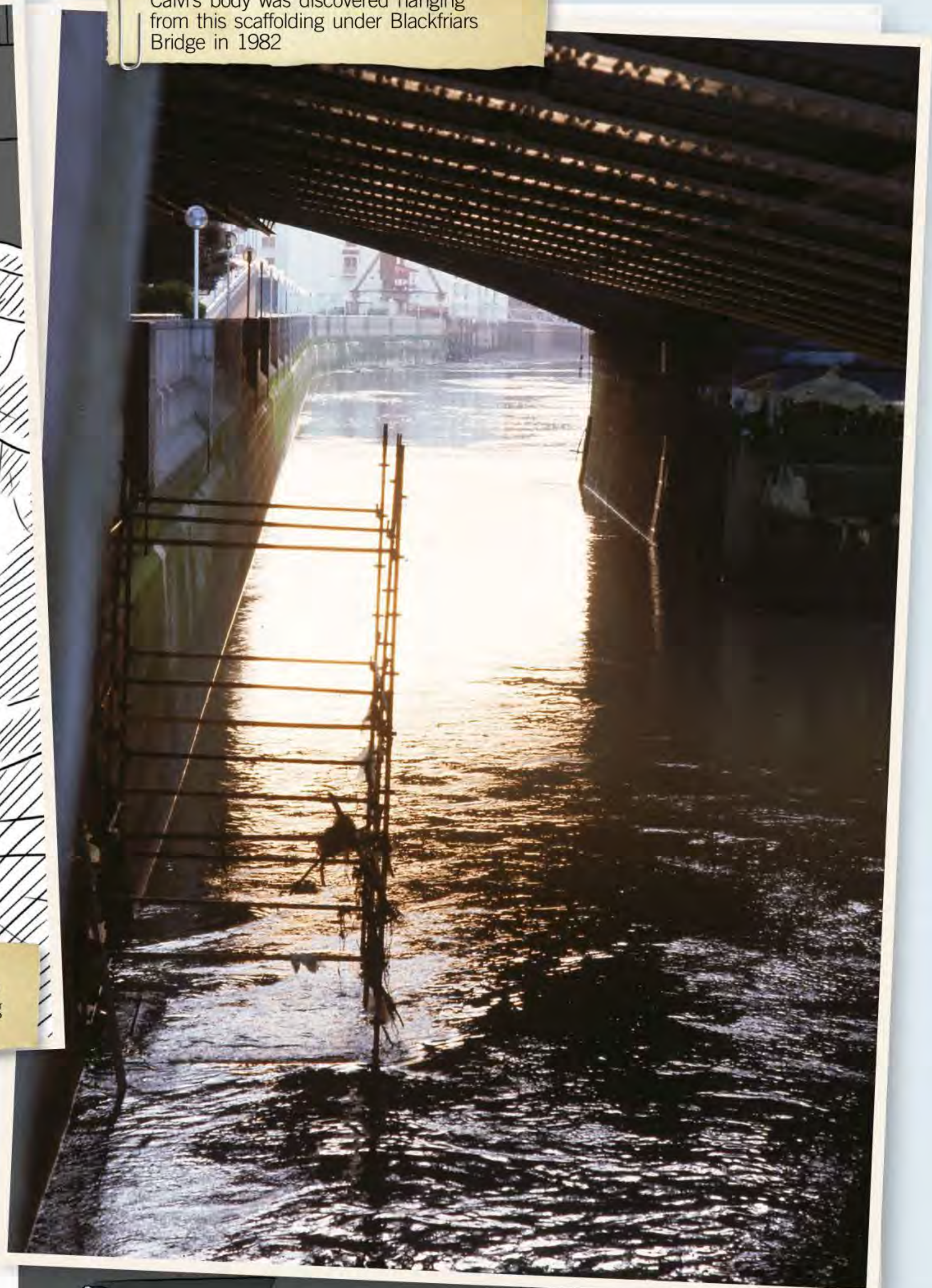
A potted history of Banco Ambrosiano shows how this financial institution started out with the best of intentions but placed itself in politically risky, legally grey and outright illegal positions when Roberto Calvi appeared on the scene. It was founded in 1896 as a Catholic bank in response to the apparently amoral and purely financially motivated banks of the day. Its mission statement is ironic in hindsight – Banco Ambrosia aimed to serve "moral organisations, pious works, and religious bodies set up for charitable aims." It became known as the 'priest's bank'; the Vatican was a major shareholder up until the bank's collapse and at one point, while Pope Pius XI's nephew Franco Ratti was chairman, it had a direct bloodline to the head of the Catholic

“ MI6 DISCOVERED A DEPOSIT OF \$200 MILLION TO FRANCE ON BEHALF OF PERU FOR ANTI-SHIP EXOCET AM39 MISSILES ”



A Daily Express delivery man was first on the scene, spotting Calvi's body while on a walkway nearby at 7.30am on the morning of 18 June

Calvi's body was discovered hanging from this scaffolding under Blackfriars Bridge in 1982



Church. But the bank's moral compass appeared to waver when Calvi was brought on board in 1967, rising to general manager and then chairman in 1975. Under his tenure, Banco Ambrosiano opened off-shore trading companies in the Bahamas and South America, where investments and funding to controversial political parties, like Nicaragua's Somoza dictatorship, were made. MI6, Britain's intelligence agency, also discovered a deposit of \$200 million made by a subsidiary of Banco Ambrosiano to France on behalf of Peru for anti-ship Exocet ('flying fish') AM39 missiles. France blocked the delivery of the missiles because there was a high probability that Peru would supply them to its ally, Argentina, to use against the British in the Falklands War.

Calvi also invested Banco Ambrosiano funds in the Rizzoli publishing house for Italy's *Corriere della Sera* daily newspaper, in order to give the P2 Masonic lodge more influence in Italian media. He moved money out of the country and overseas to artificially inflate share prices and obtain risky loans with little security backing them. As early as 1978, just three years after Calvi's appointment to Banco Ambrosiano's top spot, the Bank of Italy was predicting financial ruin for the 'Priest's Bank'. Whether Calvi realised he was in too deep to turn the bank's fortunes around or simply thought he could continue to get away with it, he forged ahead for the next three years before he was arrested.

High profile banking and investment scandals, such as rogue trader Nick Leeson's spectacular takedown of Barings Bank or the global financial crisis of 2008 following the meltdown of the US housing market, usually involve no more than a handful of individuals risking serious jail time on a few coin flips. But Calvi must have known that he was putting his



ABOVE Calvi's secretary, 55-year-old Graziella Teresa Corrocher plummeted to her death after jumping from a four-storey-high window, though some suspect she was pushed

life on the line as well as his freedom, when gambling with mafia and Freemason funds.

HE GIVETH AND HE TAKETH AWAY

It's been suggested that the Vatican was no passive party in Banco Ambrosiano's shady deals either. The 2002-film, *I Banchieri Di Dio (God's Bankers)* portrays the Church flexing its muscle as the main shareholder to direct millions in mafia money to support the Polish Solidarity trade union, and help undermine communism in Eastern Europe. The stink of the scandal didn't stick to the Church though, somehow no evidence came to light to directly link the Vatican to any financial misconduct. When the bank collapsed, the Vatican Bank (Istituto per le Opere di Religione) coughed up \$224 million to 120 creditors in recognition of its "moral involvement," then washed its hands. Chicago-born bishop Paul Marcinkus was president of the Vatican Bank across the best part of two notorious decades, from 1971 to 1989, that were noted for its numerous scandals, including the receipt of \$14.5 million in counterfeit bonds. Following the Ambrosiano affair, he famously said, "You can't run the Church on Hail Marys," then completely refused to co-operate with the investigators. And if nothing else oiled the wheels of the conspiracy theory generator, then that certainly did.

DAY OF RECKONING

The cogs of Italian justice turned slowly when the Bank of Italy produced its 1978 report and an investigation ensued into Banco Ambrosiano's fiscal dealings. Spanners in the works included the assassination of the investigating magistrate Emilio Alessandrini by a commando belonging to the left-wing terrorist group, Prima Linea, and the Bank of Italy inspector being arrested for alleged private interest in official acts. These charges were dropped and Alessandrini was acquitted in 1981. It's conceivable that someone or some organisation was pulling strings behind the scenes to put the brakes on the investigation, but if some shady character was trying to brush evidence that would connect them to the bank under the carpet, they weren't trying to protect Calvi's own personal interests.

On 17 March 1981, police raided the villa of Licio Gelli, the 'Worshipful Master' and head of P2, discovering a covert office for the Masonic lodge and a list of names of nearly 1,000 prominent P2 members – including Calvi's – plus more evidence of the chairman's hand in Banco Ambrosiano's financial downturn. The net had closed around God's Banker and it was on this evidence that he was arrested, trialed and sentenced to four years imprisonment. He tried to slit his wrists in prison but failed in his suicide attempt and was freed to return to his former position in the bank, pending a future appeals court appearance. Perhaps sensing that the walls were crumbling around Banco Ambrosiano, its mafia investors became more transparent in their efforts to control the situation, openly intimidating unfavourable members of staff. The new deputy chairman Carlo de Benedetti lasted just two months before he quit following threats. He was replaced by Roberto Rosone, who was forced to toe the line after he was shot. Finally, when news of the true scale of Banco Ambrosiano's financial deficit spilled out into the media, Calvi fled to Venice and from there, on a private jet

to London using a fake passport. Less than a day before his body was discovered, Calvi's secretary, 55-year-old Graziella Teresa Corrocher dropped from the window of his office of the bank's headquarters in Milan, four floors to her death on the courtyard below. She left three sheets of typewritten suicide note taped to the desk that apologised, "...for the trauma I caused... I ask with as much fervour, apology and forgiveness to colleagues, superiors and to all those who care for me." She went on to condemn Calvi in red ink, "for all the damage done to all of us at the bank of whose image we once we so proud."

Her black leather shoes were placed neatly next to an office chair that was pushed up to the open window, and forensics found a set of central foot and toe prints on the windowsill. A handwritten note indicated the location of her last will and testament. Corrocher was unmarried and she considered the bank and her colleagues family. So unlike in Calvi's death, Corrocher's suicide ruling was uncontested, although more imaginative amateur sleuths suggested that she was either coerced into jumping or pushed from that window, to tie up any loose ends.

When Roberto Calvi was found hanging from a rope beneath the bridge in London a day later, there were bricks in his pockets along with thousands of pounds in cash, in three different currencies. It seemed that the second attempt this corrupt banker had made on his own life had succeeded, even the City of London police ruled out the possibility of foul play. This was open-and-shut, and a coroner recorded a suicide verdict in July 1982. For a very brief time, a line was drawn underneath this sorry episode in the history of Italy's financial world.

“ CALVI'S SECRETARY DROPPED FROM THE WINDOW OF THE BANK HEADQUARTERS TO HER DEATH ”

THE POPE MUST DIE?

In 1984, David Yallop's book *In God's Name* suggested that Pope John Paul I, head of the Catholic Church for just 33 days from 26 August 1978 before he died under mysterious circumstances, was assassinated because of the brewing Ambrosiano scandal's links to Paul Marcinkus and the Vatican bank. On the morning of 29 September, he was found in his bed, his reading light still on and a copy of *The Imitation Of Christ* lying open next to him. A Vatican doctor said that he had likely died an hour after retiring, at around 11pm, of a heart attack, although an autopsy was not confirmed. The official Vatican account of the events surrounding his death didn't add up and there were contradictory statements over who found his body. Yallop's own sensational claims that John Paul I died with a list of P2 names in his clenched fist, subsequently burned, were (unsurprisingly) not confirmed by the Vatican, but neither were they in any way denied.



THE BURDEN OF PROOF

LITTLE EFFORT, IF ANY, HAD BEEN MADE TO COVER UP CALVI'S MURDER. WAS SOMEONE SENDING A MESSAGE?



VICTIM LIGATURE MARKS

Following the exhumation of Calvi's corpse, the ligature marks found around his neck were thought not to have been caused by hanging, but by being choked.



CLUE RISING TIDE

The tide in the Thames had gone out by the time Calvi's body was found, making it appear a hanging. But at the time of death, the high tide could have allowed for someone to reach the top of the scaffolding where the rope was tied by boat.



ABOVE Calvi likely died being garotted by a mafia hitman before his body was hung up



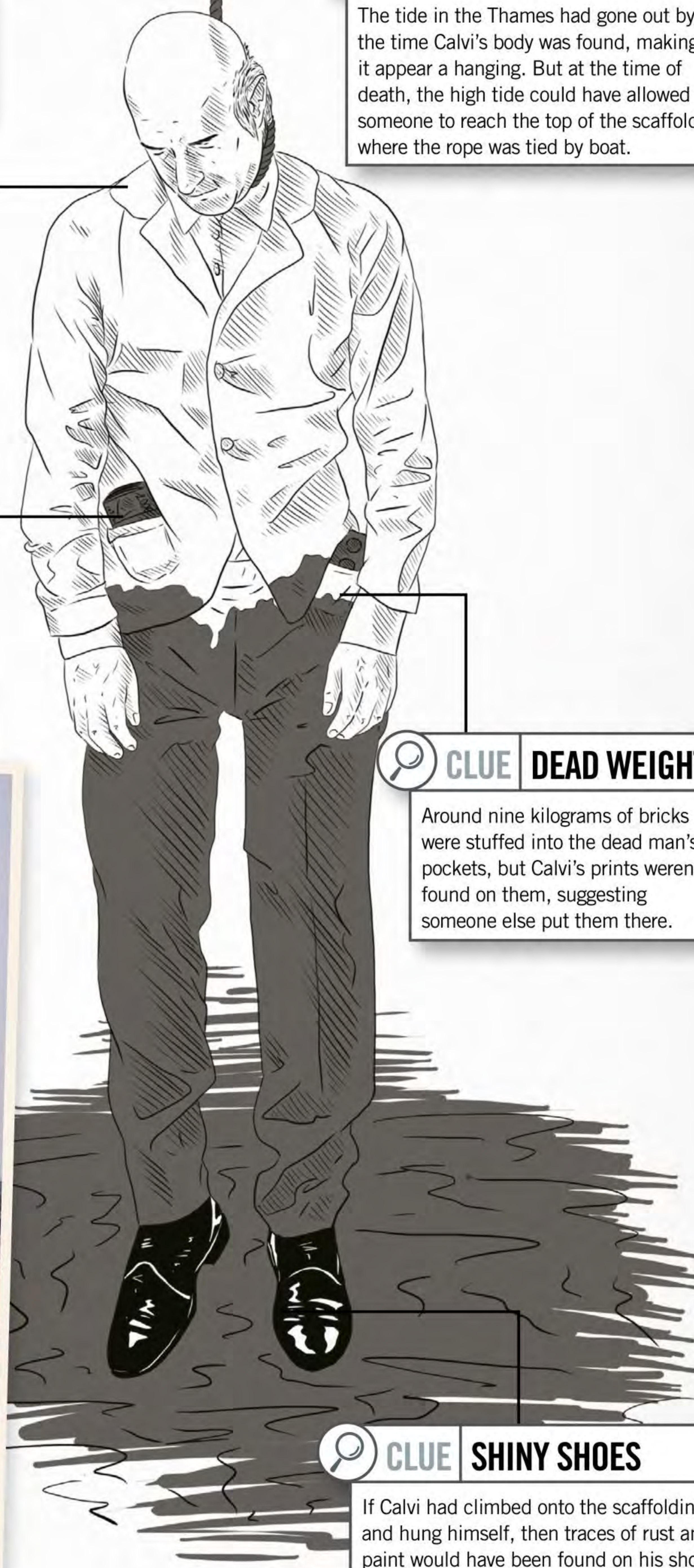
CLUE DIRTY CASH

Stuffed into Calvi's pockets was nearly £10,000 in cash in three different currencies. It could be simply because Calvi had recently travelled across Europe, but it could equally have been a message of some kind.



CLUE DEAD WEIGHT

Around nine kilograms of bricks were stuffed into the dead man's pockets, but Calvi's prints weren't found on them, suggesting someone else put them there.



CLUE SHINY SHOES

If Calvi had climbed onto the scaffolding and hung himself, then traces of rust and paint would have been found on his shoes. But there were none whatsoever.



CLUE THE BLACKFRIARS

Calvi was hung under Blackfriars Bridge in London, and members of the P2 masonic lodge also referred to themselves as frati neri – 'black friars'. Mere coincidence?



THE INVESTIGATION

AS THE CALVI FAMILY PRESSED THE AUTHORITIES FOR THE TRUTH, POWERFUL FORCES CONSPIRED AGAINST THEM

Calvi left a grieving widow, Clara, and a son, Carlo, behind him. Whether intuition told them something wasn't right or they simply refused to believe that he would hang himself, the suicide verdict didn't sit well with them. London City Police had made its mind up that this was a suicide within two days, so his family pursued their own investigation and pressed for a second opinion, which they got. At a second inquest in 1983, the jury overturned the decision of the original jury and recorded an open verdict: the court could not settle on a cause of death.

It was hardly the closure Clara and Carlo Calvi were looking for, so mother and son commissioned a private investigation in 1991, securing the services of New York firm Kroll Associates, who fielded the case out to senior case manager Jeff Katz in London. Katz was a renowned investigative reporter whose résumé included breaking the news of Kennedy's assassination to *New York Times* writers, preparing intelligence reports for the United States Air Force on the Vietnam War and investigating the dodgy practices of the pension fund plundering media mogul, Robert Maxwell. He pushed the UK's Home Office to conduct more forensic tests that resulted in another report, which concluded that Calvi could not have climbed the scaffolding he was

found hanging from. Irrespective of the fact the 62-year-old would have found it difficult, maybe impossible, to climb and position himself long enough to hang himself, no rust or paint from the scaffolding was found on Calvi's shoes. Kroll Associates submitted the findings to the police and the Home Secretary in October 1992. Both dismissed the report, and Calvi's family were back to square one.

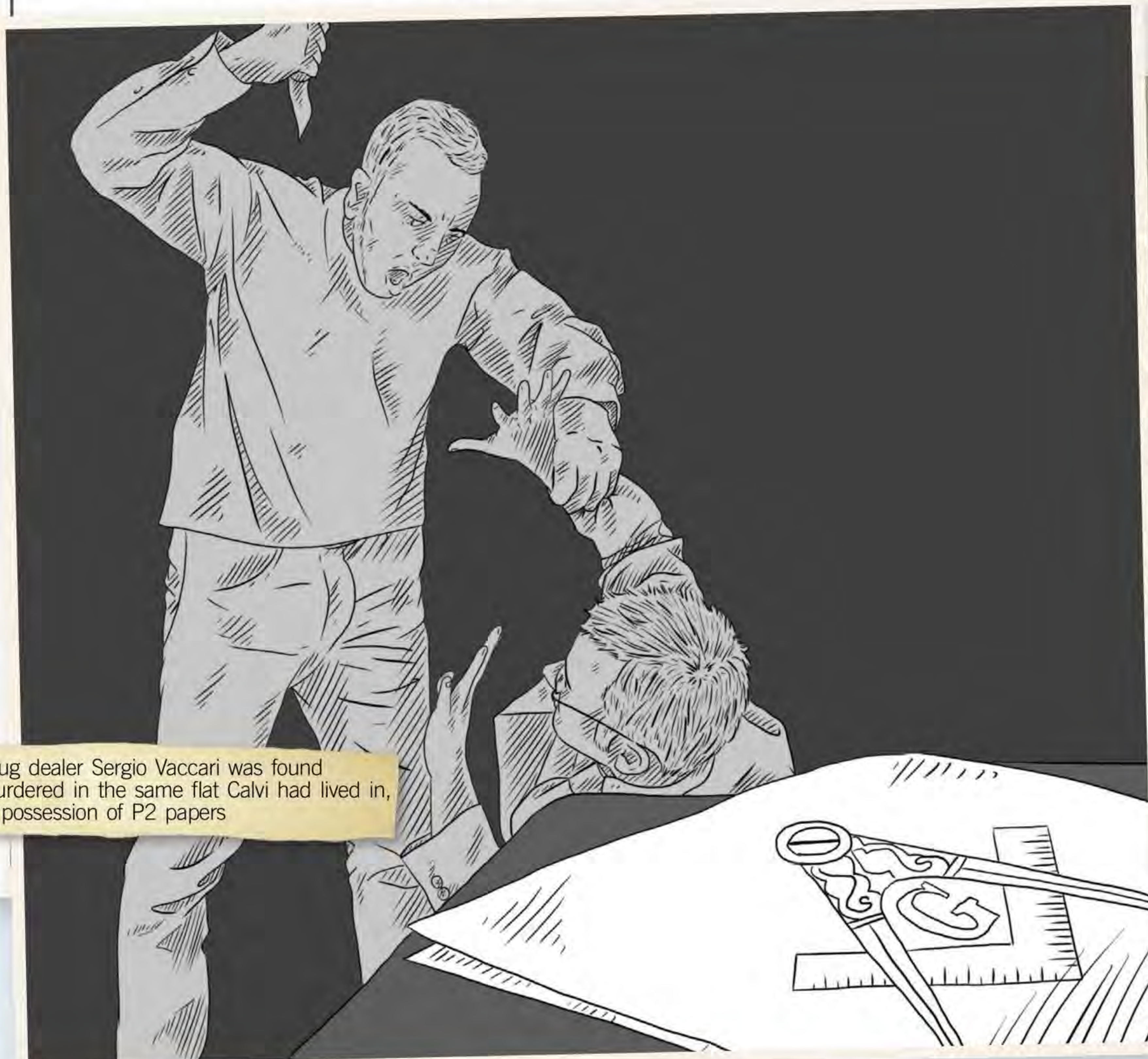
For several years, the open verdict was left chilling in the back of a police filing cabinet until an Italian court appointed a panel of experts, including a German forensic expert named Bernd Brinkmann, to take another crack at the case. In 1998, the tests carried out in Jeff Katz's report were repeated alongside other forensic tests, and Calvi's body was exhumed and thoroughly examined. The evidence from this could not be so easily swept aside this time. In October 2002, this published report agreed with Katz's findings and added more compelling evidence for Calvi's murder, including ligature marks around the dead man's neck that were inconsistent with hanging.

It went so far as to implicate ten people in Calvi's murder and even name four of them, one being Pippo Calò, a high-ranking mob 'cashier' who was accused of ordering the hit. For a while Mafioso Francesco Di Carlo, aka 'Frankie the Strangler' (who was doing 25 years

for importing 60 kilograms of pure heroin into the UK at the time) was suspected as the actual killer. "I was in university," said Di Carlo in a 2013 interview with *The Guardian* newspaper, "that's what I called the prisons in England. We were all in the association room watching television when the news came on that the killer of Calvi was Francesco Di Carlo. All the prisoners and guards looked over and stared. I just shrugged my shoulders and said that they must be talking about someone else with the same name as me." But Di Carlo denies murdering Calvi.

"I was in Rome and received a phone call from a friend in Sicily telling me that a certain high-ranking mafia member had just been killed. I will never forget the date because of this: it was 16 June 1982 – two days before Calvi was murdered. The friend told me that Pippo was trying to get hold of me because he needed me to do something for him. In the hierarchy of Cosa Nostra, he was a general, I was a colonel, so he was a little higher up, my superior... when I finally spoke to Pippo, he told me not to worry, that the problem had been taken care of."

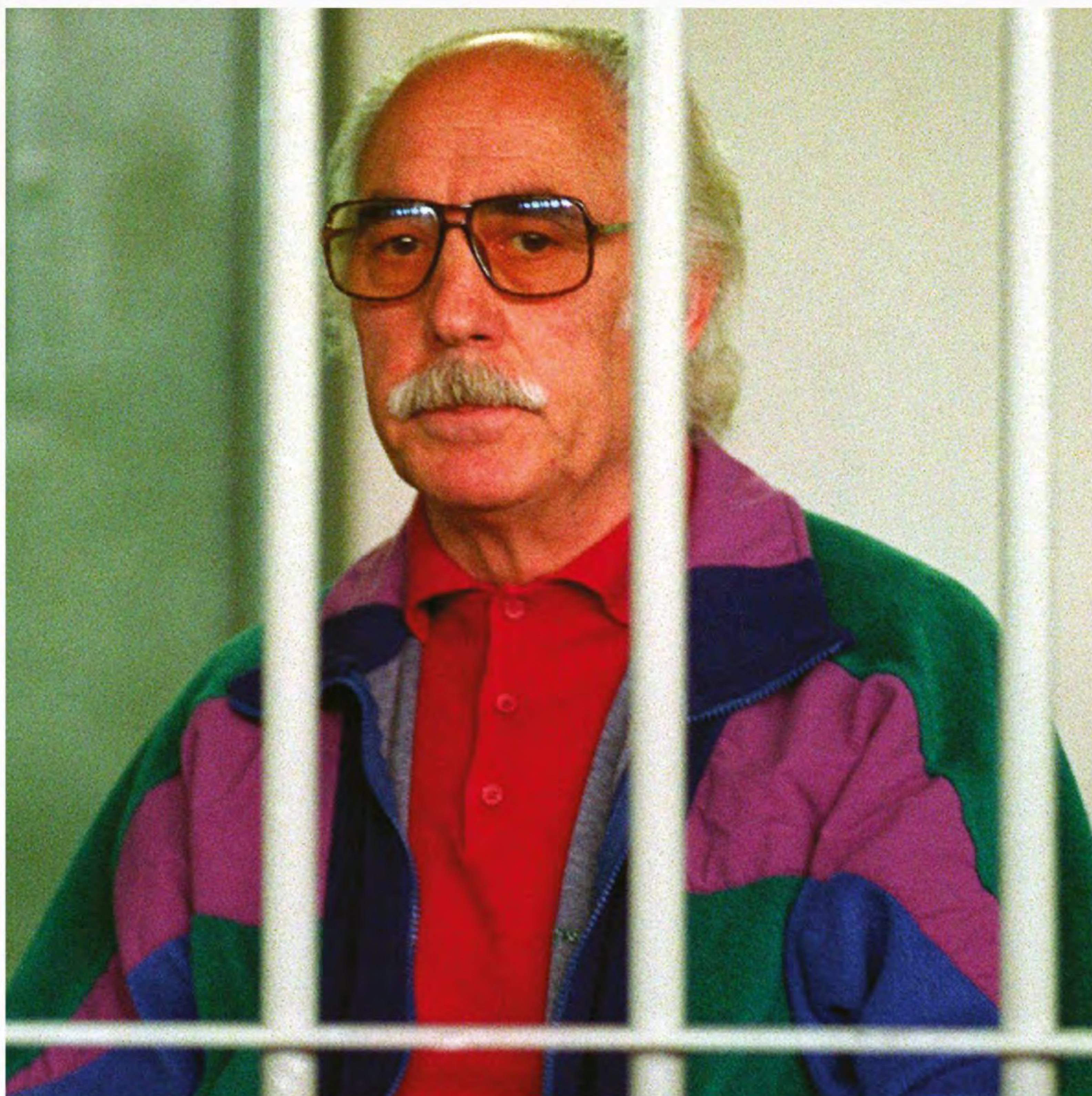
It took until 5 October 2005 for five people – including Pippo Calò – to be charged with Calvi's murder and brought to trial in Rome. Less than two years later, the judge cleared all of them and threw the case out due to a lack of evidence.



Drug dealer Sergio Vaccari was found murdered in the same flat Calvi had lived in, in possession of P2 papers



ABOVE The coffin containing the body of Italian banker Roberto Calvi is removed for exhumation



ABOVE Allegedly the one who ordered the hit on Roberto Calvi, Giuseppe 'Pippo' Calò was a Sicilian mob 'cashier' and boss of the Porta Nuova mafia family



ABOVE Flavio Carboni was one of five people arrested and put on trial for the murder of God's Banker in October 2005, then subsequently cleared of all charges

THE AFTERMATH

CORRUPT AND INFLUENTIAL LEADERS WIGGLED THEIR WAY THROUGH THE COURTS, AND WITH EVERY YEAR THAT PASSES, THE CHANCES OF CATCHING CALVI'S KILLER BECOME LESS AND LESS LIKELY

"Calvi was naming names," said Di Carlo, "No one had any trust in him any more. He owed a lot of money. His friends had all distanced themselves. Everyone wanted to get rid of him. He had been arrested and he had started to talk. Then he had tried to kill himself by cutting his wrists. He was released, but knew he could be rearrested at any time. He was weak, he was a broken man.

"I was not the one who hanged Calvi. One day I may write the full story, but the real killers will never be brought to justice because they are being protected by the Italian state, by members of the P2 Masonic lodge. They have massive power. They are made up of a mixture of politicians, bank presidents, the military, top security and so on. This is a case that they continue to open and close again and again but it will never be resolved. The higher you go, the less evidence you will find."

It's a view shared by Katz, who stated simply in an interview with *The Guardian* in 2007 "The problem is that the people who probably actually ordered the death of Calvi are not in the dock – but to get to those people might be very difficult indeed... you're talking about the Italian state, political and religious institutions here."

The charges rolled their way along the conveyor belt of the Italian justice system in a predictable fashion, through appeals and finally onto the last court – a last resort – which held up the acquittals of the accused. Licio Gelli, venerable master of the P2 Masonic lodge had served time under house arrest for his involvement in funnelling funds through Banco Ambrosiano, and mafia boss Pippo Calò had been given a life sentence for murder and money laundering (among other offences) that began 1985. Neither of these sentences were related to the murder of Roberto Calvi, however.

When Pope Francis was elected to head the Catholic Church in 2013, he appointed a commission to reform the Vatican Bank, which led to four cardinals being sacked and German banker Ernst von Freyberg being brought in as its head. Journalist Philip Willan investigated Calvi's murder in his book *The Last Supper*, and told European CEO magazine he thought the intentions behind the reforms were true, but that, "...there are powerful forces ranged against the reformists. The recent scandals show how a habit of flouting the law had become deeply ingrained among senior Vatican bureaucrats and their friends."

CANNIBAL TROUBLE IN PARADISE

WHAT EXACTLY HAPPENED TO MICHAEL ROCKEFELLER? DID HE SIMPLY DROWN, OR WAS HIS DISAPPEARANCE THE RESULT OF SOMETHING MORE SINISTER?

As far as last words go, Michael Rockefeller's are still fairly jarring. He was last seen in 1961 by Dutch anthropologist René Wassing, climbing down from an upturned 40-foot long canoe and sliding into the Arafura Sea about ten miles off the shores of New Guinea. The pair had been stranded on the canoe after their double pontoon boat had overturned, and their local guides had swum back to dry land to look for help. Two days later, the guides still hadn't returned, and the canoe had drifted even further out into the ocean. Finally, Rockefeller resolved to leave Wassing and attempt to swim back to shore. "I think I can make it," he said. The next day, Wassing was rescued by a search party, but young Michael Rockefeller was never seen again.

THE JOURNEY BEGINS

Rockefeller's disappearance quickly became an extremely high-profile missing persons case, simply because he was a member of one of the most powerful families in the United States at the time. He was the fifth child of the then-New York Governor, and later Vice President, Nelson Rockefeller, and his wife Mary Todhunter Rockefeller. Having made their fortune in the oil business, the prominent family were extremely wealthy, and the children had very privileged upbringings. After graduating cum laude from Harvard University in 1960 with a BA in History and Economics, Michael Rockefeller began to crave adventure. He wasted no time, and embarked on his first expedition to western Netherlands New Guinea (now Indonesia) to study the Dani tribe. The expedition in question was for Harvard's Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology. Anthropologist and filmmaker Robert Gardner and his film crew accompanied Rockefeller on his trip, and the group shot footage for



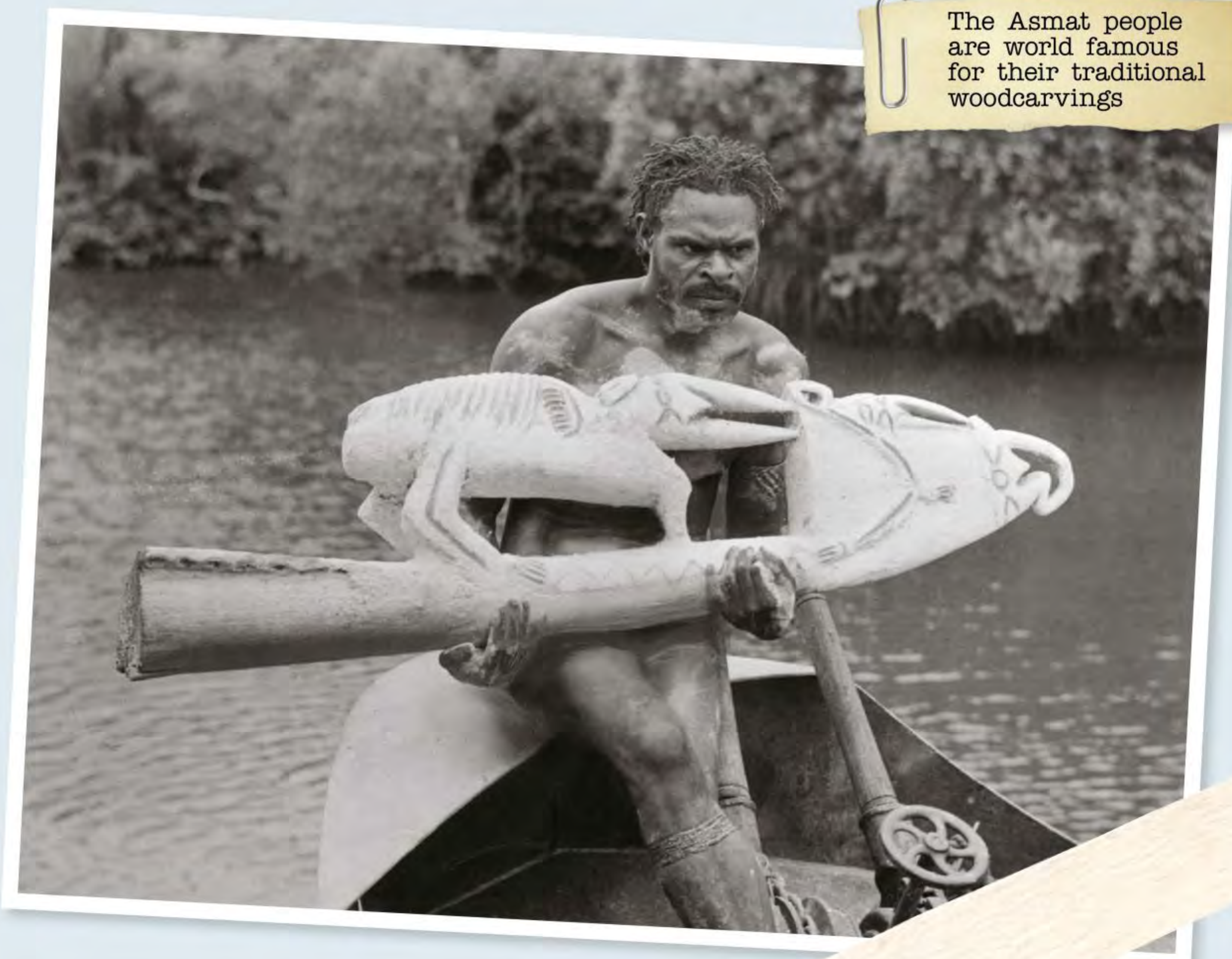


an ethnographic documentary called *Dead Birds*, with Rockefeller working as the sound recordist.

Almost as soon as he returned home to the States, Rockefeller grew eager to get back out to the Netherlands New Guinea and continue exploring. “It’s the desire to do something adventurous,” he explained, “at a time when frontiers, in the real sense of the world, are disappearing.” He went back shortly afterwards, aged 23, this time to study the Asmat tribe of the southwest coast. Dutch anthropologist René Wassing joined him, and the pair set out to immerse themselves in the tribe’s culture.

In a letter home, Rockefeller wrote: “I am having a thoroughly exhausting but most exciting time here... The Asmat is like a huge puzzle with the variations in ceremony and art style forming the pieces. My trips are enabling me to comprehend (if only in a superficial, rudimentary manner) that nature of this puzzle...”

The people of the Asmat tribe have developed one of the most well-known woodcarving traditions in the Pacific, and their art is highly sought after by anthropologists and collectors worldwide. Aside from Rockefeller's need for exploration, the main aim of his and Wassing's expedition was to collect genuine Asmat art to take home and put on show in a museum exhibition. Unlike Rockefeller, the





Michael was the fifth son of New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller and Mary Todhunter Rockefeller

“HE HAD BEEN MAROONED FOR SEVERAL DAYS WITH LITTLE FOOD OR DRINKING WATER”

woodcarvings made it back to the Big Apple. They are currently on display at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City and the Tropenmuseum in Amsterdam. Rockefeller, meanwhile, remains missing.

SPECULATIVE THINKING

There are many possibilities that have been explored regarding Rockefeller's disappearance, and each new theory is as likely – or unlikely – as the last. Some believe he drowned while swimming to shore, while others believe he was killed and eaten by the Asmat tribe he was studying. After being missing for three years, Rockefeller was finally declared legally dead in 1964. But with no body, who is to say he was even killed? Could he have been inducted into the Asmat tribe way back when he first went missing? Could he have been living among them for the last 50 years?

Perhaps the most logical explanation for Rockefeller's disappearance is that he drowned. That was the conclusion that the Dutch government came to when they declared

him dead after calling off the unsuccessful search, but they also found no evidence that could have led them to make that assumption. Nevertheless, Wassing and Rockefeller's canoe was an estimated ten to 12 miles from the closest shore when the latter started to swim back for help, and it seems very unlikely that someone would be able to make it that far across open waters without a lot of prior training. It was the middle of November in the Arafura Sea. It would have been extremely hot and Rockefeller would have quickly become exhausted and succumbed to the ocean. He had been marooned on a canoe for several days beforehand, presumably with little, if any, food or clean drinking water, so he would have had little strength left for an exhausting swim. The chances that he made it to shore are very slim. And then there were the things in the sea that may have got to him before the elements did. The sharks in the waters surrounding the coast weren't known to be man-eaters, but the saltwater crocodiles certainly were.

The most popular – and most unusual – theory is that Rockefeller was murdered and eaten by cannibals. There's no delicate way to put it. As well as being skilled craftspeople, the Asmat tribes were documented headhunters and cannibals. Unlike the Dani people, Asmat culture is steeped in reciprocal murder and barbarism. In the 20th century, seeking revenge against their enemies was an important element of Asmat culture, and they were known to preserve the heads of other tribes before halving the skulls and eating the brains along with sago worms. They didn't believe in natural deaths; every death was a result of either murder or sacrifice, and their profound sense of balance meant the murder of an Asmat tribe member had to be avenged. Rockefeller's death is believed by some to have been revenge for an attack on Otsjanep village by the Dutch patrol in 1958, three years earlier.

THE SEARCH FOR ROCKEFELLER

The cannibal theory first started as a rumour in 1964, not long after Rockefeller had been declared dead. It seems like a ridiculous and outlandish theory to many, but it inspired journalist and author Milt Machlin to set off on an expedition headed for Netherlands New Guinea in 1968, with the sole goal of investigating Rockefeller's disappearance. In his best-selling book, *The Search For Michael Rockefeller*, Machlin explores the possibility of his subject still being alive, but held against his will by the Asmat people and with no way of escaping. This new theory wasn't completely out of the blue; the book actually contains eyewitness accounts from people who believed they had seen Rockefeller on an island just off New Guinea after he had gone missing, though these have not been officially confirmed. According to Machlin, his interest was piqued after being approached by a somewhat shady Australian man named Donahue, who said: "Suppose I told you that I saw Michael Rockefeller alive only ten weeks ago?" The man then excitedly explained how he had spotted Rockefeller in the Trobriand Islands, hundreds of miles from where he had disappeared.

It wasn't just Donahue who claimed to have seen Rockefeller in one piece. Dutch missionary priest Father Jan Smit, who had known Rockefeller from his time in New Guinea, believed he once saw an Asmat man wearing a pair



Some believe Rockefeller could have been inducted into an Asmat tribe

of shorts that belonged to Rockefeller. He fully believed that the American had survived the swim back to dry land from the canoe, only to be captured by the Asmat tribe, and then scalped, murdered and eaten. Unfortunately, Father Smit didn't get to see much more evidence regarding his friend's disappearance; he was shot and killed in 1965.

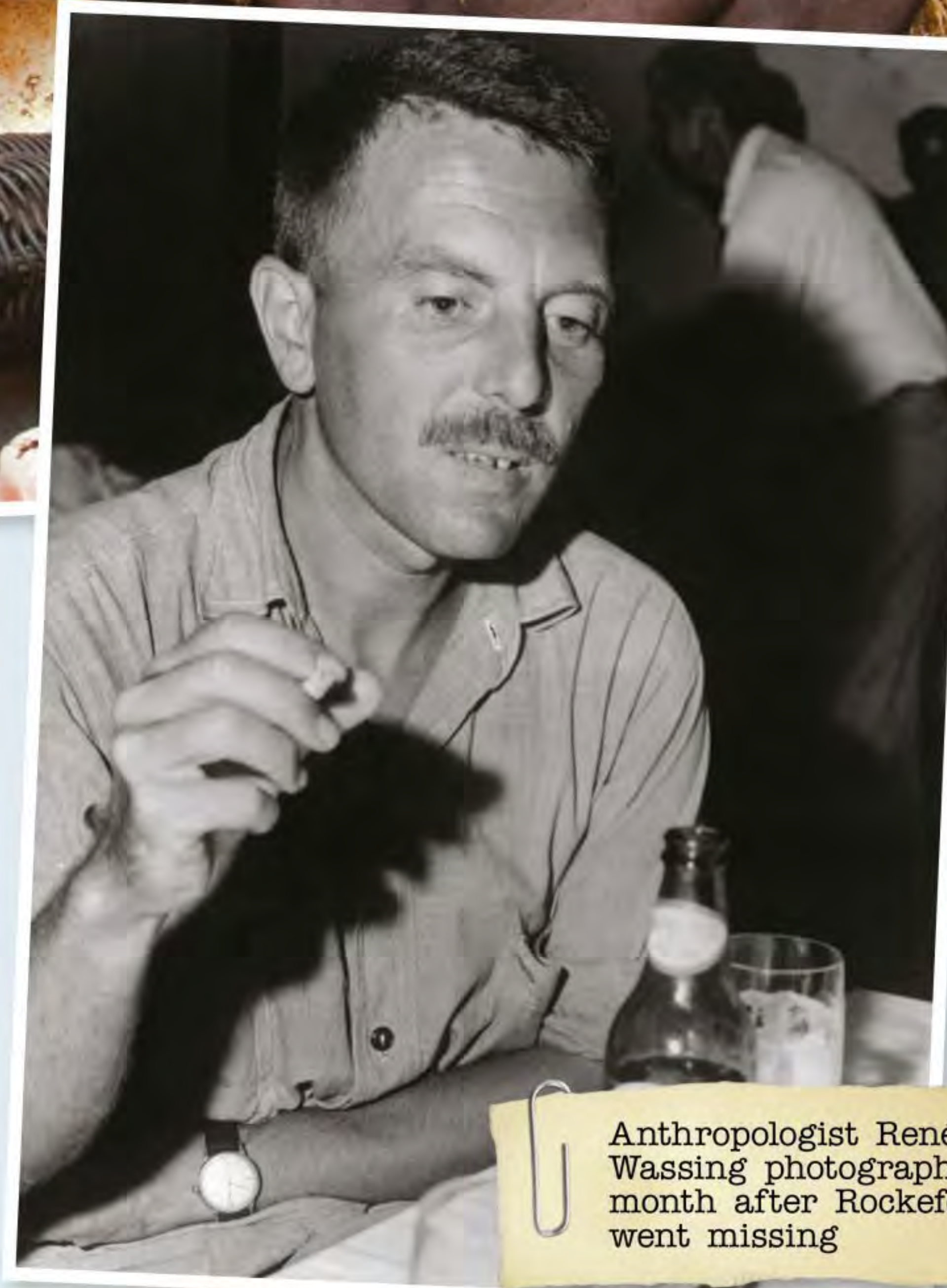
Since Rockefeller's supposed death, other self-proclaimed eye witnesses have sworn that they have seen him wandering around remote Asmat villages alive and well over the last few decades. However, just like the drowning theory and the cannibal theory, there is still no evidence whatsoever to back up these sightings.

LOSING HOPE

When Rockefeller's travelling companion René Wassing was finally rescued by a vessel sent from Merauke, he and the unturned canoe were found 22 miles from the New Guinea coast. Though it had only been a day since the two men parted, Rockefeller was nowhere to be seen. Dutch governor Pieter Platteel provided boats, planes, marines and police units to look for him. The search party grew and grew until crowds of local residents were wading through the swamps and mangrove trees, looking for signs of a body.

President John F Kennedy eventually heard of Rockefeller's disappearance and sent a telegram expressing his concern over the matter, as well as aircraft and a cargo ship from the US Seventh Fleet. Nelson Rockefeller and Michael's twin sister Mary, accompanied by a group of scandal-hungry journalists, left New York for Merauka as soon as they received word of what was happening. The search continued for several weeks until the Dutch and US governments were forced to give up looking for him and conclude that Michael Rockefeller must have drowned. Even the Rockefeller family's immense wealth and power were unable to reveal any more information than this, and Michael was never seen again.

“LOCAL RESIDENTS WADED THROUGH SWAMPS LOOKING FOR A BODY”



Anthropologist René Wassing photographed a month after Rockefeller went missing

THE LEGACY OF MICHAEL ROCKEFELLER

More than 50 years after Michael Rockefeller's disappearance, the world is still desperate to know what happened to him. Did he drown? Or was he murdered by a New Guinea tribe and eaten as revenge for an unrelated attack on the Asmat people a few years before? Whatever happened, his story certainly made a lasting impression; songs, novels and short stories have all been written about him. Jeff Cohen wrote a play, *The Man Who Ate Michael Rockefeller*, based on the short story by Christopher Stokes, and the film *Welcome To The Jungle* centres around couples that go looking for him and meet their own grisly demises. The mystery of Rockefeller and the Asmat tribe rocked the world in the Sixties and even now, his legacy continues to inspire the media.

Rockefeller's memory has been honoured by the academics too. Harvard University, which counts Rockefeller among its alumni, has been offering Michael C Rockefeller Memorial Fellowships every year since 1968. The fellowship is presented to a handful of promising and inquisitive Harvard students, offering them both the funding and the opportunity to venture out on an expedition just as Rockefeller did, and immerse themselves in a culture different to their own. In addition to that, a tribute to Rockefeller and his last expedition is currently on display at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. Nelson Rockefeller donated many of the Asmat artefacts his son collected, including war shields, 'bis' poles, body masks and wooden sculptures, to the museum to make up the Michael C Rockefeller Wing collection.

INTO THIN AIR

HOW ONE MAN HIJACKED A PLANE, LEAPT INTO THE NIGHT WITH \$200,000 AND A PARACHUTE, AND WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN

The man sitting in seat 18C didn't seem particularly remarkable. On the afternoon of 24 November 1971, he could have been just another traveller heading home for Thanksgiving. Dressed in a dark suit and carrying an attaché case, he looked like any businessman. The man who ordered a Bourbon and soda and lit a cigarette definitely had business aboard Northwest Airlines Flight 305 from Portland to Seattle. The name he gave when he bought his ticket was Dan Cooper, the media would falsely report him as DB Cooper, and his unknown name and fate would capture the imaginations of crime buffs everywhere, and leave a mystery that rages to this day.

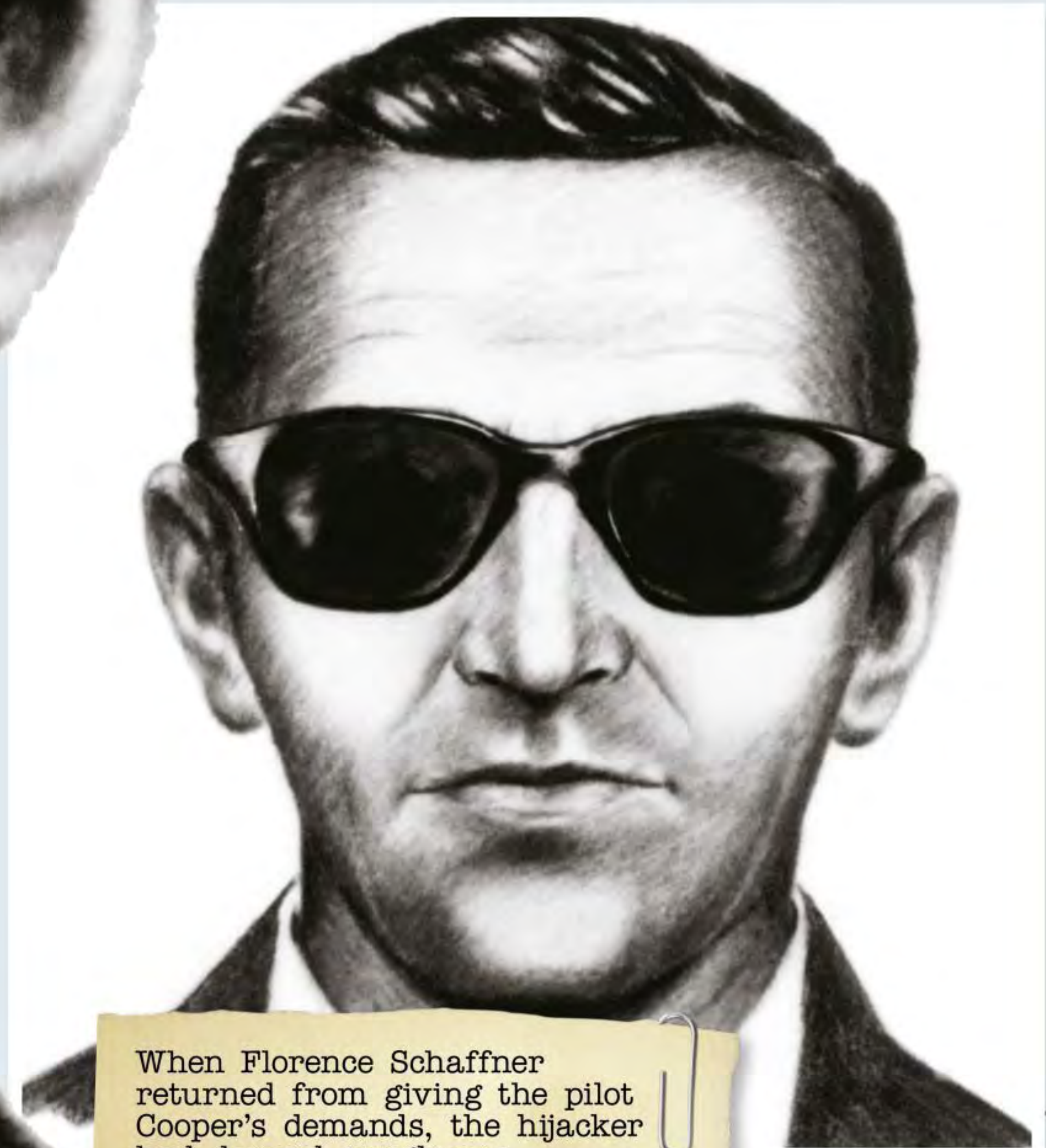
The flight was due to take just 30 minutes; a short haul across the Northwest United States.

For Florence Schaffner, the flight attendant who happened to be serving Cooper his drink, it would have felt much, much longer. The 23-year-old Schaffner had got used to the fact that passengers would routinely make passes at her (she had even started wearing a wig as a makeshift disguise), so when the man in seat 18C gave her a note, she barely gave it a second thought, ditching it into her purse. He would not be shaken off that easily.

"Miss," he told her. "You'd better look at that note. I have a bomb." As for the note, it read: "I have a bomb in my briefcase. I want you to sit beside me." Schaffner did what the man said, taking the seat next to him. At this point, she asked for proof. Cooper was happy to oblige and opened that inconspicuous attaché case. The contents were convincing: red cylinders, wires and a battery. Schaffner hardly



This is the composite sketch of Cooper, the polite hijacker who seemed calm and well prepared



When Florence Schaffner returned from giving the pilot Cooper's demands, the hijacker had donned sunglasses



Cooper had to wait at Seattle airport for his demands to be met before they could take off again

A Boeing 727 with its aft staircase down, a similar sight to what would have greeted the authorities at Reno, Nevada

needed more evidence that this man meant business, so he took this moment to give her his demands.

"I WANT \$200,000"

"I want \$200,000 by 5pm," he told her. "In cash. Put in a knapsack. I want two back parachutes and two front parachutes. When we land, I want a fuel truck ready to refuel. No funny stuff or I'll do the job." Schaffner got up and walked to the cabin, where she told the captain what was happening. When she got back, Cooper was now wearing dark sunglasses. Dark suit. Dark tie. Dark raincoat. Dark sunglasses. Six red sticks wired to blow in an attaché case.

Schaffner's memories of Cooper's behaviour during the time it took for the Boeing 727-100 to land are a key part of the criminal's mythology. He was calm. He was polite. He paid for his \$2 drink with a \$20 bill and told Schaffner to keep the change. She compared him to others who might conceivably have a reason for hijacking a plane and found him to be quite different. There seemed to be nothing political about his motivations (he certainly had nothing in common with the string of hijackings by people demanding to be taken to Cuba), and he didn't seem to be as brutal or violent as the notorious sky pirates. By saying: "Looks like Tacoma down there," he gave authorities and conspiracy theorists a reason to believe that he might be a local, or someone who had extensively studied the region.

This might have seemed like forever for the passengers and flight crew, and there was in fact a delay of two hours. A severe rainstorm had hit the region, and the FBI needed time to get the money together. The \$200,000 was gathered



from local Seattle banks, and was photographed by the agents to guarantee identification if Cooper ever tried to use them. There was also the issue of the parachutes. The FBI wanted to give him military style equipment but the hijacker refused, requesting civilian parachutes.

WELCOME TO SEATTLE

When they finally hit the tarmac at 5.39pm, Cooper put the next stage of his plan into motion. The plane taxied to an area of the airport that was well lit, while the lights inside the cabin were all turned off. Cooper was understandably reluctant to be taken out by a police sniper having come this far. The man who took the money and the parachutes across the tarmac was Al Lee, the operations manager for the airline in Seattle. Schaffner's fellow flight attendant, Tina Mucklow, emerged from the aft staircase to take the knapsack on board.

At this point, Cooper released the passengers. Indeed, he released nearly everybody. Senior flight attendant Alice

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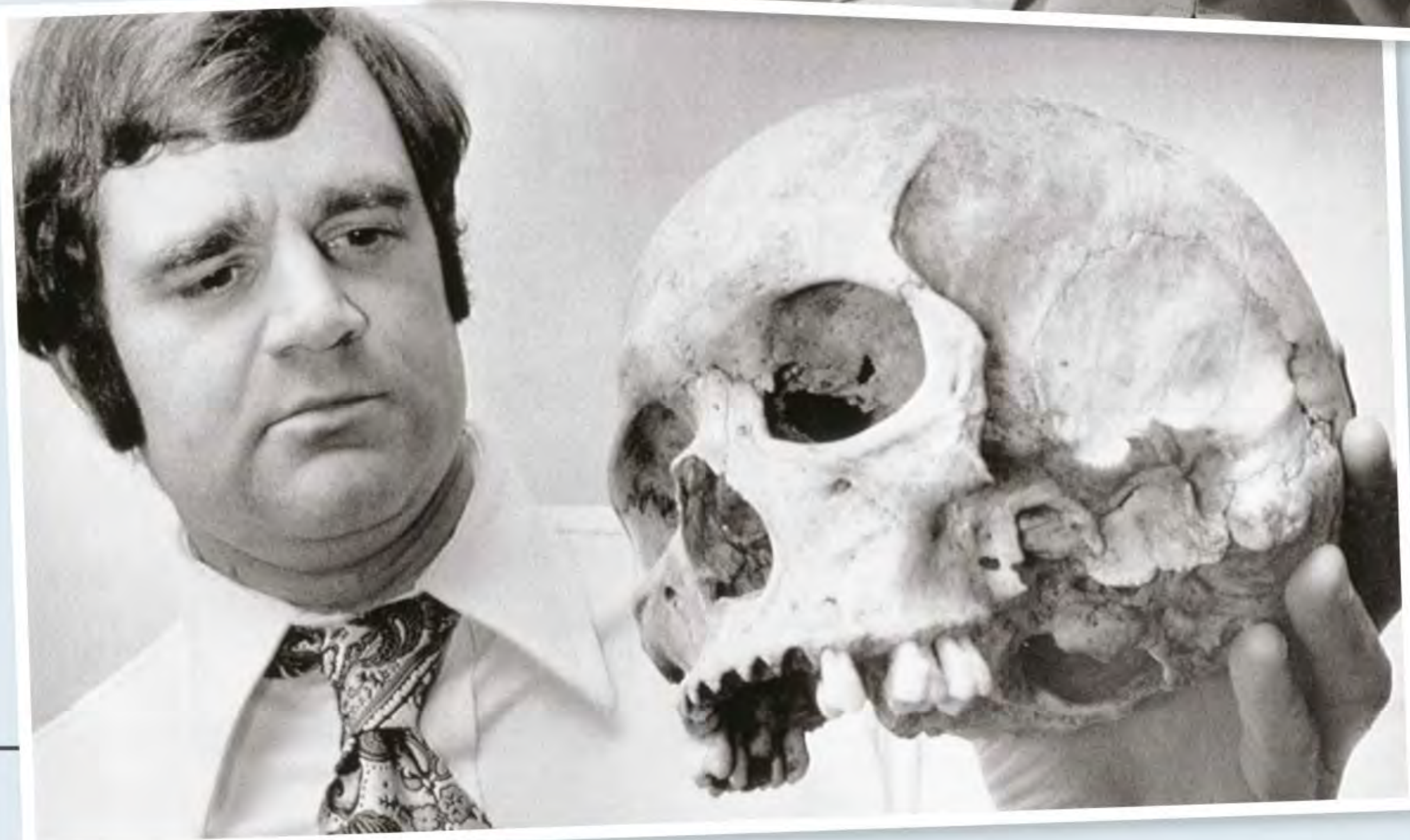
The FBI's composite sketches failed to stir up a suspect



Flight attendant Florence Schaffner talks to reporters



“ [THE PILOT] WAS TOLD TO KEEP THE PLANE’S ALTITUDE LOW – LESS THAN 10,000 FEET ”



Hancock was let go, as was Schaffner, who would later help the authorities with creating their iconic sketch of the hijacker. Meanwhile, the plane refuelled and Cooper told the flight crew where they’d be heading next: Mexico.

As the Boeing 727 prepared to take off again, attempts were made to talk to Cooper. They wanted to open negotiations. They tried to have a face-to-face meeting on board the plane itself. Every attempt was turned down. Cooper knew exactly what he was doing, especially once he’d agreed on a necessary refuel stop at Reno Nevada (the plane would never make it to Mexico without it). He tried to convince the flight crew to take off with the rear exit door open, with the aft staircase down. The airline head office refused, and Cooper was amenable.

After all, he could do it himself once they were in the air. And at 740pm, after a brief moment of tension surrounding the refuelling trucks (he worried that they were taking too long), they were off, discreetly followed by pursuing aircraft.

The pilot was given his instructions. He was told to keep the plane’s altitude low – less than 10,000 feet – to keep the wing flaps at 15 degrees, and that the cabin must be kept depressurised. At this point the only crew members left on board were the pilot, William Scott, his co-pilot, William Rataczak, flight engineer H E Anderson, and Tina Mucklow, who would refuse to be interviewed by the press, a stance she takes to this day. Like Schaffner, Mucklow remembered the hijacker as being calm and polite, right up until she was told to head to the cabin to join her crew mates. “He seemed rather nice,” she said. “He was never cruel or nasty. He was thoughtful and calm.”

At this point, as she walked forward and closed the cabin door behind her, Mucklow saw Cooper fasten something around his waist. Cooper had no intention of landing at Reno, Nevada. He had no intention of going to Mexico City. The reason for his request to keep the aft staircase down was about to become very clear.

VANISHING INTO THE NIGHT

At 8.00pm, the final part of Cooper’s plan was put into motion. Scott and Rataczak were alerted to the fact that the aft staircase had been put into operation by the flashing warning light. When the air pressure changed, they realised that the rear door had been opened. Cooper knew he could do this himself, and he’d gone ahead and done it. Then, at 8.13pm, the pilot suddenly had to bring the plane level after an upward movement. They would not know for certain what had happened until they brought the plane to land at



Some of DB Cooper's money stash was found years later

Reno, Nevada, at 10.15pm. The authorities conducted an armed search of the plane, but the deployed aft staircase told them the story. Cooper had jumped.

His exit from the plane was clear. What remains a mystery to this day is what happened to Cooper after he jumped. Nobody seemed to be able to say. The FBI manhunt got underway immediately, but found nothing. Everyone had a theory about the unassuming, unremarkable man who got on a plane from Portland to Seattle and hurled himself out of it, somewhere on the return flight, \$200,000 richer. Given his behaviour and the nature of his crime, it is not surprising that he became something of a folk hero even as the hunt was at its most frantic. Everyone knew someone it could have been, even though (or maybe because) the media got his name wrong. DB Cooper became the legend; the alias Dan Cooper was soon forgotten. There were several suspects, some more plausible than others, but to this day the FBI case file remains open. He was simply never identified or found.

However, the money was – at least some part of the \$200,000. A rather incredible discovery was made by an eight-year-old boy spending a holiday with his family: three packs of money. The cash found by young Brian Ingram was identified by the authorities as being part of Cooper's haul, but it did not bring them any closer to finding their man.

The FBI has long since held that Cooper never survived the jump. After initially believing him to be a trained parachutist, they revised that opinion when they looked at the circumstances. He jumped into howling rain and a wind speed running at around 200mph. He was dressed in a suit and raincoat, wearing loafers. Finally, he actually took the wrong parachute. Of the four parachutes he had to hand, Cooper chose a reserve one that had been sewn shut. With this evidence, it seems likely that the prepared, calm and precise hijacker met his end plummeting into the wilderness. But until they find his body, the mystery of DB Cooper will continue.

“I KNOW WHO DB COOPER IS!”

The hunt for a man who was instantly iconic and yet completely anonymous meant that the whole country had a theory about who DB Cooper was. Some of the attempts to hunt the man down have reeked of desperation (a man actually named DB Cooper was questioned almost immediately after the crime before being dismissed just as quickly), but there have been a few theories that reached something approaching plausibility. The first was a man named Richard McCoy, who followed Cooper's example by executing a similar hijacking only five months later. Having bought a ticket as James Johnson and boarded with an empty gun and a fake grenade, he hijacked a plane from Denver, Colorado. He managed to leap into thin air over Utah, clutching a \$500,000 ransom, but was arrested a mere two days later and gunned down by FBI agents after escaping from prison. A book was written with the hypothesis that he was in fact DB Cooper, but evidence suggests otherwise.

A lifelong crook and con artist named Duane Weber was the next suspect, having confessed to his wife on his deathbed: “I’m Dan Cooper.” While he resembled the artist's rendering of the missing hijacker, the DNA evidence retrieved from the incident did not match Weber's. Another dead end.

In 2003, Lyle Christiansen from Morris, Minnesota, attempted to contact *Sleepless In Seattle* director Nora Ephron with a story that he thought she could turn into a great film. He claimed that his brother, Kenneth Christiansen, was Cooper, and had found multiple ways that he would fit the profile. He had been a paratrooper, someone who loved to travel, a bit of a daredevil but a very quiet guy, and worked as a mechanic and a flight attendant. He'd also bought some expensive property roughly a year after the Cooper incident. “There is something you should know, but I cannot tell you!” He fits the visual and personality profile. But we'll never know for sure.



Eight-year-old Brian Ingram discovered some of Cooper's money

ROMANCE IS DEAD

WHY COULDN'T POLICE STOP THE 'MONSTER OF FLORENCE', WHO PROWLED THE TUSCAN HILLS FOR ALMOST TWO DECADES, PREYING ON INNOCENT COUPLES AS THEY MADE LOVE IN THEIR CARS?

In 19th century London the undetectable Jack the Ripper, a blade-wielding maniac, stalked the streets of Whitechapel, preying on the city's prostitutes. In pre-Nazi Germany it was Peter Kürten, known as The Vampire of Düsseldorf, who savaged more than a dozen men, women and children in a series of sexually charged slaughters spanning 16 years. The Boston Strangler was the one to incite terror in the US state of Massachusetts during the 1960s, asphyxiating 13 female victims with their own clothes. For Italy, the 'Monster of Florence' is the Achilles heel of its criminal justice system. Throughout a period of almost two decades, seven sets of lovers were slaughtered while making love in the hills surrounding Florence, with many of the female victims suffering sickening mutilations to their sexual organs. The investigation into the culprit (or culprits) became a tangled and intricate web. Yet despite one of the longest and most expensive manhunts in history, police have failed to peel back the mask on Italy's darkest and most brutal phantom.

FLORENCE'S SEEDY UNDERBELLY

The morning of 7 June 1981 was a quiet one in the unsuspecting town of Scandicci. Residents shuffled between their morning visits to church and their homes for lunch.

But in the fields just outside town, the sweltering heat of the summer was unrelenting and stifling for a group of Carabinieri marshals, police officers and forensic examiners who attempted to make sense of the scene before them. Sat inside a copper-coloured car was a young man. The hole in his left temple and the spider-webbed glass window to his right, which was tinted red with blood, were only the beginning of the horrors of this crime scene.

Behind the car lay the sprawled, nude body of a woman. She too had been shot but, between her parted legs her pubic region had been cut away, leaving a bloody and gaping wound. The victims were 21-year-old Carmela De Nuccio and her fiancé, 30-year-old Giovanni Foggi. The pair, who had been seen at a local hangout for young people the previous evening, had slipped away from their friends before midnight. As they nestled into the hills to make love they were ambushed and killed.

Bullet casings found at the crime scene showed that their killer had used a pistol loaded with .22-calibre Winchester series 'H' bullets. Having inspected the bodies, the medical examiner determined that the knife used to carve out De Nuccio's vagina resembled that of a scuba knife. The local paper was awash with details of the murders the following day. Next to it a recollection of a similar unsolved crime that had occurred in 1974.





The Monster mistook a male partner for a woman, and tore up his homosexual victims' mags in rage

Two young adults, Pasquale Gentilcore and his fiancée Stefania Pettini had been shot as they made love in Gentilcore's Fiat 127 near Borgo San Lorenzo just outside of Florence. The bride-to-be was found a distance from the car. She had been attacked post-mortem, stabbed 97 times and a grapevine branch had been inserted into her vagina. Found at the scene were .22-calibre Winchester series 'H' bullets. In light of the murders in Scandicci police took another look at the two killings and compared the scenes. Ballistic tests proved that the same gun had been used to shoot both couples – a small mark on the rim of the cartridges showed that the weapon had a distinct defect on the firing pin.

Police questioned Enzo Spalletti, an ambulance driver about the slayings. Before the victims had been front-page news, Spalletti already knew too much. He confessed that he was in fact a Peeping Tom and had seen the pair in their car, but that they were very much alive. Police, believing Spalletti knew more than he was letting on, arrested him.

THE MANY-FACED MONSTER

On 23 October, news of a new couple having been slaughtered in the Bartoline Fields forced police to release Spalletti without charge. Witnesses who had driven past the scene outside of Calenzano, told police they had seen a nervous-looking man in a red Alfa Romeo. The forensic identification team drew up the suspect described but the e-fit was not released to the public, for fear that it would incite a witch hunt in a community that was already pointing fingers at family members. Some believed the killer was a doctor or a surgeon – after all, who else would have the stomach to mutilate the women? Others believed that the vine branch lodged into Pettini had been inspired by a Biblical reference: "The vines that bareth not fruit he taketh away." Was a local clergyman targeting unmarried lovers for their illicit desires? Local journalist Mario Spezi had a new identity for the killer: 'The Monster of Florence'.

The police couldn't pursue the case for the remainder of the year thanks to the contamination of every crime scene to that date, after the investigating officers had failed to cordon off the areas. The beast struck again the following summer.



Paolo Mainardi and Antonella Migliorini were discovered in a ditch in Montespertoli on 20 June 1982. Migliorini had died at the scene, fear of being caught out in the open meant that the Monster hadn't mutilated her. Mainardi, still alive was rushed to hospital but he couldn't be saved. Police believed that the pair had seen the Monster in the flesh before their deaths. Journalists were instructed to report that the male victim had revealed a telling detail to the police while in hospital, hoping to scare the Monster into making a mistake.

The ambulance driver who had attempted to save Mainardi was harassed with phone calls by a man claiming to be the Monster. His safety and the safety of his family was threatened, but the calls were never traced. The e-fit was also released but the results were fruitless and the Monster remained at large.

THE SARDINIAN TRAIL

The case spun on its axis when police received a clipping from a newspaper report on a 1968 murder. Married woman Barbara Locci and her lover Antonio Lo Bianco were shot as they made love inside Lo Bianco's car in Signa – her son was asleep in the back seat. The pair had been mid-clinch when they were shot at point-blank range with a Beretta, loaded with none other than .22-calibre Winchester series 'H' bullets. Locci's husband Stefano Mele confessed to the murders, bitter over his wife's infidelity and was jailed. However, the gun was never recovered. Mele said he had

“ SHE TOO HAD BEEN SHOT BUT, BETWEEN HER PARTED LEGS, HER PUBIC REGION HAD BEEN CUT AWAY LEAVING A BLOODY GAPING WOUND ”



tossed it into the nearby river after the shootings but despite an exhaustive search, it remained lost.

While residing at a halfway house for convicts, Mele was interviewed by Spezi who was surprised when Mele told him: "They need to figure out where that pistol is otherwise there will be more murders. They will continue to kill." Who was this 'they' Mele referred to? Had he had accomplices the night he killed his wife? Had he taken the fall for others? Where were they now? And where was the gun?

Brothers, thugs and Sardinian immigrants Giovanni, Francesco and Salvatore Vinci had moved to Florence in the early 1960s. Salvatore had lived with Mele and his wife for a brief period and the brothers became her lovers before she moved onto Lo Bianco. Locci's son, who had witnessed the shooting recalled to police that he had seen three men at the scene but he was later discarded as a reliable witness. Had

ABOVE Pasquale Gentilcore and his fiancée Stefania Pettini were murdered in 1974. Pettini was stabbed 97 times and a grapevine branch used to penetrate her

ABOVE LEFT Officers and forensic examiners attending the crime scenes had not worn shoe covers, overalls or gloves while collecting the sparse evidence from almost any of the scenes, making the later investigations tasking

the Vinci brothers been Mele's accomplices? Did they now have the gun? Evidence suggested that one of the brothers potentially had a Beretta pistol that they had brought over from Sardinia but there was no definitive proof the gun was still in their possession.

Police were able to place Francesco within the areas where the recent murders had occurred. An abandoned car found days after the Montespertoli killings near the scene was traced back to Francesco. He was arrested in August 1982, a move that seemed to quiet the beast preying on the Florentine hills. But the real Monster struck again on 9 September 1983. However, in an unusual fashion for the Monster, the pair attacked were German students Wilhelm Meyer and Jens Rüschi, two men who had travelled to Italy to celebrate Meyer getting a scholarship that summer. They had been in the back of a camper van when they were shot through the windows. Police believed that the monster had mistaken Rüschi for a woman because of his long blond hair.

Prosecutors working on the case were sceptical about Francesco being the Monster, but they suspected he knew who the Monster was. Their next move was to arrest his nephew Antonio. While in custody, police attempted to play both Vincis off against each other in the hope that one would start talking. They also arrested Piero Mucciarini, Mele's brother-in-law, and Giovanni Mele, his brother.

With the clan behind bars the games between the accused and the police continued, until the morning of 30 July 1984,

PROFILING THE MONSTER

THE FBI HELPED THE ITALIAN POLICE PRODUCE A DETAILED PROFILE OF THE TYPE OF MAN THEY BELIEVED THE KILLER TO BE

- DESCRIPTION**
- Male
 - About 45 years old
 - At least 1.8m in height
 - Manual labourer
 - Average intelligence
 - Bachelor, lives alone or with an elderly person
 - Lives near place of first killing
 - Has no relations with women and likely has a sexual dysfunction
 - May use alcohol or drugs to pump himself up
 - He is not a rapist or someone convicted of sexual crimes but rather petty crimes

- MODUS OPERANDI**
- The killer does not choose the victims but rather chooses the place and the night
 - He kills the male victim first to neutralise the threat to him before attacking the woman
 - The motive of the crime is the possession of the female victim, the male is considered a mere obstacle
 - The mutilation represents either sexual inadequacy or a resentment of women
 - The surveillance of his victims shows that he has doubt about his ability to control his victims if confronted with them face-to-face
 - The use of many bullets is to ensure the victims will not survive and thus talk



Was the Monster looking for something and had he been interrupted before he could mutilate Migliorini's body?

SLAIN IN LOVER'S LANE

WHEN LOVERS PARKED THEIR CARS IN INTIMATE SIDE ROADS, THE MONSTER STRUCK, OFTEN ON A SATURDAY NIGHT AND WHEN THERE WAS NO MOON

CLUE THE GUN

The weapon is thought to belong to the 70 series, possibly a 74-inch or a 76-by-10-stroke .22-calibre Long Rifle and is thought to have been used for shooting sports. The defect on the firing pin is key to the investigation.

VICTIMS ANTONIO LO BIANCO AND BARBARA LOCCI

Locci and her lover Lo Bianco were shot in Lo Bianco's car as her son slept. Her husband, Stefano Mele, confessed but he'd allegedly taken the fall for Locci's former lover Salvatore Vinci, who threatened to expose Mele as a homosexual.

CLUE THE KNIFE

The knife is considered to be a unique weapon with a small notch on one side, similar to that of a scuba knife. It has never been found.

WITNESS THE FARMER

A local man told investigators that he saw the copper Fiat belonging to Foggi. At around midnight he had heard John Lennon's *Imagine* playing in the car when it suddenly stopped. He heard no gunshots though.

VICTIMS PAOLO MAINARDI AND ANTONELLA MIGLIORINI

Police believed that as Migliorini was getting dressed, Mainardi spotted the monster and reversed the car out of the clearing to get away but ended up in a ditch. The Monster shot out the front lights to plunge the couple into darkness before shooting them.

CLUE DOORSTOP

Discovered close to the couple's car it was later thought to belong to a Satanic cult but this has never been proven.

CLUE FOOTPRINT

A size 44 footprint was found at the scene of the murder. It is considered likely to belong to the Monster and apparently confirms that the police are looking for a tall and robust individual.

VICTIMS

STEFANO BALDI AND SUSANNA CAMBI

The pair were killed on a Thursday night, however the next day was a public holiday so most people would be off work, this gave investigators the idea that the Monster was a working man. The murder was also supposedly carried out to show that Spalletti was not the Monster.

VICTIMS

GIOVANNI FOGGI AND CARMELA DE NUCCIO

De Nuccio had been lifted from the car as opposed to dragged. Although she was discovered naked, only the gold chain around her neck remained. The killer had used three cuts to remove her vagina.

VICTIMS

JEAN-MICHEL KRAVEICHVILI AND NADINE MAURIOT

The killer drew the French campers out of their tent before shooting them. Kraveichvili ran but the killer caught him and slit his throat. He removed Mauriot's vagina and left breast before zipping her inside the tent.

WITNESS

SABRINA CARMIGNANI

Carmignani drove through the site on Sunday afternoon where the French tourists were. Feeling creeped out by the scene yet unaware the victims had been murdered, she and her boyfriend left. They saw a car on the way out but Carmignani cannot remember anything about it.

when Claudio Stefanacci and Pia Rontini were discovered in Vicchio. They had been slain in the typical Monster fashion, however, Rontini's left breast had also been ripped off as well as her pubic area mutilated. The clan were released shortly after. Salvatore was kept under 24-hour surveillance but in September the surveillance was suspended.

THE KILLER'S CLIMAX

During the final weeks of the following summer, on 9 September another couple were discovered. This time the Monster had made an effort to hide the bodies, zipping the female victim, 36-year-old Nadine Mauriot inside a tent and attempting to camouflage the male's body, 25-year-old Jean-Michel Kraveichvili, with branches and leaves. However, mushroom foragers stumbled across the scene near San Casciano. Mauriot's vagina and left breast had been removed. The heat of her tomb had devastating effects on her body.



! EVENT A PRINCE DIES

Prince Roberto Corsini was shot dead by a poacher in 1984 in Florence. Shortly after, the castle was broken into but nothing was taken. The town gossiped that the prince had been the Monster, had been murdered in a blackmail bid gone wrong, and that the break-in had resulted in important information being stolen to prove it.

VICTIMS PASQUALE GENTILCORE AND STEFANIA PETTINI

Gentilcore was shot first followed by Pettini who was then stabbed 97 times. The vine inserted into her vagina gave investigators the impression that the killer was impotent and therefore unable to rape his victims.

VICTIMS CLAUDIO STEFANACCI AND PIA RONTINI

Discovered by their friends after they split off from the rest of the group. Rontini's sexual organs had been mutilated. The pair were killed on a Sunday while the Sardinian clan were in custody.

WITNESS UNIDENTIFIED WITNESS

It was reported anonymously to the police that gunshots had sounded off at around 9.40pm the same evening Rontini and Stefanacci had been killed.

CLUE A HANDPRINT

A left hand print found on the top of the car at the scene of the Rontini and Stefanacci murders led investigators to believe that the killer was right handed – he'd held the gun in his right and steadied himself with his left.

VICTIMS WILHELM MEYER AND JENS RÜSCH

Police thought the killer was over 180cm tall as he'd shot through the high camper van windows. Police were also concerned that the murders happened on a Friday not a Saturday. They had also happened when Francesco Vinci was incarcerated.

CLUE THE BULLETS

Winchester casings marked with the letter H were found at the scene. The ammo is thought to have come from the same two boxes containing 50 cartridges but this was very common at the time of the killings.

5km

The following day, prosecutor Silvia Della Monica received a letter at her office. Inside the envelope, she found a piece of Mauriot's left breast. She immediately resigned from the case and sought out protection from bodyguards. The San Casciano murders were the last of the monster's reign but the Carabinieri and the police refused to rest, offering a reward of half a billion Italian lire (around £200,000 at the time) for information that would lead to the arrest of the monster.

A letter pointed the finger at Pietro Pacciani, a farmer from Vicchio, who had served time for killing a man who had tried to seduce his girlfriend in 1951. Once he had bludgeoned him to death, Pacciani raped his cheating girlfriend next to the corpse. But Pacciani, now 60, was riddled with ailments.

It was hard to imagine him being capable of chasing down victims or lumbering toward cars undetected. The investigating judge, Mario Rotella, was sure Salvatore was the Monster and that the gun used in the murders hadn't left the Sardinian clan he believed to be involved in the 1968 slayings. He served Salvatore a notice informing him of his suspect status and at the end of 1985, the Sardinian native was extradited back to the island. He faced trial two years later, accused of murdering his wife in 1961, who had supposedly committed suicide. But Salvatore was acquitted and was never seen again after he walked out of the court a free man.

THE INVESTIGATION

MORE THAN 100,000 MEN WERE INVESTIGATED BY POLICE BUT VIA MODERN TECHNOLOGY, THIS HUGE NUMBER WAS WHITTLED DOWN TO JUST ONE. COULD THIS BE THE KILLER?

After Salvatore disappeared, Rotella was forced to remove himself from the investigation and hand it over to the Polizia di Stato Chief Inspector and head of the Anti-Monster Crime Squad Ruggero Perugini, who started the investigation from scratch. The problem was that no evidence or samples from the crime scene had been preserved. Instead Perugini, who favoured methods used by the FBI, turned to the use of computer crime databases. He eliminated suspects one by one until one name caught his attention repeatedly: Pacciani.

Perugini reasoned that as per Pacciani's own statement from his trial, when he saw his girlfriend bare her left breast to the travelling salesman with whom she had snuck away with into a field, it triggered a murderous rage. Had this become a repeated pattern with Florence's young couples? Items taken from Pacciani's home in 1992 during an 11-day search were only circumstantial as evidence of him being the Monster, but when a Winchester series H bullet was discovered in the earth outside Pacciani's home, the investigators closed in on him. Although the evidence was flimsy at best, seeing as the bullets were hardly rare in Italy, it was enough to tie him to the murder weapon used in all seven killings.

His trial, which began in April 1994, was televised. Pacciani pleaded his innocence but it fell on deaf ears as he was convicted for six of the seven double homicides. With Pacciani behind bars for life, Florence began to breathe easy. But before long rumours started to

“ PACCIANI PLEADED HIS INNOCENCE BUT IT FELL ON DEAF EARS AS HE WAS CONVICTED FOR SIX OF THE SEVEN DOUBLE HOMICIDES ”

circulate that the bullet was planted. According to Spezi's book, *The Monster Of Florence: A True Story*, co-authored by Douglas Preston, a Carabinieri officer expressed his doubt to Spezi about the authenticity of the discovery of the bullet and other items found in Pacciani's home. Pacciani also claimed that the bullet, found by the ambitious Perugini, was planted.

There was much doubt over the time of death of the French tourists, with camps divided between the Saturday and Sunday evening. On the Saturday, typically the favoured night by the Monster, Pacciani had a strong alibi for his whereabouts. The fact that one of the victims had sprinted away from the killer in a bid to escape also troubled many as Pacciani had received multiple bypass surgeries on his heart – he was hardly capable of sprinting after the young male victim.

The Supreme Court of Cassation quashed the verdict in 1996. However the police received confessions from four of Pacciani's 'friends' tying him to the killings. A prostitute, Gabriella Ghiribelli, her pimp Norberto Galli, former postman Mario Vanni and village drunkard Giancarlo Lotti confessed that they helped Pacciani commit the murders. Vanni and Lotti were both given jail sentences of life and 24

years respectively for being the monster's accomplices. Pacciani died in 1998 from a suspected heart attack before he could be brought in for a second trial. Some believe the farmer was poisoned, after the autopsy showed a heightened level of his heart medication.

Ghiribelli had confessed that they were all part of a secret cult 'The School Of The Red Rose', and had been ordered to kill and sacrifice the local youths by high ranking figures in the city in a black magic ritual. Police pursued this believing it may lead them to answers about the Monster's identity. Spezi continued to investigate the case through his journalism, not convinced of the theory that a Satanic cult was behind the killings. Michele Giuttari was the chief police investigator on the Monster case from 1995 to 2003 and wrote his own book indicating that the murders were the work of a Satanic cult, a theory Spezi and Preston ridiculed. Instead Spezi's mind settled on the Vincis' nephew Antonio as the killer but the Sardinian has denied this theory. When Spezi and Preston met in 2000 while writing their book, they found themselves under the scrutiny of the police who accused them each of being the Monster and tampering with evidence in the case, but neither was ever charged.



A FAMILIAR FACE

BEFORE PROSECUTOR GIULIANO MIGNINI TACKLED AMANDA KNOX ABOUT HER ALLEGED 'SATANIC' KILLING OF MEREDITH KERCHER, HE WEIGHED IN HEAVILY ON THE MONSTER CASE

A central figure in the Amanda Knox murder trial in 2007 was prosecutor Giuliano Mignini, who erroneously believed Knox to have murdered her roommate Meredith Kercher while studying in Italy in a demonically motivated attack. Knox was eventually cleared of the murder charges despite Mignini's best efforts. But prior to becoming a central figure of one of the most notorious trials in history, Mignini was part of the Monster case. In 2001, he claimed that a doctor who had committed suicide just weeks after the final murders conducted by the Monster had been a member of a Satanic cult. Not only that, but he accused the man, Dr Francesco

Narducci of being the keeper of those body parts that had been stolen from the victims. Mignini, who had been convicted of abuse of office while pursuing the case, alleged that the doctor was killed to keep him quiet. His theory was an elaborate conspiracy made up of 20 people, including government officials and law enforcement officers, who he alleged were a secret group behind the Monster killings. Mignini indicted the 20 people and charged them with the concealment of Narducci's murder. His theory included body doubles and the doctor's body being swapped twice. The accused were all cleared of charges.



LEFT Mario Vanni a former postman had given a damning testimony while on the stand during Pacciani's 1994 trial, answering that the pair were simply "picnicking friends" to almost every question

BELOW The FBI profile depicted the Monster as sexually impotent, which Pacciani was not. In fact he was overly sexual, imprisoned in the mid 1980s for raping his own daughters



For one Peeping Tom, the night of the new moon gave him opportunity to kill under the cover of darkness



THE AFTERMATH

PACCIANI IS DEAD, THE KILLINGS HAVE CEASED, BUT THE MYSTERY PREVAILS

Although the four witnesses were imprisoned for their alleged part in the killings of the seven couples, in June 2005, pharmacist Francesco Calamandrei fell suspect to the investigators. His wife had repeatedly reported the strange behaviour of her husband, particularly the night that the French campers were killed. Police suspected Calamandrei was the leader of a Satanic cult that had commissioned Pacciani and his friends to carry out the killings. The body parts severed from the victims were supposedly taken because female sex organs in the height of an orgasm are thought to be the most powerful kind of sacrifice that can be offered to the devil.

During an 11-hour search of Calamandrei's home in 2004, police seized ten boxes of pornographic material and paperwork. As well as Calamandrei, 13 others were also investigated. Officials claimed they had "concrete proof to unmask" those behind the murders. But Calamandrei was acquitted and killed himself in 2012.

In 2015, it was believed that the gun used in the killings had been located in a closet at the Potenza Carabinieri office. But it was ruled out as the weapon following investigations.

As of 2017, former legionary Giampiero Vigilanti, 86, has been entered into the list of suspects. But Vigilanti denies any involvement in the killings, telling investigators: "Look elsewhere I am not the Monster". He also refutes the theory that Pacciani was involved in the killings. It was also recently announced that the discovery of DNA, not attributable to the victims was discovered on a forgotten relic of the last murder. The bloody handkerchief was found a few days after the murders in a bush along with surgeon's gloves.

Professor Riccardo of Cagliesi Institute of Legal Medicine of Florence, had in 1985 drawn up a 13-page report, indicating that the material was of human blood group B. A brown human hair follicle was also found on the bodies of Cambi and Baldi. Professor Riccardo's findings were forgotten until late July 2017 when the prosecutor of Florence performed DNA testing, in order to compare it with that of the suspects and convicted criminals. Examiners have said that reliable genetic findings have also been extracted from the envelopes sent to the judges by the killer.

Each participant in the investigation has their own theory. Some believe Pacciani was the killer and that his merry band of accomplices have been sufficiently detained. For others, the Sardinian native who was never seen again after his trial for murder is still a condemned man. There remain many unanswered questions about the case. However the most popular theory, given to the Italian police's inability to successfully conduct a murder investigation, is that the real killer never has and never will be caught.

WHO KILLED THE BOY IN THE BOX?

FOUND DEAD AT THE ROADSIDE, THE SEARCH FOR THE IDENTITY OF 'AMERICA'S UNKNOWN CHILD' AND HIS KILLER CONTINUES

On one brisk February morning in northeast Philadelphia, John Powroznik carefully snuck into the woodland next to Susquehanna Road, a narrow country lane in Fox Chase. He was anxious to see whether his muskrat traps had been successful; their fur fetched a pretty price back in 1957 and he could do with the money. As he located his traps, he stumbled across a large cardboard box. Overcome with curiosity, he knelt down and peered inside. To his amazement, he saw the motionless body of a small boy, wrapped in a flannel blanket. The man had seen enough. He backed away from the box and left his traps unchecked. He considered ringing the police and telling them of his discovery but chose not to, as his traps were illegal and he feared prosecution. His brother had found the body of a man who had committed suicide several months earlier, and when the police questioned him he'd found it very stressful. Two days later, the body was rediscovered by a college student, Frederick Benonis, who was also anxious about contacting the authorities as he had been in the area to spy on young women at the nearby school. He waited a day before reluctantly calling the police and informing them of the boy's location.

The police quickly attended the scene and removed the body from the box to see what they were dealing with. It was immediately apparent that the boy was severely malnourished, weighing only 13.6 kilograms (30 pounds), far too light for a boy aged roughly five years old. He'd clearly suffered multiple blows to the head (later established as the cause of death) and had endured a lifetime of abuse, with fresh and faded bruising to most of his body. He had a number of surgical scars, one on his groin potentially from a hernia operation as well as one on his chest and ankle. Detectives also noticed that the boy's hair had been crudely

“ HE'D CLEARLY SUFFERED MULTIPLE BLOWS TO THE HEAD (ESTABLISHED AS CAUSE OF DEATH) AND HAD ENDURED A LIFETIME OF ABUSE ”

The police created this forensic reconstruction of the boy in the hope that someone would recognise him

The boy's body was found wrapped in a cheap blanket, stuffed inside a cardboard box at the side of the road



cut with much of it still on his body, indicating it had been done when he was naked, either soon after death or immediately before.

A WAITING GAME

Although troubled by the nature of the boy's death, the police were confident someone would come forward with information as soon as the media reported the case. Missing children were almost always reported by loved ones, and they could compare the deceased's fingerprints and footprints to local hospital records. Aside from the body, there was a plethora of evidence at the scene. Belonging originally to a baby's bassinet, the cardboard box bore the name of the store it had come from, along with the manufacturer's serial number. Just 4.6 metres (15 feet) from the body the police found a distinctive cap, fitted with a leather strap across the back, which they hoped belonged to the killer or someone that knew

something about the victim. Due to its unusual design the police were able to trace the cap back to the manufacturer, who revealed that it was one of 12 made before May 1956. She remembered a blonde man in his twenties asking for the leather strap to be added, but unfortunately had no record of his name as he had paid in cash. In an effort to jog someone's memory, the police dressed the child in clothes and sat him upright, but no one came forward.

After days turned into months, the police's optimism began to wane. Surely someone knew something – they couldn't believe that the photographs they'd circulated had failed. The detectives didn't give up easily though; the case became the most heavily investigated in the history of Philadelphia. A search involving more than 600 people was ordered to investigate a 31 square kilometre (12 square mile) area, and 20 detectives knocked on the door of 300 homes. In spite of their best efforts no major leads were uncovered. On each anniversary of the victim's discovery the media would spark up interest in the case, which often resulted in some leads, but none that checked out. The boy's identity remained a mystery, along with the killer's.



The blanket the body was wrapped in was mass produced and couldn't be traced back to the owner

THE FOSTER HOME

Remington Bristow, an investigator who worked for the Medical Examiner's Office, was a man who tirelessly researched the case, spending more than 35 years chasing every potential lead no matter the frivolity. He made every effort to keep the case in the public eye, and even had a 'death mask' of the boy on his desk, symbolising that he would speak for the child if no one else would.

Located roughly 2.4 kilometres (1.5 miles) from the site where the child was found was a foster home, which catered for around 25 children at a time. It was run by the Nicoletti family, who Bristow believed were responsible for the child's death right up until he died in 1993. His theory was that the boy was the son of the owner's stepdaughter and had died by accident despite being regularly abused. He thought that the family chose to dump the boy's body so that the stepdaughter would not be exposed as an unwed mother, something that would bring scandal and criticism to the family and their business. When Bristow visited the foster home, he came across a set of blankets similar to the one the boy's body was wrapped in. He also found a bassinet similar to the one sold by JC Penney, the company that had manufactured the cardboard box

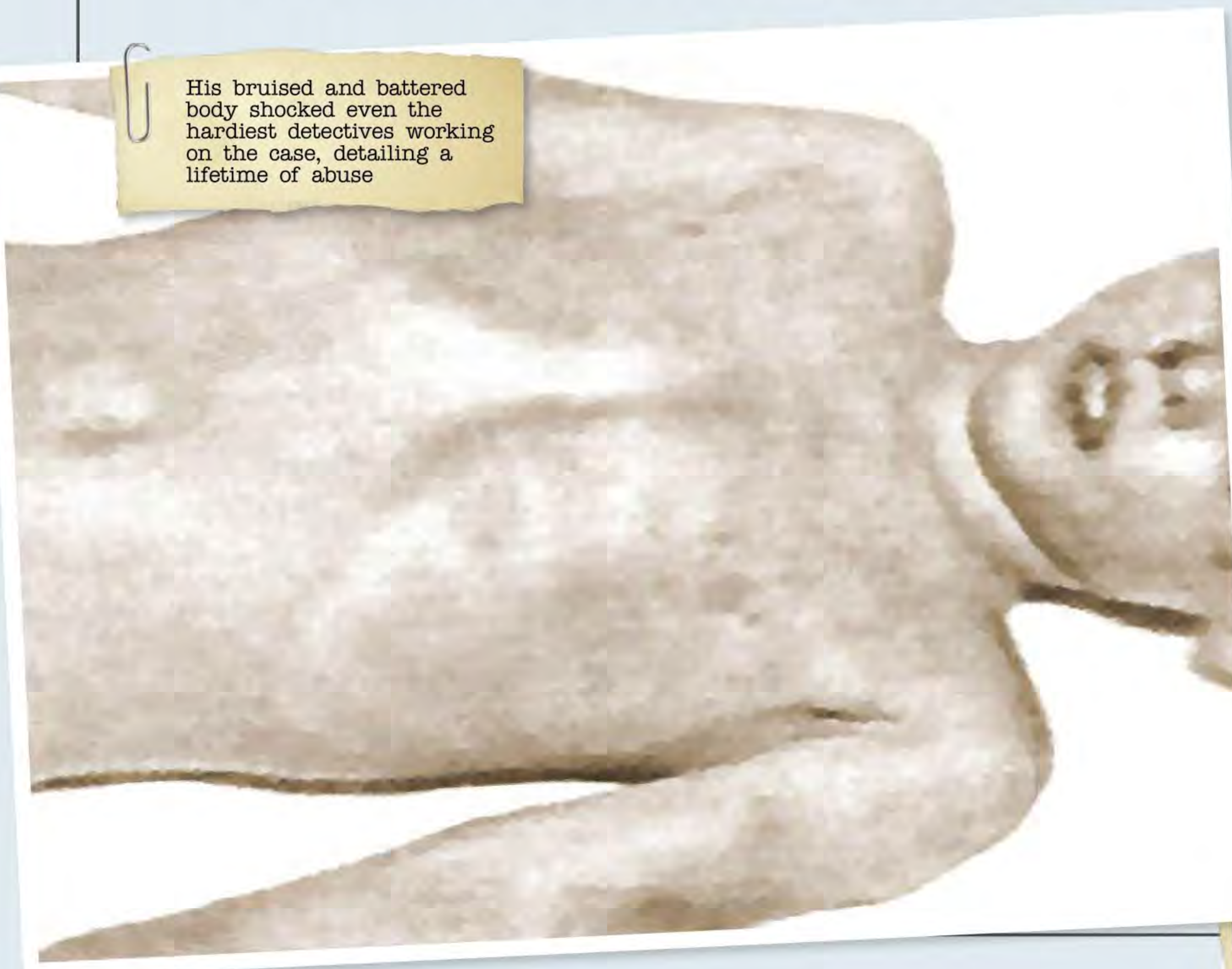
the victim was found inside. Philadelphia police spoke to both the owner and the stepdaughter (whom he had recently married), but found that there was only circumstantial evidence against them. A later DNA test confirmed that the victim wasn't the stepdaughter's child, closing this line of investigation once and for all.

THE WOMAN CALLED 'M'

Over four decades after the investigation opened, the police came across the most interesting lead since the case began. A woman identified only as 'M' told her psychiatrist that she had been present when the boy was killed and that the perpetrator was her own mother, a local school teacher. During two years of regular police interviews, the woman revealed that her mother had swapped an envelope of cash for the boy, at a house in an area she didn't recognise. As soon as she brought him home she began to regularly abuse him, which continued for a year or so. M said the boy never spoke a word, possibly due to a mental or physical disability. His mother referred to him as Jonathan, but there was no proof that this was his actual name. One afternoon, the boy was sick after eating some baked beans. M's mother was so enraged by this that she threw him into their bath tub and beat him, smashing his head against the bathroom floor until he stopped moving. This

"SHE THREW HIM INTO THEIR BATH TUB AND BEAT HIM, SMASHING HIS HEAD INTO THE FLOOR"

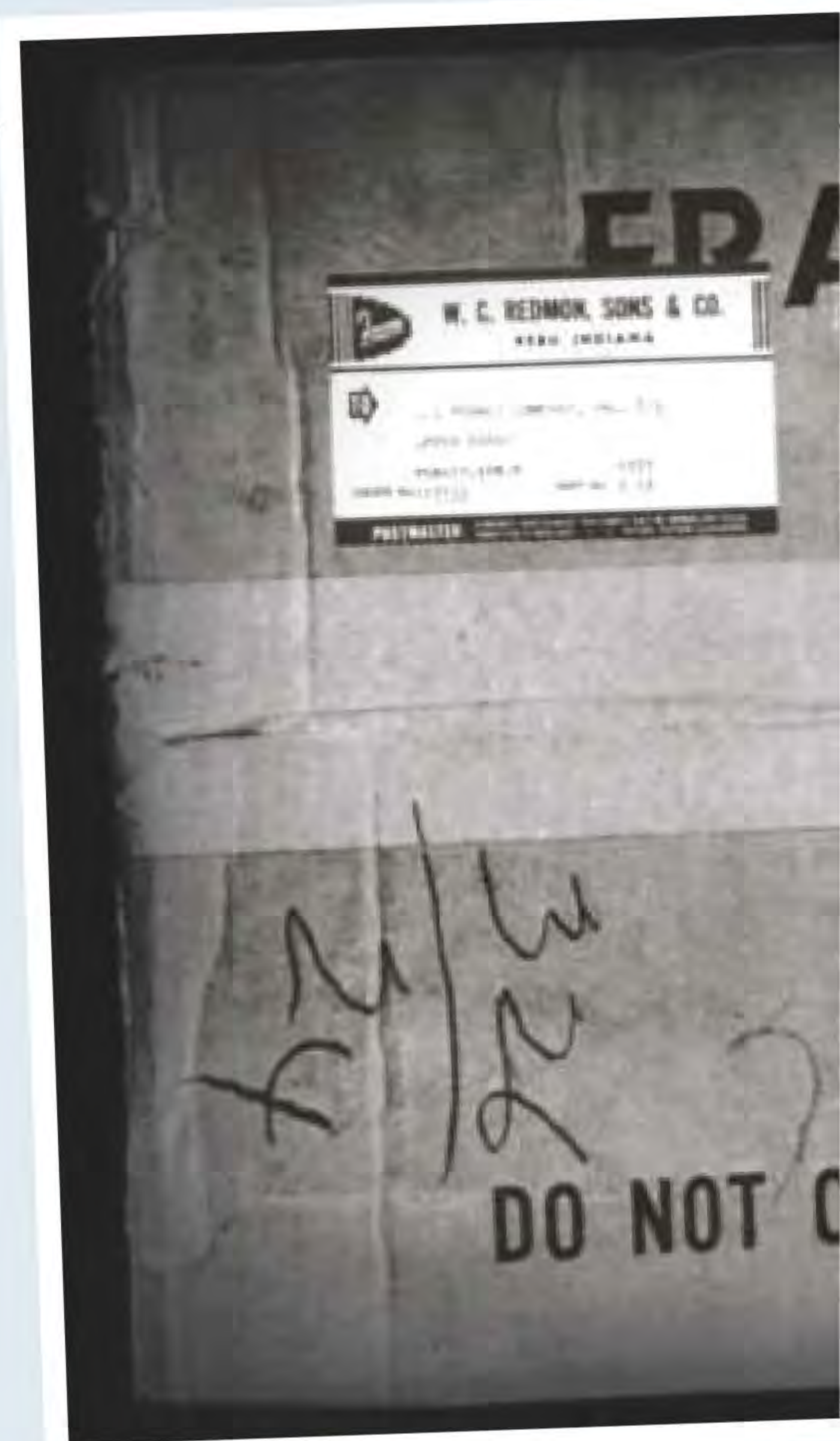
His bruised and battered body shocked even the hardest detectives working on the case, detailing a lifetime of abuse



account seemed to match the evidence perfectly – the vomiting accounted for the dark residue found in the boy's throat that was consistent with recent sickness and the head injuries could have definitely been caused in the way M described. M claimed that once her mother realised the boy was dead, she took her along to dispose of the body. When M's mother stopped at the side of the road and was about to remove the body from the car's boot, a male motorist pulled over and asked whether she needed help. Being careful to shield the car's number plate, she ignored him until he left them alone. This was corroborated by the male himself, who had come forward and told the investigators that he had seen a woman



Footprints were taken at birth as standard in all hospitals, but none were found to match those of the victim



The box originally contained a baby's bassinet, which was never recovered

AGILE

OPEN WITH KNIFE

and a boy (M was often mistaken for a boy when she was younger) at the side of the road two days before the boy was discovered, trying to unload something from the car.

M's story was highly plausible; when three investigators travelled to speak with her in person they were impressed, noting how articulate and believable she was. She held a PhD, and was a respective member of her academic field. Unfortunately for the police, her history of mental illness put her reliability in doubt. The investigators also felt that she was holding something back, confirming some details while failing to elaborate on others. This led the investigators to feel that it wouldn't be possible to prove her story in court, in spite of how compelling they found it. They hope she will one day visit the child's grave, and speak with investigators again to clear up some of the details that are still hazy. However, M feels that she's done all she can – there's no motivation for her to spend more time recounting upsetting events.

For now, the case remains open. The investigators are still desperate to bring the killer to justice, but without any new leads it's highly unlikely. There's one thing that they all crave beyond all else – to finally discover the name to engrave on the child's headstone.

INFORMATION WANTED



Posters showing the boy's face and detailing where he was found were circulated throughout Philadelphia to no avail

Photographs depict unidentified boy, whose nude body was found in a cardboard carton, in a thicket, near Susquehanna and Verree Roads, Fox Chase, Philadelphia, 3:45 p.m., Monday, February 25, 1957. Death caused by head injuries. Multiple bruises over entire body. Death estimated to have occurred from three days to two weeks prior to discovery. No clothing found. Body covered by blanket. Man's cloth cap found adjacent to body.

Description of Boy: 4 to 5 years, height 40½", weight 30 lbs., blue eyes, fair complexion; medium to light brown hair, crudely cut; full set baby teeth; no deformities; "L"-shaped scar under chin; no vaccination scar; tonsils not removed; no bone fractures; finger and toe nails neatly clipped; clothing size probably 4; shoe size, 8-D.



Blanket made of cheap cotton flannel, patterned with diamonds and blocks in green, rust and white, colors faded. Overall size 64" x 76" with section 31" x 26" missing. Clean, apparently washed recently. Mended with poor-grade cotton thread on home-type sewing machine.



Man's cap, size 7½, leather strap in back, royal blue corduroy material. In excellent condition, with large roll of paper tissue in sweatband. Manufacturer's stamp in lining of crown, Robbins Bald Eagle Cap, 2603 South 7th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Carton, size 15" x 19" x 35". Originally contained white bassinet, price \$7.50, sold at J. C. Penney store, 69th and Chestnut Sts., Upper Darby, Pa., between December 3, 1956 and February 16, 1957.

It is requested that citizens and law enforcement, welfare, and child caring agencies supply information concerning boys of this age and description, known to be in the custody of persons who would abuse them; also, the disappearance or absence of any child answering this description. Newspaper, radio, and television publicity requested.

THE INVESTIGATION TODAY

Over 60 years since the boy's discovery, the chances of finding either his identity or the killer's is highly unlikely. Many of the police who took part in the original investigation are either retired or dead, and the unfortunate reality is that the killer may have also passed away – he or she may never be brought to justice. The Vidocq Society, a crime fighting group founded in France, remain interested in the case. They've applied as many modern forensic techniques as they can to the surviving evidence, but the chance of finding anything new at this stage is highly unlikely. Even DNA tests failed to shed light on the boy's identity, although the scientists were only able to extract a small amount, not enough to produce a full band. It's also likely that

anyone who could have helped the investigation has either done so already or will take their secrets to the grave.

When the boy's body was exhumed for a DNA test in 1999, the team of investigators noticed how dishevelled his grave had become, littered with condoms and rubbish. The decision was made there and then to move the burial site from potter's field to Ivy Hill Cemetery, where a prime plot was kindly donated by the owners. Today, it's still visited regularly by the detectives involved in the case and well-wishers, and is covered with toys and kind words as opposed to litter. It's fitting that the boy is loved and cared for in death, as he was clearly starved of affection during his short life.

£50 MILLION DA VINCI DUPE

THIEVES TOLD SLACK-JAWED ONLOOKERS THEY WERE THE POLICE, BUT IT WAS THE MEN WHO RECOVERED THE MASTERPIECE THAT ULTIMATELY FELT THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW





Dressed in disguises, two men quickly made their way through the doors of Scotland's Drumlanrig Castle, beginning their avid search for the beautiful virgin queen who resided there under the watchful eye of the duke's guards. It took them little time to locate her in the oak-panelled staircase hall. Their ruse had allowed them to penetrate the castle's high walls undetected and now they had found what they came for. With the demure female tucked under one man's arm, the disguised duo bolted out of the nearest window, shimmying down the wall before jumping aboard their noble steed and making off deep into the forest. The story resembles a Medieval drama but the two men in the castle are not heroes, they are thieves, the 'noble steed' was actually a white Volkswagen Golf GTI driven by two getaway drivers, and the 'fair lady' they sought out was a painting worth up to £50 million, created by arguably the most famous artist in the history of the world. The heist was one of the most notorious cases ever investigated by the Dumfries and Galloway Constabulary and sparked an international manhunt. Scotland Police and the FBI eagerly searched for the missing masterpiece in the hope of returning it to its rightful owner, 80-year-old John Scott, the ninth duke of Buccleuch, who was also the 53rd richest person in Britain at the time. Four men were arrested for their trouble of retrieving the stolen painting, accused of extortion, but the thieves' identity is as much an enigma as the identity of da Vinci's most famous work, the *Mona Lisa*.

CAUGHT ON CAMERA

Security cameras at Drumlanrig Castle spotted the two men who had posed as 'casual' visitors walk through the doors on 27 August 2003, shortly after it opened to the public at 11am. With their aim in mind they quickly determined the location of their target tour guide, 25-year-old Alison Russell, who was working at Drumlanrig Castle that summer and was unfortunate enough to be standing between the men and the object of their desires. Sneaking up behind her, one assailant placed his hand over her mouth and ordered her to kneel on the ground, with an axe in tow he told her should she refuse and cause a disturbance, he would kill her. As the painting was pulled from the wall, the security alarms sounded, their piercing shrieks alerting the staff to the heist that was taking place in the Staircase Gallery.

The loot that the men had targeted was Leonardo da Vinci's *Madonna Of The Yarnwinder*, painted in the early-16th century for Florimond Robertet, the secretary of state to France's king, Louis XIII. The painting was just one of the many iconic possessions belonging to the duke and was hung in the family's private castle, which was situated in a vast estate 27 kilometres north of Dumfries in Scotland. The painting was one of the most reputable attractions at the castle, as it hung alongside other such works including Rembrandt's *Old Woman Reading* and Holbein's portrait of Sir Nicholas Carew.

“SNEAKING UP BEHIND HER, ONE ASSAILANT PLACED HIS HAND OVER HER MOUTH AND ORDERED HER TO KNEEL”



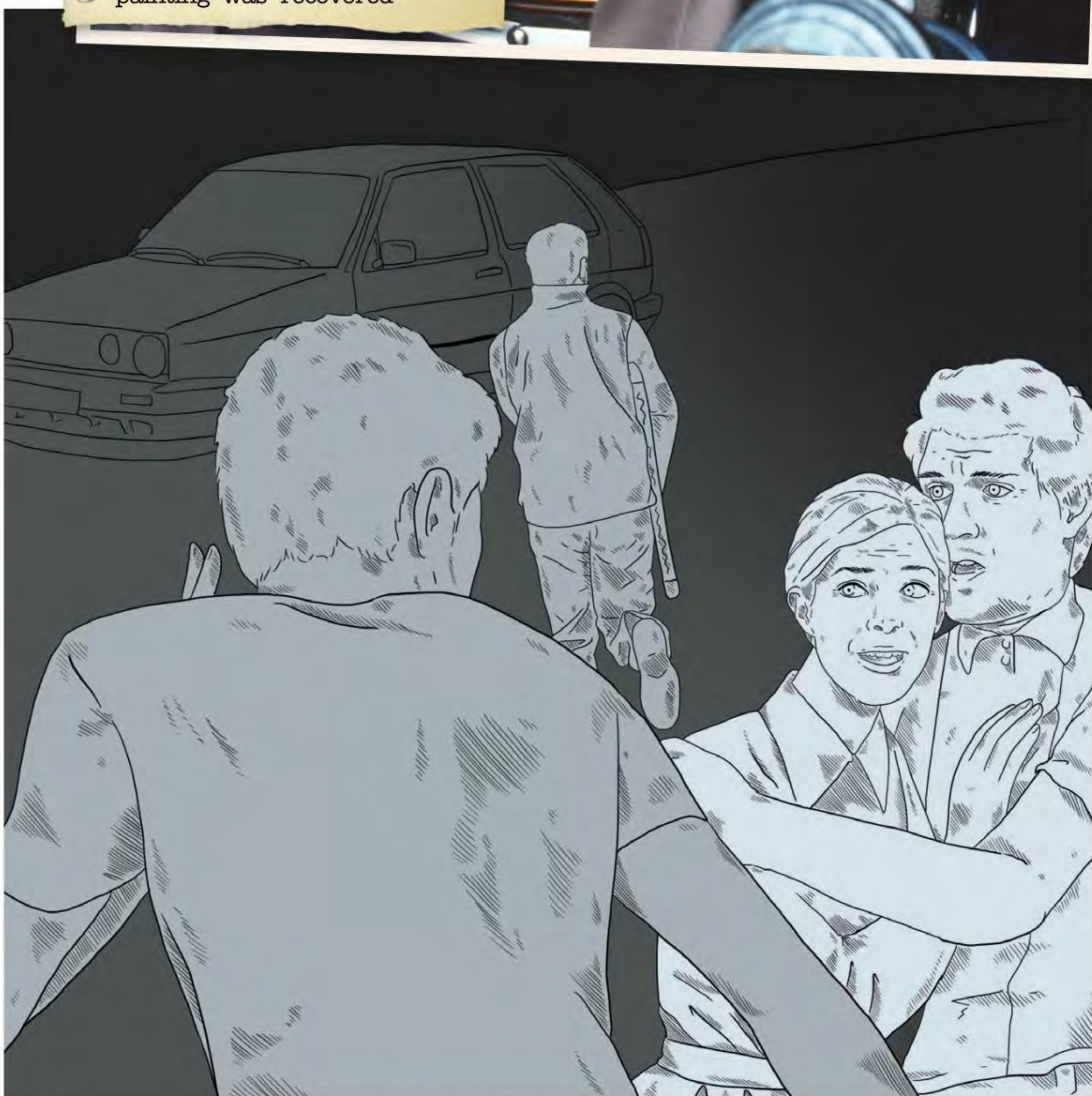
ABOVE With 120 rooms, 17 turrets and four towers, the whole of Drumlanrig Castle was thrown into chaos when two men made off with the jewel in the crown



ABOVE A young woman working at the castle was restrained by the thieves who threatened her life if she got in the way of their operation



The Duke of Buccleuch died of a short illness at the age of 83, just a month before the painting was recovered



ABOVE Olive and Graeme Reed from New Zealand had been visiting family in Scotland when they found themselves in the midst of one of the country's highest profile criminal heists



ABOVE Following the recovery of the famous painting several years after it went missing, it became part of the National Scottish Gallery's collection

The duke's extensive art collection was valued at £405 million. For much of the year, the ancestral home, also dubbed the Pink Palace, displays the family's art and welcomes the public to view it. The *Madonna Of The Yarnwinder* was the centrepiece of his collection, being transported between the duke's homes throughout the year. The painting shows the Virgin Mary holding the infant Jesus in her arms as he leans towards a yarnwinder, seemingly fascinated by the item, the spindles of which make a cross. It is said to foreshadow the crucifixion of Jesus and was the only da Vinci piece of a remaining 15 to be in private hands.

When the thieves realised their cover had been blown, they had to act fast. Unbolting a nearby French window, they bungled out of the building with the painting in their possession. Two New Zealander tourists were startled to see the men appear from the window above their heads. "Don't worry love, we're the police. This is just practice," said one man before the duo dashed towards their getaway car a short distance away. The castle's gardener, John Chrystie, spotted the men as they ran for their getaway vehicle and noticed the prized heirloom they held in their hands. Chrystie attempted to chase the men down but was stopped in his tracks when the axe-wielding burglar brandished his weapon at him, reminding him of the high price he would pay should he attempt to relieve them of their loot. Although visitors at the castle took pictures of the two men bolting towards the getaway car, no one was able to stop them from speeding off down the hill into the distance with the duke's painting.

A STROKE OF LUCK

One of Scotland's smallest police forces, the Dumfries and Galloway Constabulary, was tasked with retrieving the

STORMING THE CASTLE

THE BRAZEN BUT CAREFULLY PLANNED ROBBERY COULD EASILY HAVE GONE WRONG FOR THE THIEVES

**MADONNA OF THE
YARNWINDER**

WITNESS **SARAH SKENE**

A shop assistant at the castle, who was in her 70s, heard the commotion and peered into the hall, where she spotted a man holding an axe and another with the painting in hand.

CLUE **WHITE VOLKSWAGEN GOLF GTI**

Positioned to one side of the castle, the getaway drivers waited patiently as the men inside the castle stole the painting from the Staircase Gallery before speeding off down the hill from the estate.

WITNESS **ALISON RUSSELL**

The tour guide was threatened by the thieves just minutes before they absconded out of the castle's French windows with the painting tucked under their arms.

EVENT **THIEVES ENTER THE CASTLE**

The two men responsible for the theft walked through the front doors of the castle disguised and with their faces concealed from the camera at about 11am.



CLUE **SECURITY CAMERA STILLs**

Scottish Police retrieved a series of images from the castle's CCTV that they say show two men visiting the castle in the weeks leading up to the heist "scoping the place out".

Situated on the Queensbury Estate in Dumfries and Galloway, a normal day at Drumlanrig Castle was disrupted when thieves stole the precious painting and escaped without a trace





ABOVE Once the painting was handed over to business partners Graham and Doyle, accomplice Ronald received a call and told by the pair, "The lady is on her way"

painting. Despite this force having only a minute team, some of the officers had experience with notorious and high-profile cases, including the infamous Lockerbie bombing in 1988. The first step for the police was to release descriptions of two men who had been sighted near the castle on the morning of 27 August. One man, believed to be in his early 40s, was estimated to be 1.7 metres tall, clean-shaven and slim. He had been wearing cream trousers with a black belt, a cream T-shirt and a brown Nubuck leather jacket. He had also been wearing a brown baseball cap and round-framed glasses. The other man suspected of being his accomplice in the heist was described as being in his late 40s, also clean-shaven and of a slim build. He was estimated to be 1.8 metres tall. This man had been wearing black trousers, black shoes, a cream long-sleeved shirt and a sleeveless taupe safari-type jacket. He had also been wearing a wide brimmed hat. The men's head wear had concealed their identities well from the security cameras inside the castle; they had lowered their heads and shielded their faces with their hands to prevent further identification.

An e-fit was released by police of one of the perpetrators in the hope that he might be known to the public, however,

“ ALL THE EVIDENCE POINTED TO WHAT APPEARED TO BE A WELL-REHEARSED, WELL-PLANNED AND NOW WELL-EXECUTED HEIST ”

POINTING FINGERS

With limited CCTV sightings of the pair who stole the da Vinci painting, the identity of the thieves to this day remains unknown. However, during the eight-week trial of the four men involved in its recovery, undercover officer 'Craig' told the court how Ronald had an idea as to what type of person might have stolen the painting, after the group's liaisons with the go-betweens when arranging the delivery of the painting. During one of their many phone conversations, Ronald told him that, "It had been stolen by members of the gypsy or travelling community and had not left Glasgow," and that the painting had ended up in the men's possessions because of a "dodgy £700,000 real estate deal that went wrong."

this tactic proved quite ineffective and very little information was gathered that could lead to a formal identification.

BBC's *Crimewatch* launched a televised appeal in the following month, in the hope of obtaining potentially crucial information on the painting's whereabouts. The show urged viewers with any clue as to the identity of the thieves to phone their hotline. A reconstruction of the robbery was aired, along with an image of a Rover 600 that police had found in the weeks after the heist that they believed to be of crucial importance in the case. CCTV footage was also a core focus of the appeal after police suspected that two men who had visited the castle prior to the time of the crime was committed might have been inspecting the castle to assist the thieves. After the show aired, two callers provided operators with the same address and possible names of a man who they suspected had purchased one of the getaway vehicles in Edinburgh. The police were able to trace the car as being in Carlisle in the week leading up to the heist and worked towards pinpointing its location the night before the thieves targeted the castle. However, after a meticulous search, the investigation began to wind down as the trickle of clues and evidence slowed.

All the evidence pointed to what appeared to be a well-rehearsed, well-planned and now well-executed heist, the men had not simply stumbled upon the castle by accident: it was more than an hour and half's drive from Glasgow and two hours from the Scottish capital Edinburgh, and the heist was pulled off at a time when there were few people around.

THE INVESTIGATION

BUSINESS PARTNERS STUMBLED UPON A CLUE THAT WOULD SEE THEM COME INTO POSSESSION OF THE STOLEN PAINTING

Private investigators Robbie Graham and John Doyle had a side project to their business, The Crown Private Investigation agency. Stolen Stuff Reunited, an online message board, was set up by the pair with the aim of gathering information on stolen goods and returning them to their owners for a finder's fee. According to Graham, the site dealt in small trinkets and items of sentimental value as opposed to grand stolen artefacts. In 2007, Doyle was approached by a man known only as 'J' who had received information from a man by the name of 'Frank'. According to J, Frank had received the stolen painting as security for a property deal, which had eventually fallen through, leaving him out of pocket by approximately £750,000. Uninterested in the painting, Frank was now looking to return the highly sought-after picture to the duke in return for the money he had lost out on.

The private investigators were delighted to receive this information and were aware that such a high-profile retrieval would do wonders for the reputation of Stolen Stuff Reunited, which was struggling despite £30,000 invested by Graham. The business partners wanted to be sure that what they were getting involved in would be legal and approached local solicitor Marshall Ronald, who sought legal counsel from David Boyce, someone he had worked with previously. Ronald, Graham, Doyle, Boyce and Calum Jones, a partner of Boyce's at Boyd's Solicitors (which would later merge with law firm HBJ Gateley Wareing), all attended a meeting in Glasgow on 30 July. Boyce told Ronald that he should contact Mark Dalrymple, a loss adjuster for the painting's insurers who had advertised a substantial reward for the return of the painting. Penning a letter to Dalrymple, Ronald enquired if the reward for the return of the painting would be more than the £700,000 needed to buy the painting back from Frank.

This chain of communication was interrupted when a man named John Craig contacted Ronald and told him he had taken over the case from Dalrymple

and that he was acting as the duke's direct representative. Unknown to Ronald, Craig was an undercover officer who had been drafted into the operation after Dalrymple contacted the police about Ronald's interest in retrieving the painting.

In a series of recorded phone conversations between Craig and Ronald, the solicitor negotiated a reward of £2 million for the return of the painting, meaning Frank would receive his £700,000 and the remaining money would be split between Graham, Doyle and himself. He then arranged for a further £2.25 million to be deposited into a Swiss bank account all for himself. In order to get the money together quickly for the painting's retrieval, Ronald then raided his firm's client account for the £350,000 required as an upfront payment for the painting. Those holding the missing da Vinci sent a video proving that they were in possession of the painting and that it was not damaged in any way.

In October, a meeting was arranged with representatives of the mystery men in possession of the painting. In a pub car park, Graham and Boyce readily handed over the bags of cash that had been stashed in the boot of Graham's S-type Jaguar. The go-betweens spent several hours checking the cash's authenticity and for any tracking devices, then another meeting was scheduled for the second part of the handover. All parties involved once again came together in the car park of The Child of Hale pub in Merseyside and the long-lost masterpiece was handed over in a large pink box. The men could hardly believe their eyes when they opened the box inside their hotel room and saw the iconic painting up close, covered in a white sheet. The next day, Graham and Doyle took the painting to the offices of HBJ Gateley Wareing in West Regent Street, where they handed it over to Craig – but they were in for a surprise. Within minutes police officers swarmed the room and the men who had been left holding one of the most sought-after pieces of art in the world were arrested. The painting was snatched up and loaded into a police vehicle.



ABOVE Minutes after the painting arrived at the law firm office, police swarmed the building, arresting the men involved in its retrieval

AN INTERNATIONAL MANHUNT

The daylight robbery was the most prominent for almost a century. Airports, ports and railways across the country were given the descriptions of the brazen thieves and the details of the valuable they had stolen. The rest of the country's museums were also provided with the same information in the hopes of preventing a similar crime. With the isolated castle exposed as an easy target, security was stepped up not just there but also at surrounding art exhibitions, but the damage had already been done. The family yearned for the painting's safe retrieval and were hopeful for its return, but they also knew that whoever had been behind this heist was smart and would have a contingency plan. A reward of £100,000 was offered by the insurers of the painting for information leading to its safe return to the Buccleuch family.

The castle, which was due to close for the season in the first week of September, closed early as a result of the theft. The insurers only paid out £3.2 million for the painting as the duke failed to insure his collection for its full value. The *Madonna Of The Yarnwinder* had been in the family for more than 250 years after the third Duke of Buccleuch had purchased it in the 18th century from Italy.

Art experts admit that stolen art is very difficult to sell on the open market, mostly because of its widespread notoriety, so thieves often sell their goods on the underground market; no one is able to walk into an auction house or a gallery and sell a stolen da Vinci without serious questions being raised.

THE AFTERMATH

THE ACCUSED ARGUED THAT THE UNDERCOVER OFFICER HAD TRAPPED THEM INTO MAKING THE DEAL FOR THE PAINTING

Ronald, Graham and Doyle all appeared before a jury at the High Court in Edinburgh in March 2010 accused of conspiracy to extort a total of £4.25 million from the Duke of Buccleuch. The two Scottish lawyers, David Boyce and Calum Jones, stood alongside them accused of the same charges as the men who had taken part in the alleged “extortion”. All of the men denied the charges brought against them. The men were not accused of the robbery of the painting, those who had visited the castle several years ago and stole the painting had all but disappeared and are still being investigated by police.

The tour guide who had been threatened and the shop assistant who had seen the axe-wielding thieves just metres from where she was standing both gave evidence. The jury watched the CCTV footage of the heist. Richard Montagu Douglas Scott, the tenth Duke of Buccleuch, spoke at the trial, telling the jury that although the theft of the painting had affected all the family, it was his father in particular, “who felt most keenly its loss.”

The trial, which lasted eight weeks, was not to determine if the men had taken the painting, but why they acted in the way they did to retrieve it. While the police stood by their decision to have ‘Craig’ infiltrate the operation and play along with the existing conspiracy, the defendants claimed that in fact no conspiracy existed before Craig came into the picture and that he led the five unsuspecting men into a trap that would incriminate them. Ronald’s decision to steal money from the firm’s client account was unknown to the other men and Ronald was struck off for this. In Scotland, the jury can deliver a guilty, not guilty or not proven verdict. In this instance, the case was found not proven against Ronald, Graham and Doyle, while Boyce and Jones were found not guilty.

Ronald later attempted to sue the duke for the £4.25 million that he claims was “promised” by Craig, allegedly acting on the duke’s behalf, for the retrieval of the painting. Ronald claimed he had written evidence that stated that the reward for the return of the painting would be handsomely paid. However, the duke argued that the undercover officer’s means of retrieving the painting were kept secret and that he had not promised such a reward for Ronald. The former officer agreed with the duke’s claims and told the court that he played no part whatsoever in the drafting of the document that outlined such terms, however, his signature was requested by police to support the undercover operation and it’s air of legitimacy. In 2015, Lord Brailsford ruled that there was no “consensual agreement” granting “actual authority” for the undercover officer to act on the duke’s behalf. Although the men walked free and the painting was returned to its rightful owner, it appears that the culprits who caused so much heartache to the late duke have simply vanished into thin air.



Ronald told the court how he had set up Stolen Stuff Reunited for Robbie Graham (left) and John Doyle (right)

The only other lead was the battered GTI that the thieves had jumped into. Witnesses had seen the car navigating the windy roads away from the castle, sightings at the roads between Thornhill and the Durisdeer Road were some of the few that gave the police hope they would find the getaway car. However, it was later suspected that the art thieves had changed vehicles after police found the GTI abandoned in a forest a short distance from the scene of the crime. With the trees concealing their activity, the gang was believed to have put the stolen painting into a black BMW and driven off. The picture frame was found discarded on an access road to the castle. Police believed the Rover 600, found abandoned close to the site during the initial search, was used as a second getaway car.

With few sightings of the men and their new vehicle, the trail subsequently went cold, despite forensics taking DNA samples from the abandoned car. In 2005, the FBI placed the stolen painting on its list of the ten most-wanted pieces of stolen artwork, in seventh place alongside other rare stolen artefacts from across the globe, including two paintings by Vincent Van Gogh stolen from an Amsterdam museum in 2002 and one of Edvard Munch’s *The Scream*, which had been stolen in 2004.

“THE LONG-LOST MASTERPIECE WAS HANDED OVER IN A LARGE PINK BOX. THE MEN COULD HARDLY BELIEVE THEIR EYES”





WAS JILL DANDO ASSASSINATED?

BROADCASTER JILL DANDO PRESENTED BBC TELEVISION'S CRIMEWATCH UNTIL HER MURDER IN 1999. COULD IT HAVE COST DANDO HER LIFE?

Jill Dando was very much the BBC's golden girl, rising quickly from hospital radio via regional news and the *Holiday* programme to become one of the BBC's biggest stars. At the time of her murder on 26 April 1999 she was co-presenting *Crimewatch* with fellow broadcaster Nick Ross. But could her involvement in the programme have cost her everything?

DON'T HAVE NIGHTMARES

Crimewatch, with Ross's familiar closing statement "Don't have nightmares" gathered evidence convicting many criminals of all manner of serious crimes, including murder. Reconstructions of major crimes were accompanied with expert opinion from serving police officers involved

in the investigations themselves and in the studio. Not surprisingly, it may well have made more than a few enemies for its presenters and Jill Dando was reported as receiving a direct threat shortly before her murder, a threat that police ultimately disregarded.

But who exactly would murder one of the presenters? Was it a stalker? An obsessed fan? A criminal seeking revenge? A Serbian gangster making a political statement? Or was it a professional murder-for-hire, a contract killing performed on behalf of major crime figures wanting to send a definitive message to journalists and broadcasters: to keep out of their business and stay out of their way?

Jill Dando's murder still raises more questions than answers. It's true that Barry George lived under a kilometre from her London home, had learning difficulties and an

unsavoury past regarding women, and was convicted of her murder on 2 July 2001. It's equally true that he won his third appeal against conviction and a subsequent retrial on 1 August 2008 after forensic evidence used at his original trial had to be excluded – firearm residue found in the pocket of one of his coats could no longer be used by the prosecution. Without the residue, the case collapsed and George walked out of court a free man.

It's also true that, in addition to the many criminals tried and often convicted partly on evidence provided via *Crimewatch*, there were many who might want her dead. Serbian gangsters have been suggested as possible suspects. Dando had made an appeal for aid on behalf of Kosovar Albanians and, only days before her murder, NATO airstrikes caused 17 casualties when bombing the headquarters of Serbia's national broadcasting service. Threats were also made against a number of senior BBC figures in the aftermath of the bombing. Could her murder have been retaliation against a high-profile figure and performed by Serbian gangsters, intended to attract maximum attention?

The police investigation into her death was codenamed 'Oxborough' and it was led by detective chief inspector Hamish Campbell. It interviewed over 2,500 people and took over 1,000 statements in the six months following her murder. Police discounted the contract killer theory based on a belief that a hitman wouldn't have been able to predict when Dando would be returning home. She had put her home up for sale at the time and spent far more time at her fiancé's home instead. Her visits to her old address were both infrequent and irregular.

They also believed that the murder weapon might have been a replica or blank-firing gun adapted by an underworld armourer to fire live rounds instead of blanks, possibly using ammunition of dubious quality.

It seemed unlikely to detectives that a professional hitman would use a low-quality doctored replica and questionable ammunition when they could presumably obtain better-quality weapons. That said, obtaining black-market firearms in the UK isn't as easy as in other countries like the United States, for example. In a politically motivated assassination, a killer might prefer to avoid using any weapon suggesting ready-access to a military armoury or weapons often used in covert operations. Had the weapon been recovered and found to be custom-made for assassination (such as a nine-millimetre Welrod as used by the Special Operations Executive or a Hi-Standard .22 pistol with closed breech and silencer) then more clues to the perpetrator and the origins of the weapon would be given.

A PROFESSIONAL HIT

Besides, Barry George lived nearby, had an history of violence against women and a criminal record. He seemed a better fit, especially as murdered celebrities are often targeted by the stereotypical maladjusted loner craving attention and celebrity, and then turning to murder in order to get it. British criminals also have a comparatively limited tendency to target public figures such as journalists, judges and lawyers. On the other hand, for Britain's underworld kingpins high-profile contract killings tend to be bad for business.

Barry George was arrested on 25 May 2001, formally charged on 28 May and then convicted on 2 July. It would be seven years, and three appeals later, before he was acquitted in a retrial in August 2008. Despite having been freed he is still being denied compensation.



ABOVE BBC golden girl Jill Dando was engaged to Alan Farthing at the time of her murder

LEFT Barry George was convicted of Jill Dando's murder and acquitted after appeals and a retrial

RIGHT Jill Dando was awarded BBC Personality of the Year in 1997 and was a popular public figure



“ COULD HER MURDER HAVE BEEN RETALIATION AGAINST A HIGH-PROFILE FIGURE AND PERFORMED BY SERBIAN GANGSTERS? ”



TOP Floral tributes were laid by members of the public and colleagues at the BBC Television Centre in London

INSET The Jill Dando Memorial Garden in her hometown of Weston-super-Mare (Credit to Geof Shepherd)

BOTTOM LEFT Nick Ross co-presented BBC Television's *Crimewatch* and helped establish the Jill Dando Institute of Crime Science

Since then the idea of a contract killing, so readily discarded by police in the initial investigation, has been examined by others who strongly disagree. Mark Thomas-Williams, a former police officer and now an investigative journalist, makes a strong case for Jill Dando's murder having been a professional 'hit'.

Prior to the collapse of Yugoslavia, the Yugoslav government had an established reputation for using assassins, particularly against Yugoslav nationals who fled abroad and continued speaking out against the government. These murders were well-planned and executed, a cardinal sign of them being performed by professionals. Opposition journalist Slavko Curuvija was murdered in Belgrade on 11 April 1999, only 11 days before Dando's murder. He was murdered in an almost identical fashion.

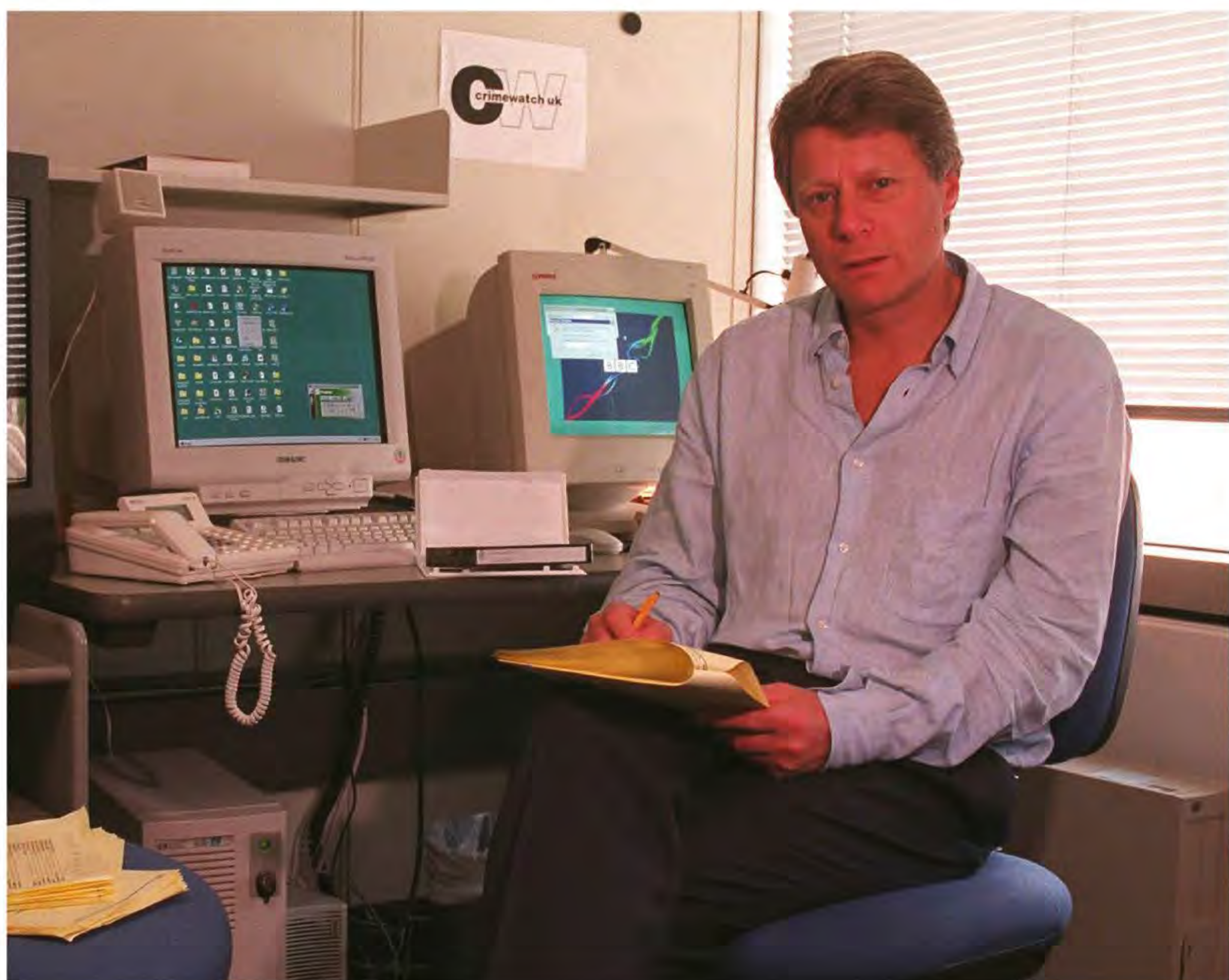
The murder was committed in a busy residential area yet only witnesses reported seeing or hearing anything suspicious. Hearing a cry and no gunshot would indicate the use of a silencer or ammunition with reduced propellant, possibly both, to muffle an otherwise extremely loud gunshot. The alleged killer's description (white, male, around 6 feet tall with dark hair and aged around 40) could fit any number of men. The killer also left no weapon and no DNA, nothing to point to any individual. That suggests a murderer well aware of how best to avoid leaving anything that might link them to the crime.

RESTRAINED AND SHOT

The murder itself, aside from being almost identical to that of Slavko Curuvija, was expertly performed. Dando was most likely attacked from behind, restrained with her killer's right arm, forced to the ground and shot with a single bullet to the head. The bullet had some of the propellant removed to lessen noise. The murderer killed swiftly and left the area quietly without attracting any particular attention. Those are all hallmarks of an experienced professional rather than a stalker or crazed amateur looking to make themselves a celebrity. The killer moved quickly, expertly and seemingly without hesitation at the critical moment.

Jill Dando's murder remains unsolved and her case seemingly inactive. Her legacy as a journalist and broadcaster, however, lives on. The Jill Dando Institute of Crime Science was proposed by *Crimewatch* co-presenter Nick Ross and Dando's fiancé Alan Farthing. The Institute was founded at the University of London on 26 April 2001, on the second anniversary of her murder.

In Weston-super-Mare, her hometown, a memorial garden at Grove Park was designed by colleagues from the BBC's *Ground Force* programme. It opened on 2 August 2001. Her former employers also set up a bursary in her memory. One student a year at Falmouth University (then the Falmouth College of Arts) is funded to study broadcast journalism through the bursary. The first bursary was awarded to Sophie Long who, like Jill Dando, has since moved up to a high-profile role with the BBC as a newsreader and reporter having started in regional news.





Michael Mansfield QC, a lawyer for many radical causes, represented George at his trial (Credit to Brian O'Neill)

WAS IT A HIRED KILL?

Former police officer Mark Williams-Thomas makes a compelling case for Jill Dando's murder being a professional killing. His police career included the investigation into celebrity paedophile Jonathan King and his documentary exposé of Jimmy Savile helped kick-start Operation Yewtree.

Williams-Thomas' 2015 documentary *The Dando Files* was the result of a year's access to police files and unseen documents, and he makes a compelling case. Williams-Thomas alleges that two men (unnamed for legal reasons) carried out a contract killing on behalf of top-level London gangsters (also unnamed) in retaliation for her work on *Crimewatch* and as a chilling warning to other media figures: to stay out of their business.

True crime author Tony Thompson, Michael Mansfield QC (Barry George's trial lawyer) and respected criminologist David Wilson all agreed that a contract killing was a very likely option. A never-before-seen police document also names the two north London gangsters who may have ordered her murder. It also describes how the murder weapon was destroyed and the parts were disposed of in a canal.

Convicted murderer Wayne Aird also provided a detailed ten-page confession to being involved in the murder. Aird, then serving a life sentence at Wakefield Prison, claimed to have been part of a four-man IRA hit squad ordered to murder her by senior paramilitaries as a result of her links to police via *Crimewatch*. Aird also claimed that the authorities were allowing the IRA to get away with the murder to avoid damaging the Northern Ireland peace process – a touch-and-go affair at the time.



Former cop-turned-investigative journalist Mark Williams-Thomas firmly believes this was a contract killing

THE BIGGEST ART THEFT IN HISTORY

THE STORY OF THIS FAMOUS ART HEIST WOULD EASILY BE AT HOME IN A HOLLYWOOD SPY THRILLER

The choice of paintings stolen still puzzles investigators as more valuable artwork was not taken



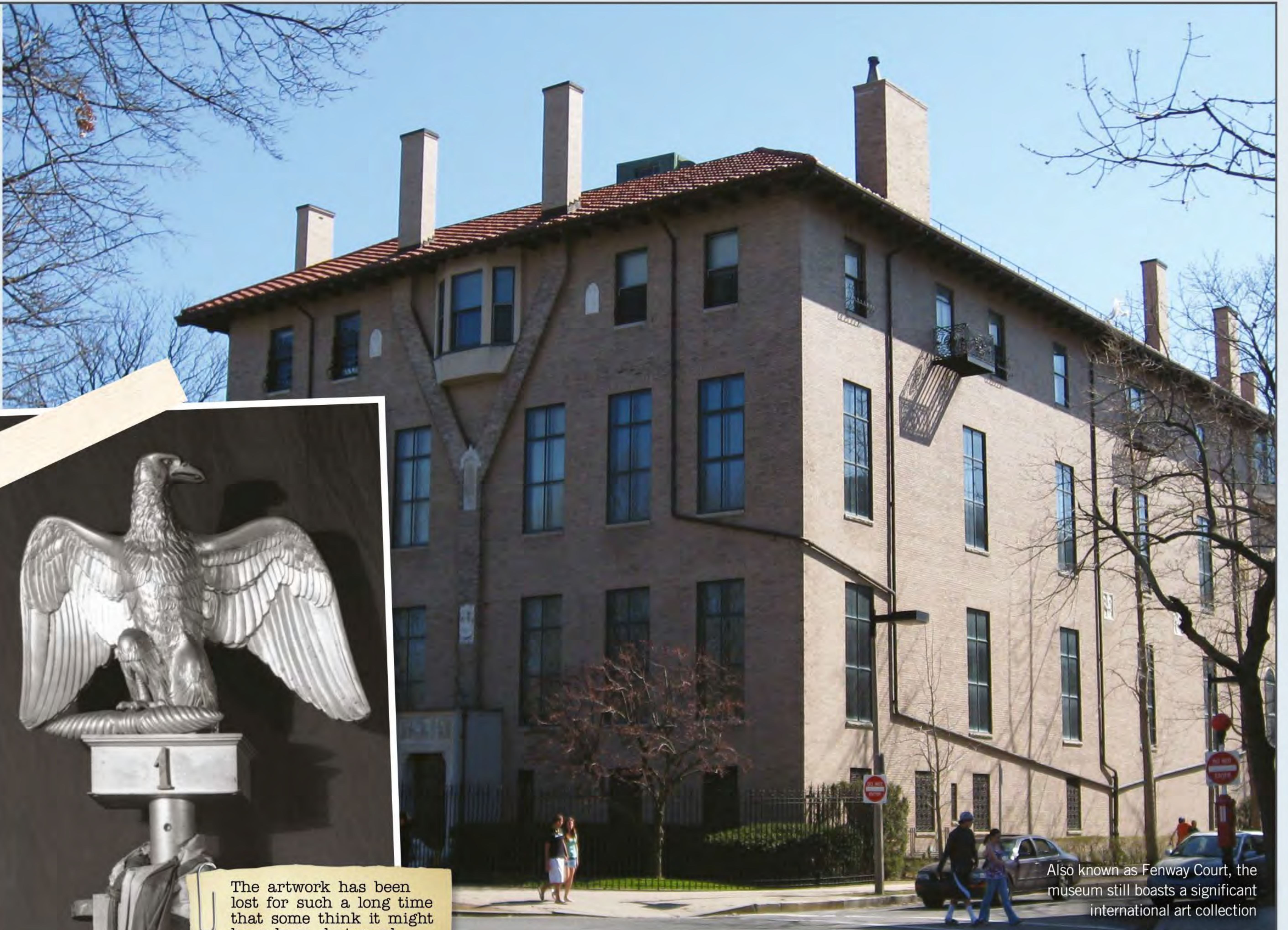
In the early hours of 18 March 1990, the Isabella Gardner Museum had closed down for the night. Unbeknownst by the rowdy St Patrick's Day parties nearby, a police car pulled into a side street alongside the museum. Two men dressed as Boston Police Department officers waited in the car for around an hour before the clock hit 1.00am. In the building itself, security guard Richard Abath was on the nightshift. He had just switched positions with a colleague and was now occupying the front desk. He had 24 minutes until a robbery would commence.

GAINING ENTRY

At 1.24am, the sound of "Police! Let us in" rang through Abath's eardrums. The security guard hesitated but seeing police hats, coats and badges, he let the cops into the museum, going against protocol. The two men explained to Abath that they had a warrant for his arrest so the security guard timidly moved away from his desk. He had just made a fatal mistake: the two men were not from the Boston Police Department. Now out of hand's reach of the museum's panic button, he would have no answer to the bandits. Abath knew these two men were not all they seemed as soon as they ordered him to stand against the wall and handcuffed him. When Abath noticed they hadn't frisked him before putting his hands in cuffs and above all the fake moustache on one of the cops, he knew he was part of a robbery. As the thieves cuffed Abath's colleague, the cocky raiders explained, "You're not being arrested, this is a robbery. Don't give us any problems and you won't get hurt" as they were led to the basement and handcuffed to nearby pipes. Duct tape was



The way in which the paintings were ripped from the frame has lead experts to believe it was an amateur heist



Also known as Fenway Court, the museum still boasts a significant international art collection



The artwork has been lost for such a long time that some think it might have been destroyed

put on their hands, feet and over their mouths and they were imprisoned 40 yards away from each other. There was now no escape for Abath.

The two robbers pressed on with their mission to plunder the museum for everything they could. The building housed an art collection of international importance with works worth hundreds of millions from the likes of Rembrandt and Vermeer. The only thing counting against them now were the building's motion detectors, which would record their every move and be painful viewing later on. First, they entered the Dutch Room and the thieves managed to set off an alarm, which was instantly smashed and deactivated. The first artwork to be taken – and one of the most expensive – was Rembrandt's *Storm On The Sea Of Galilee*, which was cut from its frame. More of the Dutch painter's almost priceless work was to follow. Moving from room to room, it wasn't to be the only painting that was taken. One of the Johannes Vermeer paintings taken was one of only 36 in existence and a rare Chinese bronze gu dating from the Shang Dynasty in 1200BCE was stuffed into a bag, as was an impressive-looking eagle finial from Napoleonic France.

Two trips were made to the getaway car during the 81-minute theft. On their way out, the two men remarked to the security guards, "You'll be hearing from us in a year".

Bizarrely, this threat never materialised. As the robbers zoomed off, it wasn't the end of the ordeal for the security guards who remained in their makeshift prison until their discovery at 8.15am the next morning by the first staff on the morning shift.

THE MORNING AFTER

That day the museum staff, including director Anne Hawley, reconvened to discuss the events of the fateful night. After a thorough observation it was found that 13 pieces of artwork had been stolen, totalling an eye-watering \$500 million. The Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum had been the target for the largest private property theft in history. The subsequent inquiry was led by no less than the FBI. Believing that the booty could have crossed state or even international borders, British, French and



The museum is named after Isabella Stewart Gardner, a renowned 19th century art collector

Japanese authorities, amongst others, were put on alert as were museums and art dealers worldwide. The initial reward was \$1 million but after no luck, the sum was increased to \$5 million. Over the years, the authorities have made sketches of who they believe to be the culprits from Abath's observations, but finding out who was responsible has been a long and unfruitful process thus far. The primary theory behind the heist is that the two men were part of a larger criminal organisation based in the Mid-Atlantic region of the USA. The FBI also believe that the suspects are now long since dead and the artwork has been sold on, but still decline to reveal who they believe to be the culprits. Abath, who openly admitted to turning up to shifts under the influence of cannabis, was questioned over his role in the heist but after various investigations and two lie detector tests, he was declared innocent.

\$500 MILLION LOST

Naturally, the museum was dedicated to finding the culprits but the biggest issue at hand was the condition of the stolen goods. If the artworks were housed in a place that had a humidity of over 50 per cent or a temperature of above 21 Celsius, they would be ruined forever. In addition, if exposed to too much light or wrapped in acidic paper, they would deteriorate rapidly. With the two culprits now likely dead, the investigation has turned into a retrieval operation but there is still a strong desire to see who was responsible brought to justice. Renowned Boston mobster Whitey Bulger was quickly implicated but there was little evidence that

he had a connection to the heist. Second and third on the list were local criminals Myles Connor and Bobby Donati. After questioning, both admitted that they had eyed up the museum for a possible heist and Donati had been spotted with a sack of police uniforms in a local night club. Donati's murder in 1991 after a gang war all but ended this potential source. Connor resurfaced again in 1997, claiming he could locate the booty in exchange for legal immunity but his offer was flatly refused. There were even theories the job was carried out by the IRA.

Four years later, Hawley received a letter promising to return the artwork for \$2.6 million but it turned out to be a dead end. The first major lead came in 2013 when authorities were convinced that the heist was the brains of a criminal organisation in New England and the art was now in either Connecticut or Philadelphia. They may have even been put up for sale in the former US capital. The same year it was also decreed that both robbers were now deceased.

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS:

WILL THE ART EVER BE FOUND?

Security tapes are still being examined to this day and continue to puzzle the experts. There is no pattern to what was taken and many of the more expensive works were left untouched. These strange motives make it difficult to track down a particular organised crime gang. The fact that the paintings were crudely ripped off the walls is also another bone of contention as if they were looking for resale value, why would they be so careless?

“ WITH THE TWO CULPRITS NOW LIKELY DEAD, THE CASE HAS TURNED INTO A RETRIEVAL OPERATION ”



The museum remains open despite some empty frames

In 2015 several new stones were unturned in this intriguing – and frustrating – case. After close scrutiny by police, it has been found that an unauthorised visitor entered the premises 24 hours before the theft, in a car that matches the description of the later raid. Was this person in league with the thieves? This incident from 12.49pm on 17 March, showed an unknown man being allowed into the building by a security guard, believed to be Abath, against museum policy. The footage from 1990 is grainy and low resolution in quality, so it has been tough to identify who the man could possibly have been. This revelation was in August and four months later, 20 FBI agents tracked down what they thought was finally the end of their search. The agents made their way to Suffolk Downs horse racing track in East Boston after a tip-off. Both the stables and the grandstand were overturned at this secluded location that hadn't been open since the early 1990s. Two safes were drilled open but it turned out to be yet another dead end as not a trace of the artwork was found.

The web of criminal networking eventually brought a man called Robert Gentile to the case. An infamous Connecticut mobster, he failed a lie detector test when asked if he knew where the paintings were. The plot thickened when federal agents searched Gentile's house and found a handwritten list of the paintings and their worth. Gentile was subsequently imprisoned for other crimes but has never been officially linked to the Gardner Museum heist. Guilty by association just wasn't enough to go on and it is believed that the handwritten list was given to him to pass on and he knew nothing of the robbery. These revelations have brought the crime one step closer to being solved. The search continues.



Sketches of the two suspects made by the Boston police



The unanswered questions and mystery surrounding the purpose of heist has secured the museum's infamy

THE HEIST IN POPULAR CULTURE

The museum is a popular landmark in Boston and is named after the popular art collector, Isabella Stewart Gardner. Known as 'Isabella of Boston', her status and the importance of the museum has left the heist with quite the legacy. Its high profile has meant that it has been retold and even parodied in various works including popular US TV shows such as *Drunk History*, *The Venture Bros*, *The Blacklist* and even *The Simpsons*. Perhaps the best reconstruction, though, has been the 2005 documentary, *Stolen*.

A feature-length film based on the heist, it tells the story of art detective Harold Smith who died the year the film was released. While battling skin cancer, Smith made it his mission to help locate the missing paintings. The film centres on the detective's quest as he travels from Boston

underground crime syndicates to Ireland to try and uncover the mystery, dealing with hoax calls to effective leads. Part of the film is also given to the story of Isabella Stewart Gardner whose passion helped spread artistic culture from around the world in the late 19th century. This helps the viewer realise just how important the loss of the majority of the museum's collection has been to the world of art. The film's writer, Rebecca Dreyfus, was particularly moved by the incident and the film showcases her dedication to spread the knowledge on what has happened. *Stolen* is dedicated to Smith who cuts an interesting figure with his bowler hat, eye patch and prosthetic nose, worn as a result of his cancer. Will the artwork ever be found? Either way, expect more retellings of this fascinating heist.



The artworks at the museum hold incredible value – both culturally and financially

WHO KILLED SISTER CATHY CESNIK?



THE MURDER OF A BALTIMORE NUN IN 1969 WOULD DECADES LATER EXPOSE A SHOCKING CHURCH SCANDAL AND COVER-UP. YET THE BIGGEST QUESTION STILL REMAINS UNANSWERED: WHO KILLED SISTER CATHY?

George Brown and his ten-year-old lad were out in the biting winter cold to try out a new hunting rifle. They'd headed for a quiet place, a discreet patch of land, 100 yards from Monumental Avenue, in the Lansdowne area of Baltimore, Maryland. As they hit a slope, the pair saw something covered by the snow. It could have been a shop mannequin. But it wasn't that. Brown knew what it was. They traipsed to the nearest house to call the cops.

On 3 January 1970, the decomposed corpse of a young woman was found wearing a navy-blue skirt and white slip. She was laid down on her back and wore an aqua-coloured winter coat. The skirt had been bunched up, suggesting a sexual assault. Pantyhose, a single shoe and her purse were

located a few feet away. The victim's remains had been partially eaten by animals. There were no tracks due to fresh snowfall. Despite plummeting temperatures on the day, fluctuations between mild and severe cold that winter caused flies to lay their eggs and maggots to develop in the throat (a point of contention with major ramifications decades later).

Upon receiving news that a body had been discovered, a county department officer called in M Squad (Major Crimes Investigative Unit). Captain Bud Roemer soon arrived with his boys. Reflecting on the scene years later, to journalist Tom Nugent, Roemer described the Sister Cathy murder: "Every homicide cop has one case that haunts him to the end of his career, and Sister Cathy is mine."

Sister Cathy Cesnik, a 26-year-old nun and high school teacher, vanished without a trace on the night of 7 November 1969. The murder and its unsolved status remained like an open wound on the city of Baltimore. From 1970 to the early 1990s, it was filed as just another unfortunate unsolved homicide. The city had plenty of those (there were 350 homicides in 1969 alone). Unbeknown to all involved – either the Cesnik family or the local fuzz – Cathy Cesnik's death would grow into a real-life thriller or the type of narrative where a localised incident (a murder) branched off into a tributary of an era-defining scandal: abuses of the Catholic Church and the thousands of sex crimes committed by men who were supposed to be God's reps on Earth and paragons of utmost virtue. What nonsense.

Exposing these men as the sexual predators and misogynist hypocrites they were, former high school students taught by Sister Cathy at Archbishop Keough High School began to speak out. What they claimed shocked Baltimore (a very Catholic city with the oldest Catholic diocese in America). But then a theory developed that Sister Cathy was murdered because she was about to bust the whole scandal wide open and had to be stopped from exposing the truth. In the eyes of Keough alumni, Sister Cathy was the nun who knew too much. What she did know and what she set out to do is sadly lost to time and the vacuum of conjecture. Was she a nun on a mission to right a wrong (and killed for it) or was she more wrapped up in personal woes?

THE KILLING OF THEIR SAINT

Everybody remembers a great teacher or a fearsome teacher. The cliché is true, whether it's an inspiring figure or a classroom tyrant. Sister Cathy Cesnik (perhaps due to unfortunate events) is remembered by former pupils of Archbishop Keough High School with the reverence afforded to a saint. Gemma Hoskins, who has spearheaded a people-power justice campaign on Facebook, now changed and branded to reflect Netflix's web-documentary, *The Keepers*, stated: "Catherine Cesnik is the reason I became a teacher. I still regard her as the finest teacher I ever had."

This line of thought and tribute is entirely understandable. The murder of a teacher is likely to be remembered as a very specific and very tragic event in students' early lives. What's more, the murder tapped into the grotesque hypocrisies of the Catholic Church, patriarchal dominance in society and horrifying sexual abuse at the hands of a former Keough High guidance counsellor, Father Joseph Maskell.

On the one hand, the Church preached love and the Lord's redeeming light. On the other, it was taking part in crimes against vulnerable girls and telling them it was all their fault because they were floozies, no-good whores and shameless sluts who deserved what was happening to them. These vile men portrayed themselves as conduits to God, but were channelling nothing but their own desires and flexing their power like preening peacocks, hiding behind the dog collar unchallenged for years. When the Church did act, they merely shuffled priests from one parish to another, or sent them away to 'retreats'. The murder of Sister Cathy may have absolutely nothing to do with the crimes of the Church and Father Joseph Maskell at all. But her story, her professional life and her untimely death, is forever bound to it.

Whenever we think of saintly nuns, two images from the 20th century (one non-fictional, the other fictional) tend to come to mind: Mother Theresa and Julie Andrews as Sister Maria in Robert Wise's classic, *The Sound Of Music*. Former students described Sister Cathy as a brilliant teacher with a sunny disposition, who played guitar, was approachable, gave off positive vibes and appeared to be kindness incarnate. One

time, she took a class to see Franco Zeffirelli's *Romeo And Juliet*, to help them get to grips with William Shakespeare's classic tragedy. She loved being a teacher. But did she love being a nun? While Keough survivors and former students sing her praises to this very day, they did not have access to Cathy's private life. Like most frustrated folk, it wasn't the radiating, spiritually reviving presence of Christ in her life she was yearning for, but a flesh and blood man (Father Gerry Koob), whom she'd developed the hots for and was involved in a relationship with (its nature is disputed to this day).

VANISHED INTO THIN AIR

At the time of her disappearance, Sister Cathy no longer worked at Keough. In the fall term of 1969, she'd taken up a new teaching position at Western High School. Why had she left? Cesnik also asked (and received permission) to go out into the world without her habit and daily nun garb. This 'exclaustration' initiative allowed her to work in the public sector yet retain her status as a soldier of Christ.

The Keepers doc is far too reliant on memories and impressions going back almost 50 years. One student went so far as to recall Sister Cathy being out of sorts in the spring of 1969, which might explain the change in scenery she required. "To me, she seemed stressed out, perhaps even on the edge of a nervous breakdown. She was exhausted and extremely nervous, and she missed a lot of school during the spring months." Are these recollections accurate? To be taken as gospel? So many years down the line? Would a pupil have such insight into a teacher's inner life and struggles?

Students attest they would still visit Sister Cathy at her apartment, which she shared with fellow nun Helen Russell Phillips, after she'd left Keough. They continued to discuss the crimes being committed at the school (which they claim she was aware of and may have been on the verge of acting against). In this narrative and viewpoint, Sister Cathy is portrayed as somebody displaying feminist credentials with a firm embracement of sisterhood. One anonymous witness described going to the apartment at Carriage House and discussing her experiences, when Maskell and Father Neil Magnus burst in and threatened everybody with a gun. The next day, Sister Cathy was murdered and dumped out in the sticks, undiscovered for two months.

What could Sister Cathy have ultimately done? Who would she have reported her concerns to? The Mother Superior? The archbishop? It's fanciful to believe Sister Cathy's actions would have brought things crashing down. That isn't how things worked. Bud Roemer said as much, years later, to Tom Nugent: "There was something wrong at the Catholic high school where Sister Cathy taught. What you had there was a whole lot of sex going on among priests and students. Can you imagine the scandal, in 1970, if that stuff had ever come out in a trial? Hell, it could have blown the lid right off the Church!"

There would be no justice for the victims until many years later in the early 1990s. Not because Sister Cathy was murdered, her life taken when she had so much to offer the world through her role as a teacher, but because society needed to change and the Catholic Church's all-powerful grip on our daily lives had weakened. Sister Cathy may well have intended on having a word with some person in a position of authority, but that's where it likely would have ended. No house of cards would have come tumbling down, whether she was bumped off or not. The victims had to reclaim their own agency in adulthood and to put right grave wrongs. They did so under the banner of their murdered saint.

THE INVESTIGATION

INVESTIGATORS HAD A BODY BUT FEW LEADS TO GO ON. THE CHURCH TOLD COPS TO BACK OFF THEIR PREFERRED SUSPECT BECAUSE HE WORE A DOG COLLAR

Cops had their dead nun on the slab. The autopsy gave cause of death as blunt force trauma. One blow to the throat area left marks and caused suffocation to occur. A wound to the cranium – which actually pierced the skull – led to brain haemorrhage. The contents of her last meal suggested that she was killed 45 to 90 minutes after leaving to go shopping (she left the apartment at 7:30pm).

The police scrambled to develop theories as to why Sister Cathy had been killed. They set out to interview potential suspects and hopefully bring the person responsible to account. Cathy's disappearance was big news and Baltimore residents were shocked. When she turned up dead, the shock was even greater. Who kills a holy person?

Any cop will tell you the same thing: time is the enemy of police investigation and the first 24 hours are crucial to how things may or may not proceed. The kicker here is two months had already passed before the body turned up. Bud Roemer developed a theory: Sister Cathy had been abducted at or around the Edmundson Village mall, was killed and her body dumped where it was later chanced upon in the Lansdowne area. Roemer's theory was compelling and realistic, if not for one major snafu: Sister Cathy's green 1969 Ford Maverick.

Father Koob and Father Pete McKeon took a walk in the early hours of the morning along North Bend Road, outside Cathy's house. Just 15 metres from the apartment block at Carriage House, they stumbled upon Cathy's car. What was it doing there? Why did the pair go for a walk at four in the morning? Her killer would not have driven the vehicle back to Cathy's home address and left it for somebody to find – and how would he even know where she lived?

THE 'NEIGHBOUR DID IT' THEORY

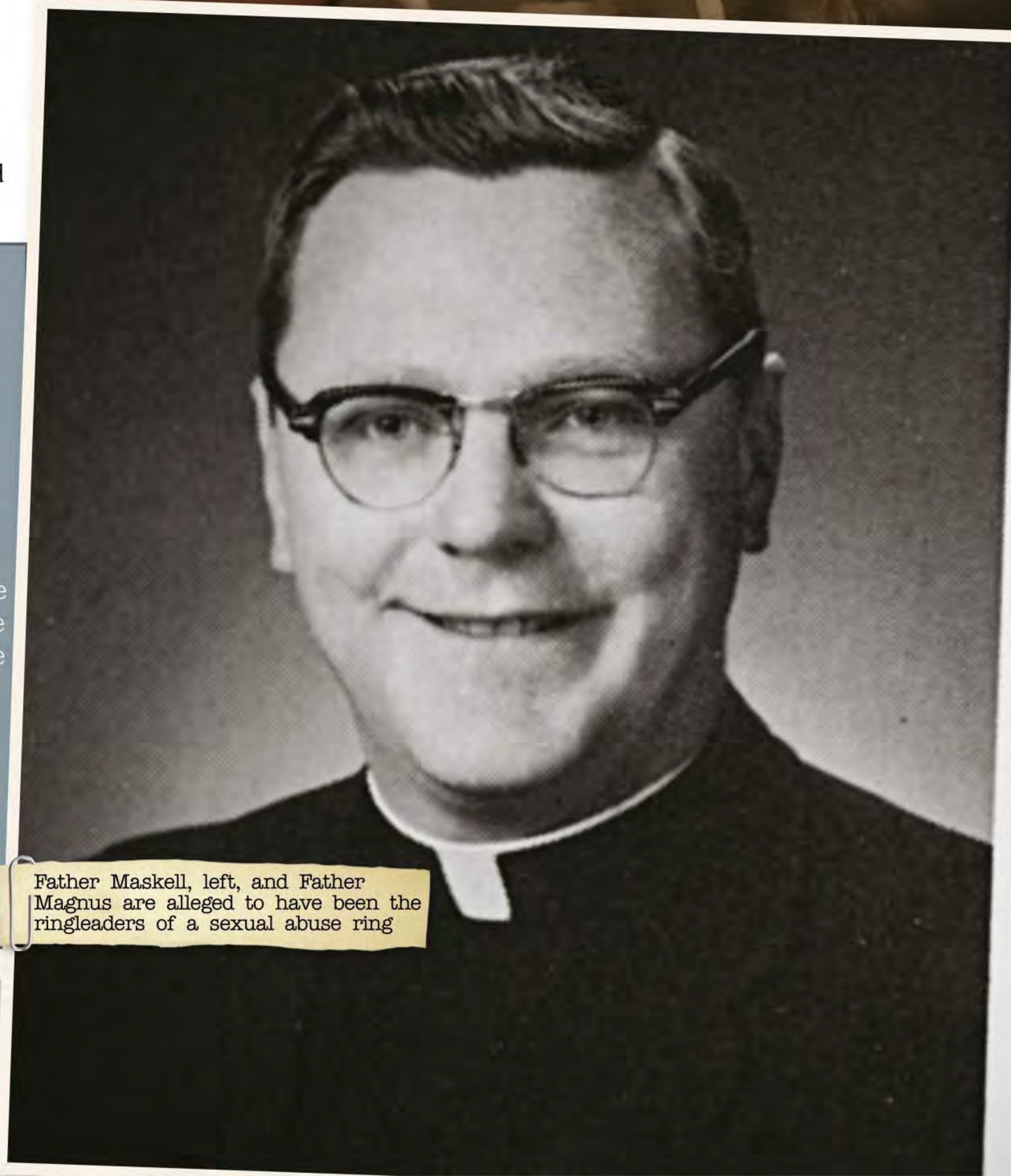
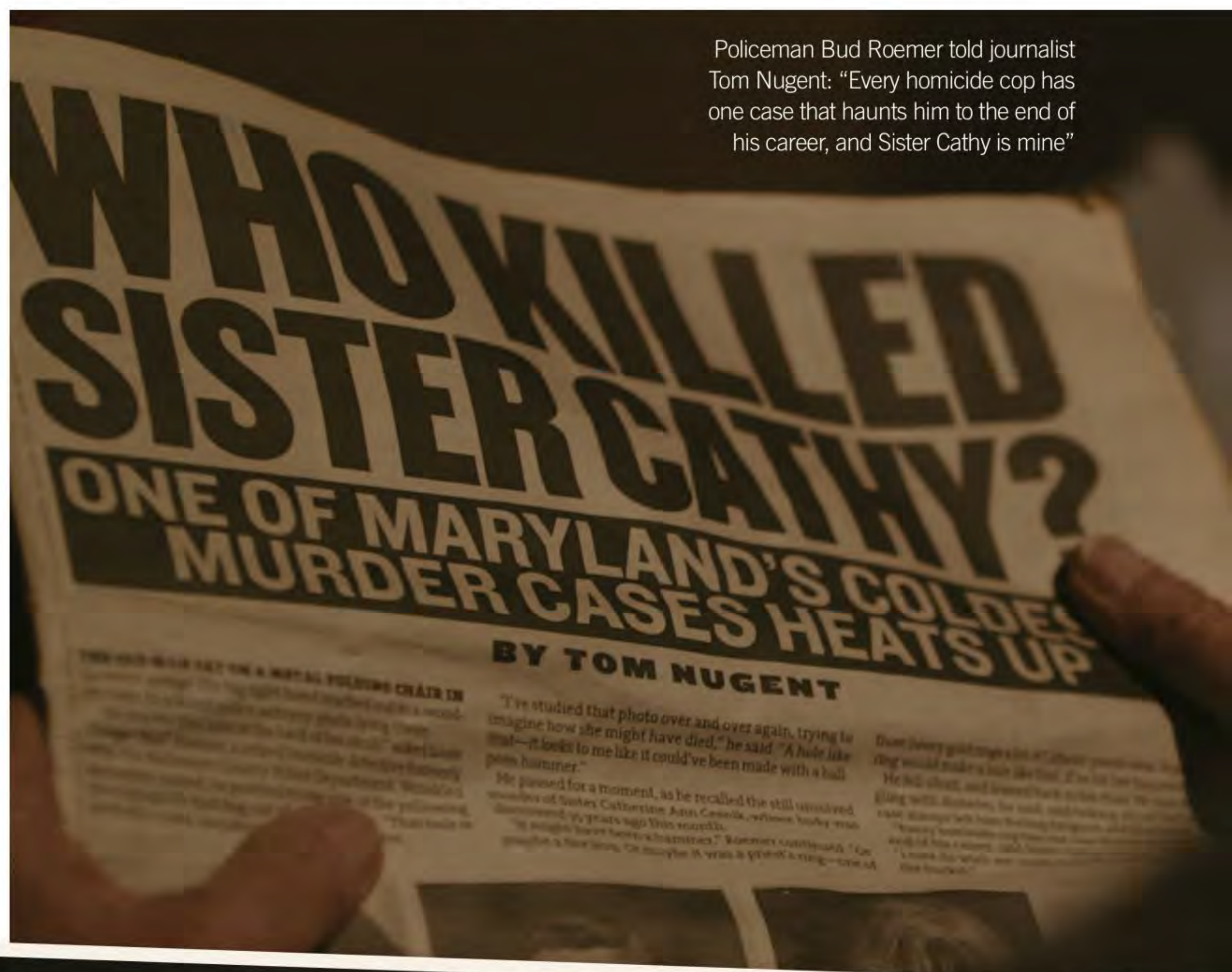
The list of suspects related to the murder goes beyond Gerry Koob and Joseph Maskell. A neighbour of Sister Cathy's, Mr Billy Schmidt, has been tagged as a possible contender by his relatives.

Schmidt lived in a ground-floor apartment in Carriage House. The daughter recalled a childhood memory, where her father (Billy's brother) in an intense argument with the mother, said: "You want to know why I drink? Because we killed a woman and put her behind the shop!"

Schmidt's place of business was located not very far from where Sister Cathy's body was found in Oak Park. According to family, Billy was gay and only ever said complimentary things about Sister Cathy. The Schmidt angle lacks any real motive and hinges on what sound like tall family tales.

“CATHY'S DISAPPEARANCE WAS BIG NEWS... WHEN SHE TURNED UP DEAD, THE SHOCK WAS EVEN GREATER. WHO KILLS A HOLY PERSON?”

Policeman Bud Roemer told journalist Tom Nugent: "Every homicide cop has one case that haunts him to the end of his career, and Sister Cathy is mine"



Father Maskell, left, and Father Magnus are alleged to have been the ringleaders of a sexual abuse ring

TRICKS OF THE MIND

REPPRESSED/FALSE MEMORY IS BELOVED BY FICTION WRITERS AND MOVIES, BUT STUDIES SUGGEST BOOKS AND FILMS ARE WRONG

BIO CHRISTOPHER FRENCH

Professor Christopher French has carried out research in a range of studies and has focused on cognitive bias and how the human mind can fool itself with misremembering events and memories.



Is repressed memory a controversial concept?

The concept of repression is central to psychoanalytic theory and is widely accepted as a genuine phenomenon by the public, as well as professionals working in legal and psychological areas. However, the idea of repressed memories is very controversial as there is no convincing scientific evidence in support of this psychoanalytic concept. The idea is that if someone has a traumatic experience,

an automatic and involuntary psychological defence mechanism kicks in and pushes the memory for the experience into the unconscious mind. The memory is then not consciously accessible but may, it is claimed, sometimes return to consciousness either spontaneously or as a result of psychotherapy. Although fiction writers understandably love this idea, memory scientists generally totally reject it.

Can people truly recover repressed memories or is there something else going on?

The available evidence strongly suggests that traumatic events are far more likely to be remembered than forgotten. Indeed, a central symptom of post-traumatic stress disorder is unwanted memory flashbacks of the traumatic event. When traumatic memories are apparently recovered, either spontaneously or during therapy, it is highly likely that they are, in fact, false memories – that is, memories for events that never actually happened at all.

How do false memories arise?

One of the most common ways for false memories to arise is when people imagine events that never actually happened and subsequently mistake their memory for the imagined experience for a memory of a real event. Not surprisingly, people with very good imaginations are more susceptible to false memories than people with less vivid imaginations. False memories can also arise when people recall something they dreamed about or saw in a film or read in a book as being something that has happened to them personally.

Father Maskell invited police officers to his office to stand guard while they abused the girls

Sister Cesnik began her training for nunhood in 1960 and joined Archbishop Keough in 1965

If Roemer's theory was correct, the Maverick would have been located far from the crime scene and Sister Cathy's home. This finicky detail put the kibosh on Roemer's scenario. No opportunistic creep out on the prowl for a beautiful young girl to slay is going to take a car back to the victim's house – a brazen act if so, and counter-intuitive as well as dumb. A neighbour on their driveway taking out the trash, somebody walking their pooch around the block could have seen him and, most importantly, identified him as a person of interest. But nobody saw a thing.

Detective Nick Giangrosso, who led the investigation until M Squad took over upon discovery of the body, wondered if the culprit was somebody Sister Cathy knew personally. And was the Maverick used to dispose of Sister Cathy's body (mud on the tyres suggests so) and driven back to where she lived? Whoever killed her must have known her, right? The lack of signs of struggle, too, lent weight to this scenario.

The first prominent suspect was Father Gerry Koob, who, along with McKeon and Sister Helen Russell Phillips, set alarm bells ringing when the coppers deconstructed their actions on the night in question. There was something strikingly odd about it all, which put big fat question marks above all three. Why, exactly, had Russell Phillips called Father Koob when Sister Cathy had failed to come home? He was all the way out in another part of Maryland. Surely the first port of call is – and always should be – the police?

Koob was brought downtown for a powwow. What had he been up to on the night in question? Koob and McKeon had gone out to the pictures, to see *Easy Rider*, the counter-culture smash hit which changed the paradigm in Hollywood movie-making for a good decade. It's hardly the sort of movie – a story about two LSD-scoffing, Mary Jane-toking bikers driving across America – you'd expect two men of the cloth to go see. It's certainly not *The Sound Of Music* or a Technicolor Biblical epic in CinemaScope. At first, the alibi looked legit. But Koob and McKeon were backing each other up and nobody else was around to corroborate the story. They produced the ticket stubs, sure, and maintained until they got the call from Sister Phillips, they were at Manresa Jesuit retreat out in Annapolis (50 kilometres southeast of Baltimore and a good half hour drive to and from Carriage House), downing Tia Marias.

Neither Giangrosso or Roemer liked the story. And wasn't it a bit convenient they were the ones to discover Sister Cathy's car the way they did? The introduction of Father Koob is the first instance in which the murder gets tied up with the far-reaching power of the Church and possible police collusion in dropping suspects with a dog collar. Roemer decided to press Koob further and explored his background with Sister Cathy. Why had Phillips called him? Well, Koob was involved in a relationship with Cathy (which he described as platonic and purely chaste) and their friendship meant a great deal.

Heading out to Manresa, a letter was unearthed by Roemer from Cathy to Gerry (the correspondence hadn't reached the priest until after her disappearance). What's striking is the missive by Sister Cathy is very personal: "I'm all curled up in bed. My 'period' has finally arrived, ten days late." She added: "My heart aches so for you."

The letter's contents revealed Koob's spin on the relationship was nonsense with a side order of embarrassment. This was a steamy *love letter*. Cathy poured out her hopes and dreams. "I must tell you, I want you within me. I want

SISTER CATHY'S FINAL MOMENTS

SISTER CATHY CESNIK'S MOVEMENTS THE NIGHT SHE WAS KILLED WERE ROUTINE... UNTIL SHE MET HER KILLER



WITNESS THE YELLING

Mary Spence, then a young girl from Keough High School, is standing outside a teacher's house at night (she had a crush on him). The teacher lived just a block away from Cathy's house. Spence hears yelling ("a man's voice, booming") from the direction of Carriage House apartments.



CLUE CATHY'S CAR

At around 4:30am, Sister Cathy's 1969 green Ford Maverick is found unlocked and parked adjacent to her apartment, by Koob and McKeon. There is mud on the tyres and a twig caught in the steering wheel.



ABOVE Sister Cathy was beloved by her students, who were relatively close in age to her. She was very much missed when she disappeared

! EVENT THE SHOPPING TRIP

After cashing a cheque for \$255 at a bank in Catonsville, Sister Cathy buys buns from Muhly's Bakery at the Edmundson Village shopping mall. It is between this trip to the mall and heading home, where Sister Cathy meets her killer.

! EVENT CALLING FATHER KOOB

At around midnight, Phillips is concerned by the fact Sister Cathy has not returned to Carriage House. But she does not phone the police. Instead, she rings Father Gerry Koob, Cesnik's friend with whom she had a romantic relationship.

👁️ WITNESS THE FLATMATE

Russell Phillips engages in a brief conversation with flatmate Cathy. Cathy outlines her plans for the evening: a trip to the bank and shopping for jewellery (her cousin had just got engaged and she intended to buy a present).

! EVENT CALLING THE COPS

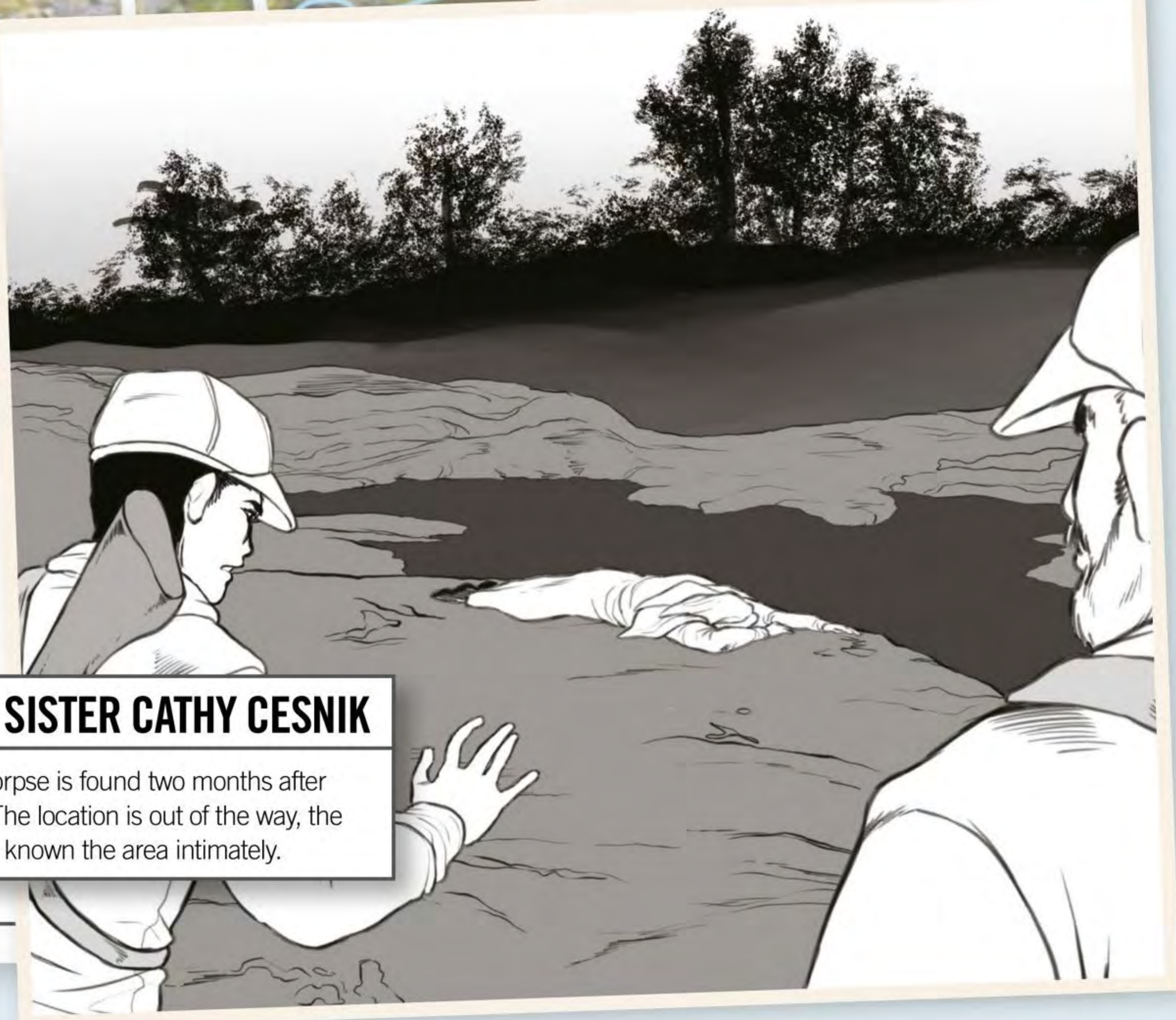
At 1:00am, Koob telephones the cops and they report Sister Cathy as a missing person. The policeman takes down the details. Koob, Phillips and Father Pete McKeon gather for mass at the kitchen table.

👁️ WITNESS PARKING LOT WITNESS

At 8:30pm, an eyewitness (identified as an airline stewardess) saw Sister Cathy parked in her green Ford Maverick in the building's parking lot (where she had a designated space). The witness recalls it looked like Sister Cathy was waiting for somebody.

👤 VICTIM SISTER CATHY CESNIK

Sister Cathy's corpse is found two months after going missing. The location is out of the way, the killer must have known the area intimately.





ABOVE Joyce Malecki went missing four days after Sister Cathy. Her body was discovered two days later



“ HE DIED IN 2001 WITH MOUNTING SUSPICION AGAINST HIM. NOT JUST FOR THE SEX CRIMES, BUT THAT HE’D MURDERED SISTER CATHY ”

to have your children” – sounds a lot more than stolen glances, thwarted passion, duty first to a higher power and holding hands, right? Koob was deeply uncomfortable about two things: he’d been found out to be lying about his relationship and the contents of Cathy’s letter are vividly sexual. “I want you within me” – she wasn’t talking spiritually, here. The pair had taken their vows and this kind of carrying on was strictly verboten by the Church. Was Cathy pressuring Koob to leave his Lord for her? Were they tortured by their lust? Did they see themselves as Baltimore’s own Abelard and Heloise?

Roemer stated to Tom Nugent that Koob had admitted he was having sex with the missing nun. He also told Roemer they had dated a few years beforehand, before they’d heeded the call to the Lord. Koob proposed marriage and Cathy rebuffed him. She was married to Jesus Christ, but human desire and longing continued to override duty. Today, Koob denies any sexual activities between he and Cathy. “They really grilled me because I was a man that she knew. And that was their theory: she was killed by somebody who knew her,” Koob recalled, in the Netflix

documentary, *The Keepers*. “I was in no way involved in it and never have been.”

In a news report the day after the disappearance, however, Peter McKeon told reporters he did not drive from Annapolis with Koob, but from his home in Beltsville. This information is striking because it contradicted the account the priest has maintained to this day. Koob clearly does not like the inference he is hiding something... and what to make of his bizarre statement in *The Keepers*, where he described Baltimore’s finest putting the squeeze on him, by presenting in interview what Koob described as Cathy’s vagina wrapped in newspaper. “It looked like a heart wrapped up and he threw it on the table.” That’s some crazy talk right there. Did that really happen?

The priests were polygraphed several times and passed. However, Baltimore M Squad struggled to find eyewitnesses who saw the priests at the movies or out having dinner afterwards. Put it this way: if Koob’s narrative of events that night was a movie, it’d be full of plot holes. But it doesn’t necessarily make him a murderer. The crime of passion angle, complete with accomplices,

is a juicy one for sure, but Baltimore detectives couldn’t pin a thing on Koob. Church reps warned police off. Either charge him or back off. The case died down in the mid-1970s with no fresh leads.

Father Joseph Maskell was another person of interest, back during the original investigation. He knew Sister Cathy from their time on the faculty at Archbishop Keough High School. While no other connection was discerned – and wouldn’t be for another 20 years, when Maskell’s crimes were exposed and former students mentioned Cathy was aware of his abuses against girls – the cops still wanted to have a chat. Maskell was just another name on the list to check off, but Detective Nick Giangrosso felt Maskell was being protected somehow. Less from up on high, and more from a close-knit community: Baltimore echelons in the police department and the Archdiocese. “When we found out Maskell’s brother was a lieutenant, we knew we had a problem,” Giangrosso explained.

Maskell was more than pally with Baltimore police, he was practically one of the boys. He’d go on ride-a-longs, worked as the police department’s chaplain and may very well have been the leader in a paedophile ring involving clergy and those sworn to protect and serve. Maskell’s brother, Tommy, was an officer shot in the line of duty. This made him a hero in blue. Maskell, therefore, had two buffers of protection: his good friends the police and the Catholic Church. An air of

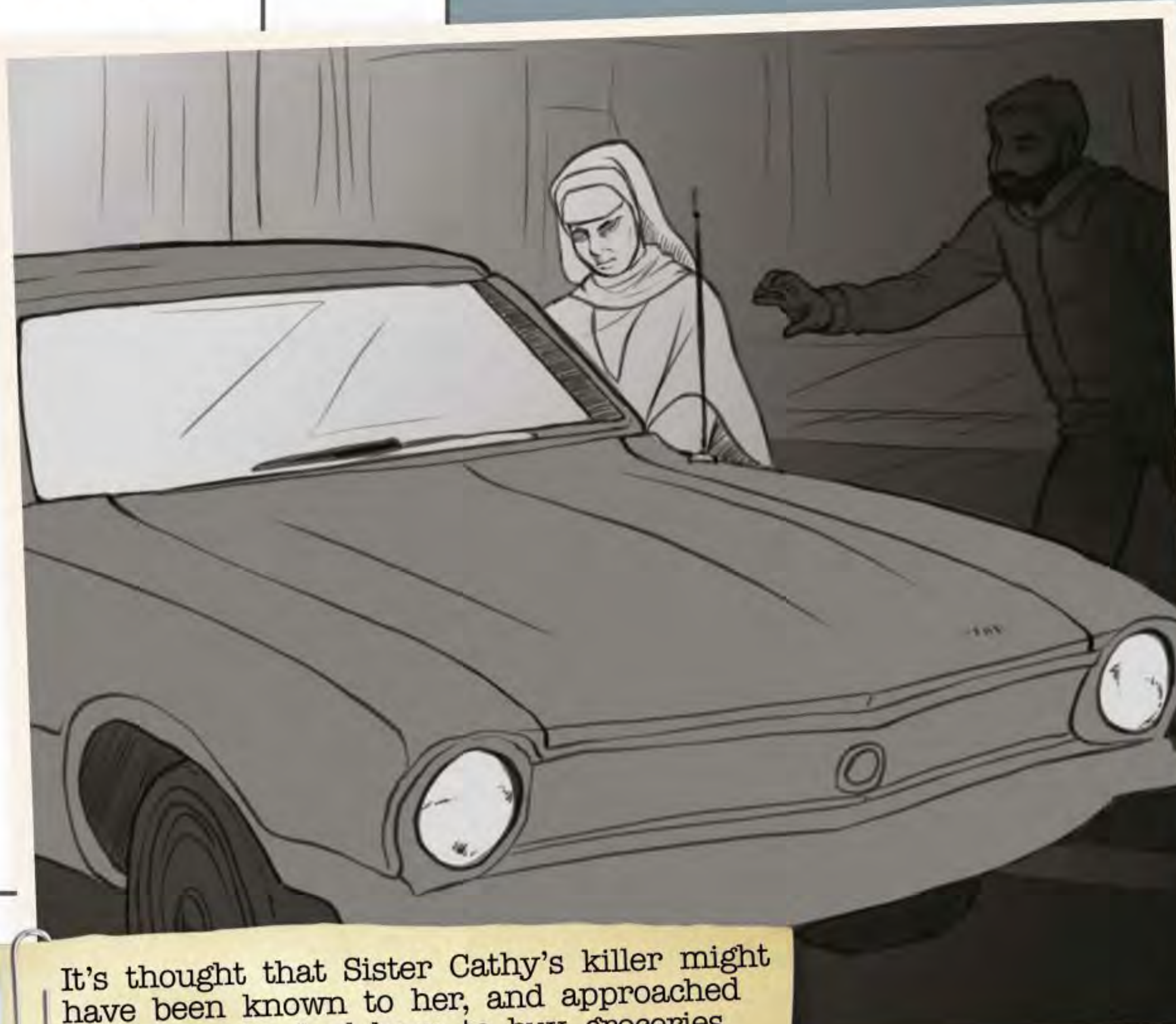
Just before she disappeared, Maskell and Magnus burst in on sister Cathy and a female student



untouchability surrounded Maskell (and many priests) in the 1960s through to the 1990s. Even when his vile actions were exposed (and believed), the Church went after the victims like they were a bunch of liars attempting to wreck good men's lives.

While some padres glow with kindness, Maskell wore a halo of arrogance. Giangrosso maintained he attempted to interview Maskell several times in 1970, but the guy was difficult to pin down. He was always too busy with his duties, never around when he said he would be. Despite the bonhomie and openness – call by any time, old sport – his Harry Lime in the shadows act was really a way of deflecting attention and being always one step ahead of the game. He died in 2001 with mounting suspicion against him. Not just for the sex crimes, but that he'd murdered Sister Cathy Cesnik.

Was the murder a crime of passion committed by a man torn between spiritual ecstasy and orgasmic thrills? Was it related to a sex ring involving a local priest? What about an unidentified serial killer (other girls went missing around Baltimore in the 1960s and 1970s)? Detectives couldn't make head nor tail of Cathy's murder then, and it's doubtful we'll get a definitive answer now. Who killed Sister Catherine Cesnik? God only knows...



It's thought that Sister Cathy's killer might have been known to her, and approached her after she had been to buy groceries

THE AFTERMATH

DNA TESTING HAS CLEARED A PRIEST LONG BELIEVED BY MANY TO BE SISTER CATHY'S KILLER

In 1992 and into 1994, investigations were launched into historic allegations of sexual abuse at Archbishop Keough High School. This series of cases, however, came with a mighty twist and began to branch off into webs of conspiracy and theory. One thing looked very apparent: the Church had attempted to cover up crimes against former pupils and protect one of their priests from prosecution.

Up until this point, the killing of Sister Cathy was just another unsolved cold case which had pecked the heads of Baltimore police for decades. Then, a witness named only as 'Jane Doe' came forward. Years later, this person would be identified as a former Keough pupil, Jean Wehner. What she said was the definition of 'explosive' and appeared to pin Father Joseph Maskell, a serial abuser of girls, for the murder of Sister Cathy Cesnik.

Jean Wehner said that one day in the winter of 1969, she was driven by Maskell to the spot where Sister Cathy was found and shown her decaying body. As Wehner wiped maggots from the young woman's face (a fact cops scoffed at, but a coroner's report does mention the presence of maggots in the throat), the priest whispered into her ear: "This is what happens when you say bad things about people."

Since the beginning of the 21st century, the historic abuses of the Catholic Church have rocked it to the

foundations. The reverberations have been gigantic. This was a worldwide issue and the Keough High School episode just one little part of it. Wehner is a very convincing, credible and confident witness. But how she described recovered memories – aired in detail in the Netflix series *The Keepers* – is more like a narrative device from a psychological thriller. Is Wehner in fact suffering from false memory syndrome? Psychologists remain dubious about repressed memory, especially when they involve a patient recovering them during therapy sessions or under hypnosis.


The Keepers is an epic but flawed documentary which at times fails to counter-argue assertions and interpretations by numerous witnesses and those interviewed about events almost 50 years old. While the character assassination of Father Maskell is justified and the evidence against him utterly believable, the theory he murdered Sister Cathy because she was about to report him and others for sexually abusing pupils leads us down the rabbit hole of conspiracy theory and making evidence fit the picture we want to see. Maskell becomes not just a sicko who preyed on vulnerable teenagers, but a man so intent on covering up his crimes that he killed Cathy Cesnik (and may have killed Joyce Malecki).

Such was the fevered attention surrounding Maskell as the culprit, his body was disinterred from its resting place in Holy Family Cemetery and tested by Baltimore police in February 2017. In May 2017, testing done by Bode Cellmark Forensics in Lorton, Virginia revealed no DNA match between Maskell and crime scene evidence. The DNA was placed in the FBI's database and this further search brought up nada.

Despite huge media coverage this year given to the Netflix documentary and recent police activity, Maskell joins other previous suspects now effectively cleared of involvement (at least in the murder). Justice for Sister Cathy, Joyce Malecki and the other victims remains unfulfilled.

SUMMER CUT SHORT: A FAMILY BUTCHERED

M'AIDEZ! M'AIDEZ! HELP! MURDER! FOUR ARE DEAD AND TWO ARE INJURED AND THE CULPRIT OF THE ANNECY SHOOTINGS HAS NOT BEEN CAUGHT



Confusion surrounds the mysterious scenario of the Annecy shootings that took place in France on 5 September 2012. Nothing is as you'd expect. The car is on the hilltop. It is surrounded by billowy trees. The area is quiet and serene, found to the southern end of the vast lake that shares its name.

On this clear day, Brett Martin, a former British RAF pilot, is out riding his bicycle. Visually he is unremarkable save his quietly stoic manner – a sturdy look, dark eyes and a neat crop of iron-grey hair – a prim English citizen enjoying the climes of this beautiful, foreign landscape. Along the lane, he spies in the distance a figure. It is small – a girl. A girl with the countenance and colour of an Arabic heritage. She totters in the road, swaying and stumbling a little, before crumpling quietly into a heap in front of a reddish BMW that Martin notices has been parked somewhat askew, wedged into the hillside. Concerned by the potential disaster of the girl being crushed should the vehicle lurch forward, he gently moves her to safety and places her in the recovery position, noticing a severe trauma to her head. He also notices a cyclist lying

nearby. The cyclist is obviously dead – the victim of a road accident, perchance?

M'aidez! M'aidez! The motor's running! Although the car doors are shut (and would later found to be locked), the tyres sing the French soil's song as the wheels frantically spin backwards, still in reverse gear – the sound a grim and garbled crunch – for the machine is stuck in the sand into which it has been reversed.

THE CORPSES IN THE CAR

Murder. Murder. Martin notices two figures in the car. The window is spider-webbed. Inside are a man and a woman, Saad al-Hilli and Iqbal al-Hilli, husband and wife in eternal rest underneath the picturesque French sky. They, like Suhaila al-Allaf, Iqbal's mother, have been shot. The two women are sitting in the back of the car, Saad in the front. Nothing makes sense. Saad and Iqbal are Iraqi-born British citizens while Mrs al-Allaf holds a Swedish passport. The scene on the quaint French side road is nothing less than a

THE FALLEN IN FRANCE

THE EVENTS THAT LED TO A FAMILY AND A CYCLIST BEING MURDERED IN COLD BLOOD ARE STILL SHROUDED IN MYSTERY

SCENE OF THE CRIME

The lay-by where the bodies were found is in a typically quiet and serene lakeside location, favoured by tourists and locals alike.

RAF VETERAN CYCLIST

Brett Martin was overtaken by the French cyclist Sylvain Mollier, and found the scene.

ZAINAB AL-HILLI

The elder daughter was shot, head-beaten and left for dead. She collapsed, alive, in the road next to the car.

SYLVAIN MOLLIER

The cyclist was found dead beside the car. He had been shot repeatedly and had been dragged under the wheels.

SAINT-JORIOZ

The family intended to stay in their caravan at this camp site, but the planned holiday took a tragic turn.

**SAAD AL-HILLI**

The father of the family, he is found shot dead in the front of the car, having tried to escape.

IQBAL AL-HILLI

Wife of Saad and mother to the children, she is found head down and dead in the back of the car.

“THE CULPRIT LEFT NO CLUES AND APPEARED TO HAVE VANISHED INTO THE LAKE’S COOL AIR”

ZEENA AL-HILLI

The smaller child was found, crouched and terrified, hiding under her dead mother’s legs in the back of the car.

SUHAILA AL-ALLAF

Accompanying her daughter on holiday, Mrs al-Hilli’s mother is found dead alongside her on the back seat of the car.

mystery spanning continents. The cyclist, who (it is found) has also been shot, is French.

It is odd – around 25 bullets were later discovered to have been fired in total. Each of the dead people in the car had been shot multiple times and, it was reported, the cyclist on the open road was shot seven times. Ex-military man, Brett Martin, had heard nothing. All he had seen were some vehicles – a bicycle and a car – driving off into the distance.

CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATION

The police arrive. ‘*Attention! Il y a une petite fille, la qui se cache!*’ Really? A little girl? Yes! After a full eight hours on the scene, the investigators find a stowaway. Hiding, crouched under the gently stiffening skin of her mother’s knees, is the al-Hilli’s youngest daughter. Instinct took over and she has survived the shooting in silence. She is, gently, eventually prised out from the metal tomb.

Forensic experts secure the location. Bullet debris is found and crime scene markers duly placed alongside. Low-angle police photography show these details, inexplicable amidst the rich soil, waiting patiently between the mottled patterns of the trees’ shade.

The area is opened back up to the public but the tyre marks remain a visible question mark on the road, symbolic in any language.

They translate on to the news of the wire services, a mass of confusion as conflicting reports circulate. Journalists who gained their ‘facts’ from those involved in the case are subsequently contradicted. Indeed, it was reported that the French were irritated by the English interest in the case. Whose jurisdiction it is remains mysterious in itself, for the culprit left no clues and appeared to have vanished into the lake’s cool air.

There is also secrecy and rumour, for it is not even clear who the intended victims are or why they were targeted. There’s a world of difference between a family of foreign holiday makers out for the day to enjoy a beauty spot and a single cyclist. Yet connections did exist. State secrets exist even on picturesque lay-bys and both of the dead men, car and bicycle bound, were brethren of the nuclear power industry. A police investigation into the property owned by al-Hilli in slumbering suburban Surrey, England, duly found an illegal Taser gun and what were described as ‘non-hazardous materials’ that nevertheless necessitated the attendance of the bomb disposal squad as a precaution.

Meanwhile, explosive evidence of a different sort is found in Switzerland. Al-Hilli had visited the national bank and subsequently an account – reported to be his deceased father’s – had been frozen. A leaked paper linked the account to none other than dictator, Saddam Hussein, the connection being supposedly fused by al-Hilli’s previous work in the nuclear industry in Iraq. Was there more to the case – a contract killing, perhaps – or were the police operating on suspicions and hunches, looking for webs of murderous deception when the truth may have been much simpler?

Sometimes crime is inexplicable. Police files that allegedly made their way to the press suggested that the killer was simply a mentally unbalanced individual who decided, under the balm of that heavy Alpine sky, to take life; to take it simply for the sake of taking it and without rhyme or reason. Their weapon seemed similarly symbolic, for the deed was done using a pre-war Luger P06 semi-automatic pistol. It is a machine of death that has seen the world and has its own history, but its age renders it hardly the most effective

for the job, leaving it more philosophically likely that the one who wielded it saw themselves as an unnoticed 'artist' rather than as an assassin. The Annecy killings were, after all, murders that would pass into folklore and fevered speculation but went nigh on unnoticed other than for curiosity's sake, so scant were the details available.

THE SUSPECTS

Of course, the insidiousness of such theories ignores the grim reality – grim, that is, for its mundane nature. Psycho killer – *qu'est-ce que c'est?* Time and time again it is shown that the disturbed hide within our communities. They look just like us. We greet them on the street and nod or wave as we pass, oblivious to their thoughts, their future and indeed often their pasts. Who could be more possible to trust then, than a policeman? In February 2014 a local ex-officer was investigated following the release of an artist's impression of a man seen nearby on a bicycle, wearing a helmet. Visits were organised and a number of weapons were located at his home. He had reportedly been dismissed from his public service vocation prior to the incident. Nevertheless, the lead went cold and it was never made clear whether or not the man was wanted in direct connection to the crime.

The mystery murderer may well have accompanied their victims to the grave. One of the few definitive statements to be made about the case came courtesy of the state Prosecutor. The evidence, as per the theory surrounding the ex-policeman, points to a local killer who knew the winding lanes of the lake and could, in theory, melt back into the background, unalarming and unassuming, to continue their life. Such was the theory attached to former Foreign Legionnaire, Patrice Menegaldo. He committed suicide shortly afterwards, stating that he could not face being considered a suspect.

External persons of interest and international intrigue aside, the familiar and, indeed, the *famille* are often the root cause. Mr al-Hilli's brother, Zaid, was found to have argued with his brother over their late father's will and allegedly changed the document regarding a property to which it was connected. Naturally, he became a suspect in the investigation. He offered to take a lie detector test, but as any aficionado of the curious and criminal will know, these are inconclusive. They measure factors such as blood pressure and muscular movement and rely on the guilty demonstrating their sin through physical symptoms as they recall their actions. To the person who can smile, and murder while they smile, such tests can fade into insignificance. Zaid al-Hilli was arrested but released without charge later in 2014.

The little girl who wandered, woozily, along the winding French road had been shot and pistol-whipped. She was placed in a medically-induced coma and has since returned to England. Her only recollection of the event was of a single 'bad man'. Further detail was beyond her comprehension and traumatised state.

The lines of investigation have seeped to a close. Police photographs of the birds' eye view of the hillside lay-by are a reminder of the sad occurrence that happened there. Flowers periodically mark the spot of the murdered mother, her matriarch and the others who were killed there. Tourists drive by, windows down to the crisp breeze, oblivious to what happened. For them, the area is cause for holiday – the simple wish to relax in the mountains' majesty, regardless of its murderous history.



Police guard the al-Hilli's large, comfortable home in suburban England



Saddam Hussein, the dictatorial former president of Iraq, who was linked to the case



MISCOMMUNICATION AND MURDEROUS MALADJUSTMENT

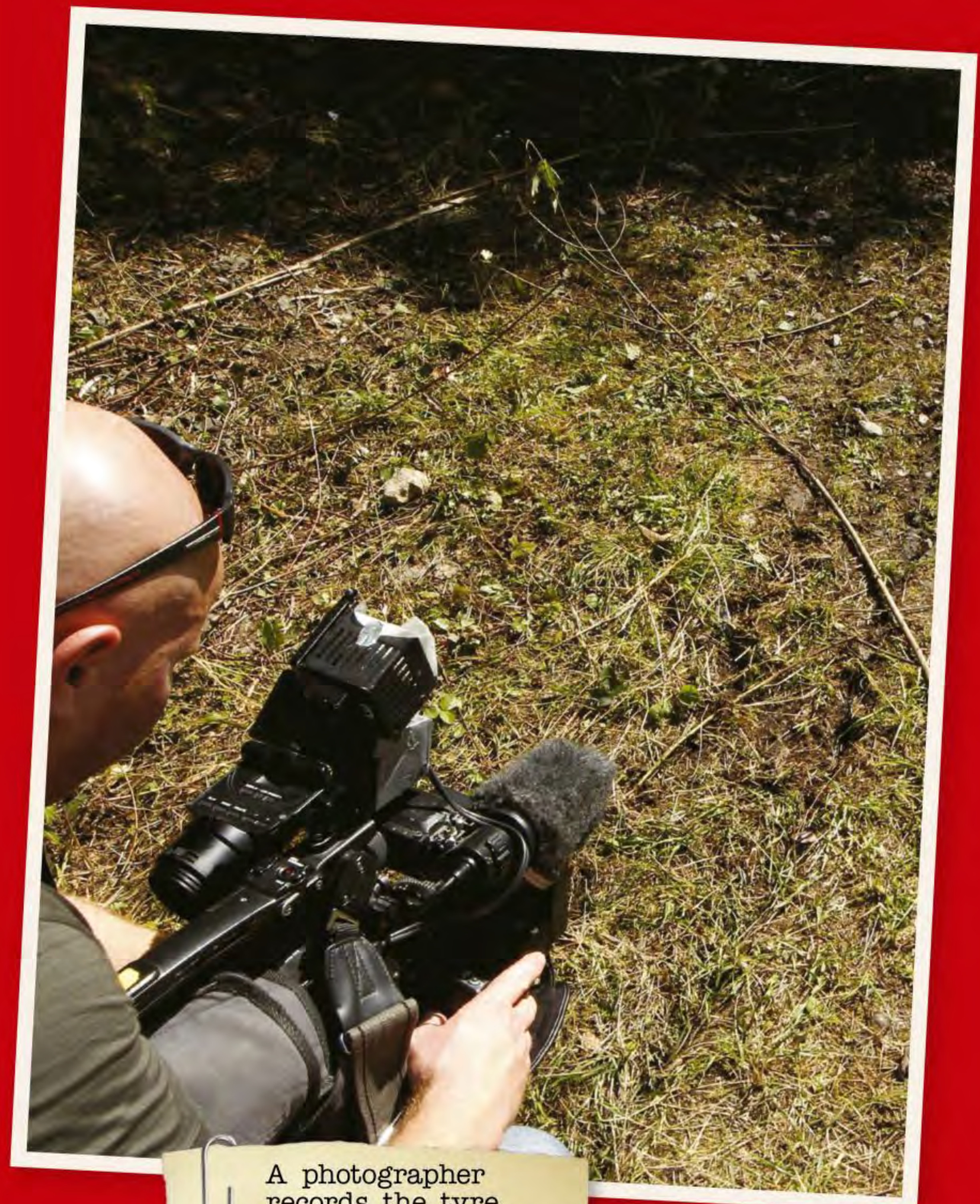
The cross-country and multi-continental nature of the Annecy case led not only to the possibility of numerous suspects for the killings, but also difficulties in understanding and processing the crime. News reports from respected sources carried conflicting details concerning the victims' lives and interests, and French law forces were said to be uncomfortable with the English activities in the case on their soil. It perhaps did not foster mutual adoration between the two countries when Zaid al-Hilli publicly suggested that he was being used as a scapegoat for a French conspiracy to protect one of their own. The French authorities have, however, praised the actions of the English police in the completion of their duties.

To facilitate the investigation, coordination and communication assistance was provided to the two countries by Eurojust, the European Union's Judicial Cooperation Unit. It is likely that its involvement concerned the hypothesis of nuclear conspiracy or fraud as the motive for the crime (rather than that of random murder), such are the level of crimes the unit typically handles.

A further difficulty in the case involves the differences between legislative procedures between England and France as well as other parties such as Iraq and America. While Zaid al-Hilli was released without charge (owing to lack of evidence) in England, the final piece of publicly available reporting on the case states that he remains an official suspect in France. He could be questioned again in future, should the Joint Investigation Team decide there are grounds to do so. Zaid has said he was nonetheless very relieved to have had his bail conditions lifted at all.



Bright flowers look almost appropriate within the lush landscape; laying in remembrance of the victims



A photographer records the tyre tracks that remained at the murder site

SUICIDE OR SPIES? TAMAM SHUD

AT THE PEAK OF THE COLD WAR, AN UNIDENTIFIED BODY LEFT POLICE WITH AN IMPOSSIBLE CODE TO CRACK



A photo of the unknown man found dead on Somerton beach on 1 December 1948

No identity, no cause of death and no apparent motive for murder. To this day police are baffled by the case of the Somerton Man. His body, found on a beach in South Australia in 1948, revealed nothing as to the circumstances and nature of his fate. It sent detectives on a fruitless investigation with just two potential clues: two words and one unbreakable code...

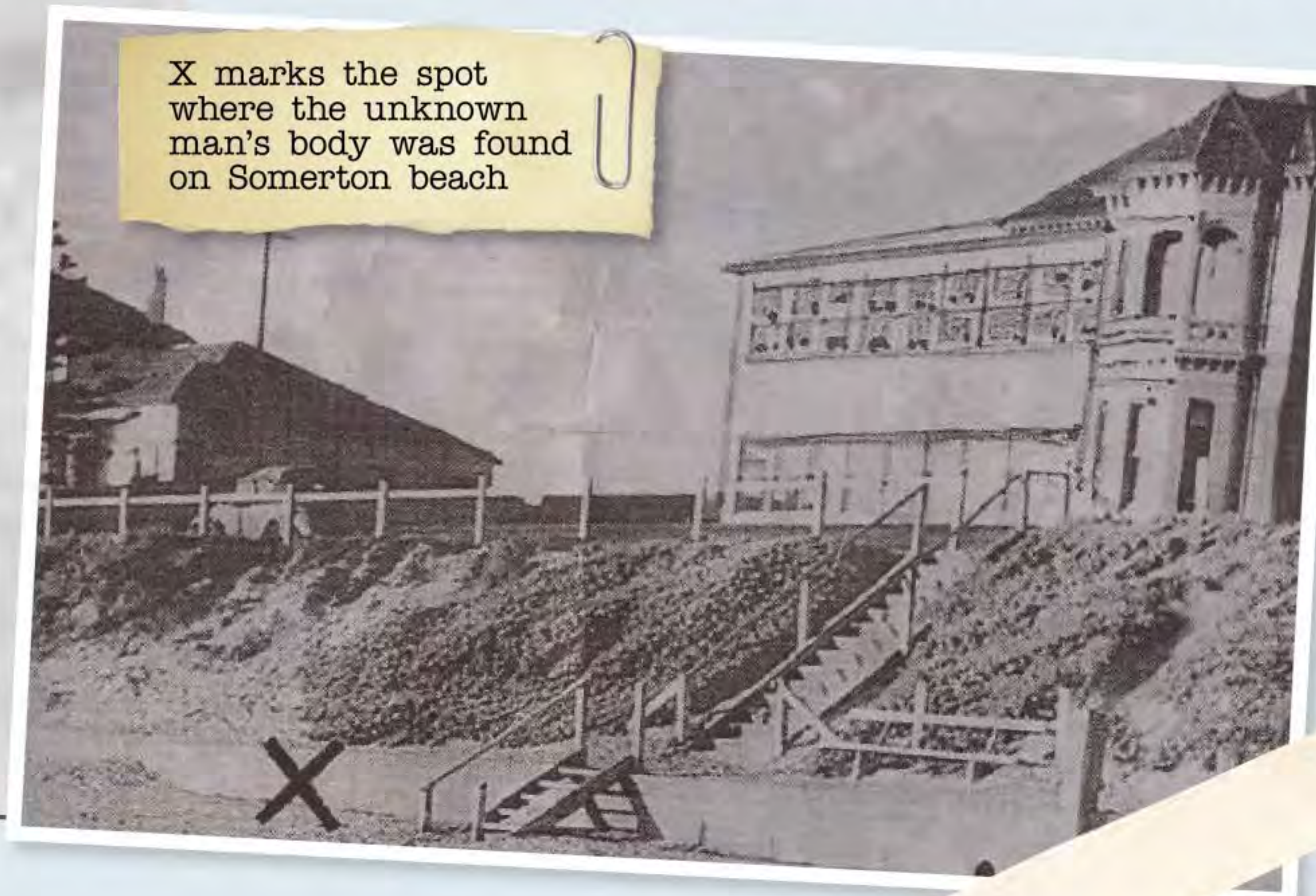
THE BODY ON THE BEACH

With spring drawing to a close, a jeweller and his wife were taking a stroll in the warm evening sun along Adelaide's Somerton beach, when they noticed something in the distance. They could see a smartly dressed man lying propped up against the sea wall, but as he made a laboured attempt to lift his right arm, the couple concluded that he must be drunk and decided to leave him alone to sober up.

The next morning, when returning to the beach for a morning swim, that same jeweller spotted the man again. Lying in the same position with a half-smoked cigarette resting on his collar, he was cold and drained of colour. With no marks on his body or any other signs of violence, the cause of death was not immediately obvious. Later, an autopsy revealed that he was aged between 40 and 45 and had likely suffered from heart failure, passing away at around 2.00am. However, as he appeared to be a fit and healthy man, there was no clear reason why his heart would suddenly stop in the middle of the night.

Pathologists concluded that the death could not have been natural, as the man's spleen was firm and swollen and his stomach, liver, kidneys and brain were congested with blood. Their best guess was that he had ingested some form of poison, possibly digitalis or strophanthin, but not even the faintest trace of these substances could be found in his body.

X marks the spot where the unknown man's body was found on Somerton beach



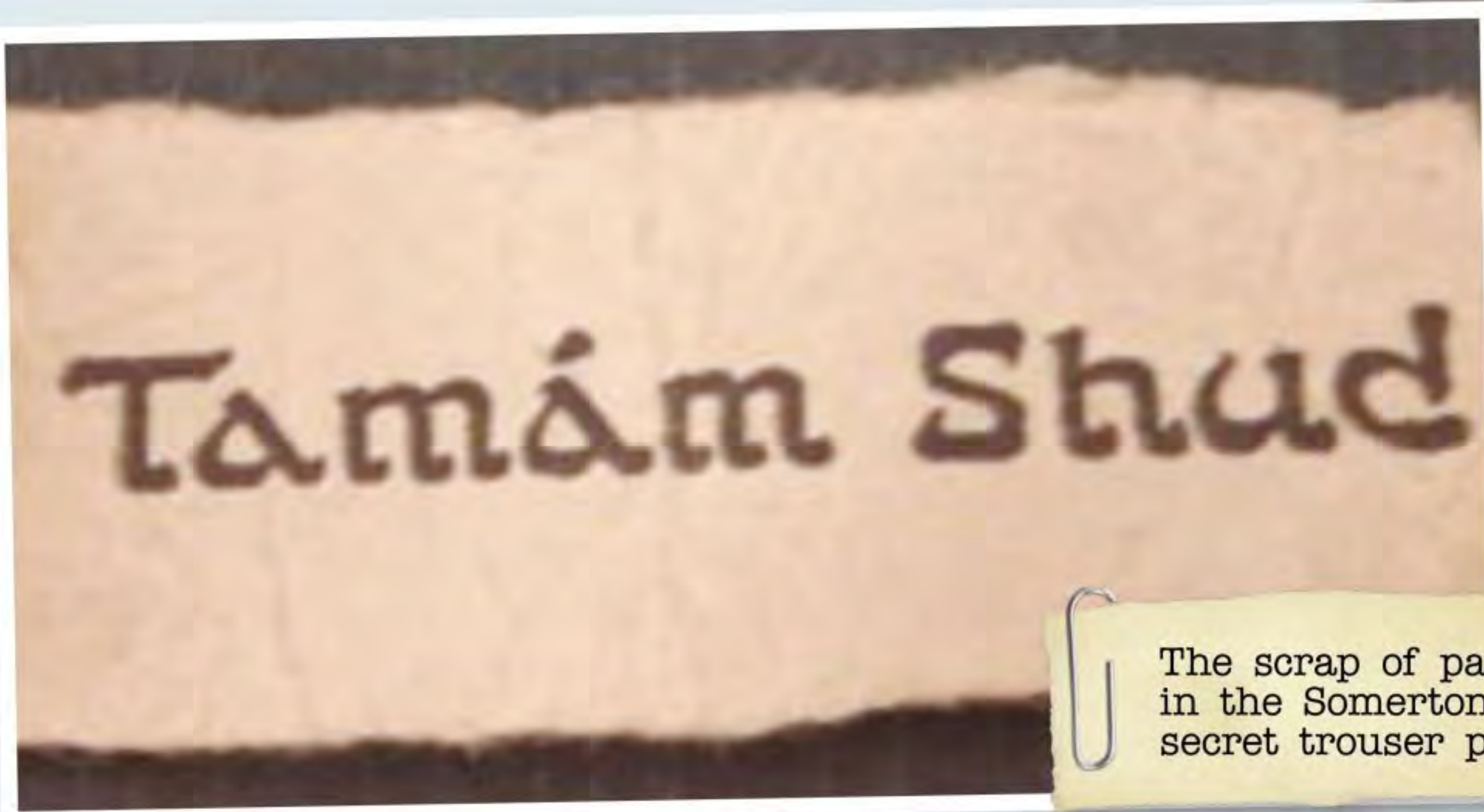
The man's clothing revealed no clue as to his identity, as emptying his pockets produced only a packet of cigarettes and matches, some chewing gum, two combs, an unused train ticket and a bus ticket. In addition, all of the labels in his clothes had been carefully cut away.

With a photo of the deceased published in the newspapers, and his fingerprints distributed to the world's police, the hunt was on for someone who knew him. Several relatives of missing persons came forward to see the body, but not one could claim to know the man lying in front of them.

The search for more information continued, and on 14 January 1949 the cloakroom of Adelaide's main train station finally revealed an important clue. An immaculate brown leather suitcase, left there on the day the unknown man had first been spotted on the beach, contained a reel of orange thread identical to that which had been used to repair a tear in his trouser pocket. A label on the side of the case had been visibly torn off, and the clothes inside had also had their tags carefully removed – just as they had been on the deceased's outfit. Convinced that this was the unknown man's case, the police then discovered that three of the garments had 'Kean' or 'T. Keane' scribbled inside. Finally, they had a name, but it soon became clear that no one with that name existed.



Detectives studying the Somerton Man's suitcase found at Adelaide railway station

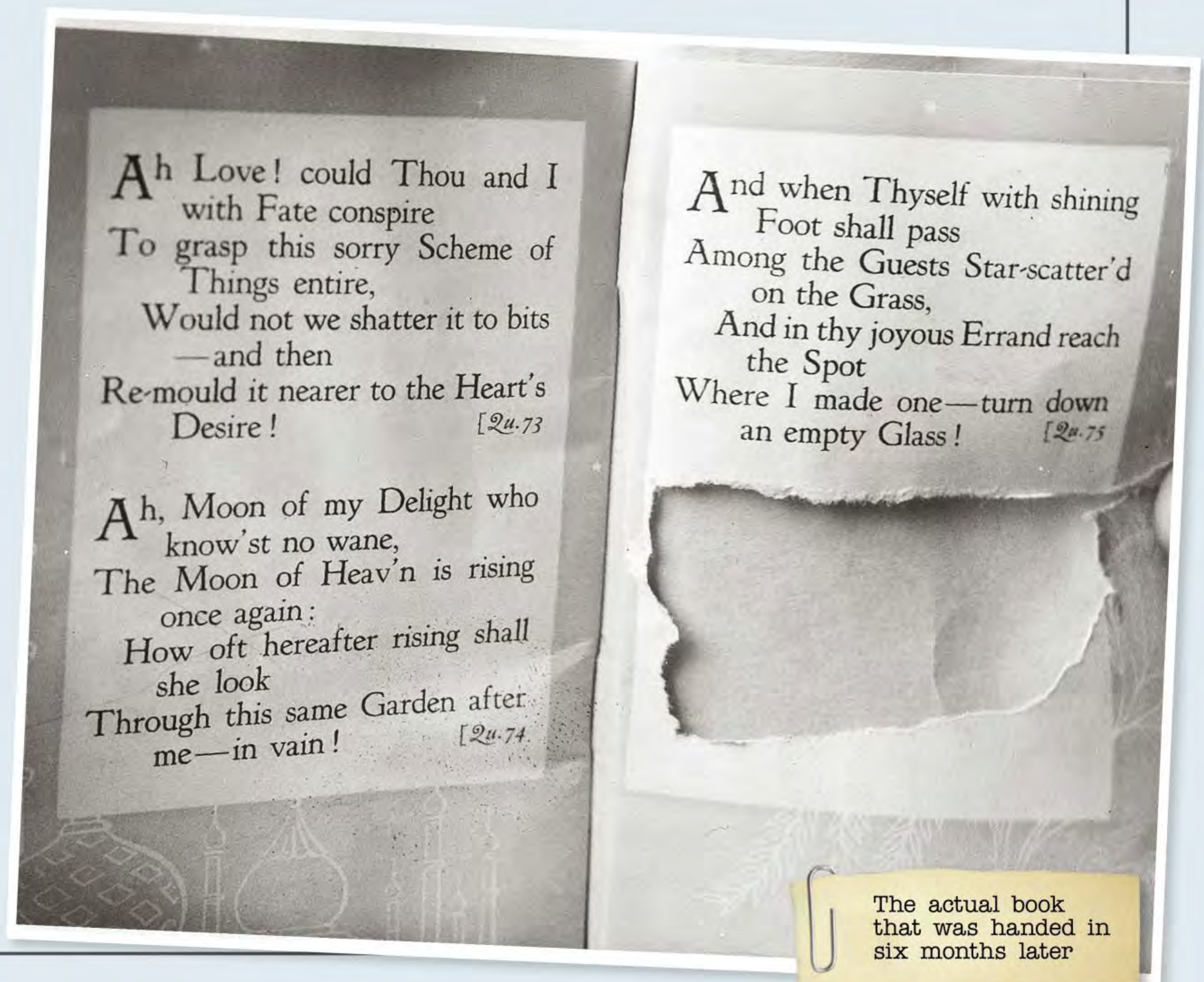


The scrap of paper found in the Somerton Man's secret trouser pocket

Whilst they were still none the wiser about his identity, the contents of the suitcase did reveal what could have been the man's profession. Inside was a stencil kit, the sort used by the third officer on merchant ships to stencil the cargo, and the American jacket he was wearing indicated that he was well-travelled – perhaps having travelled around during WWII.

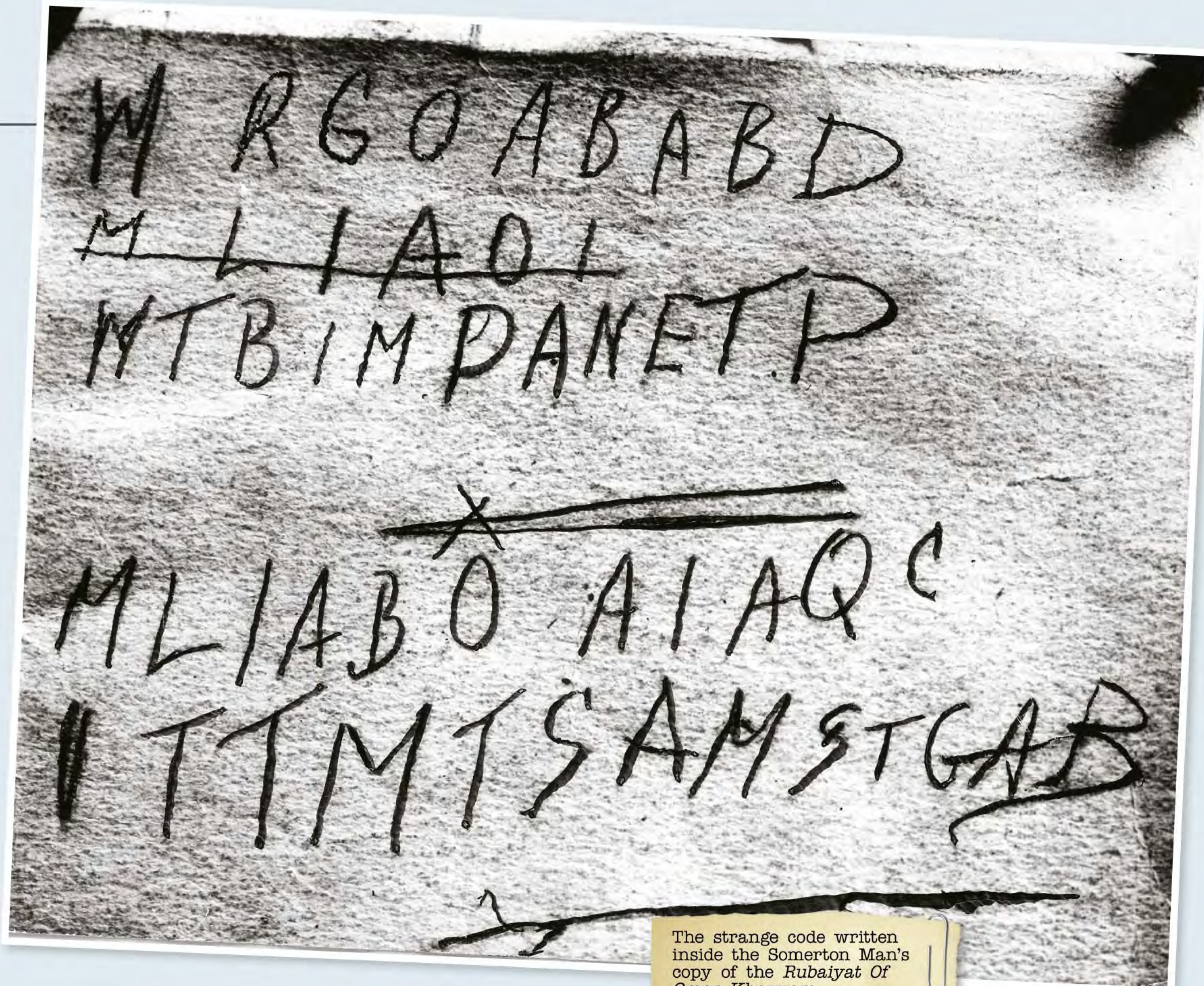
'IT IS ENDED'

When a thorough search of shipping and immigration records still failed to produce a lead, the police bought in another expert to re-examine the unknown man's possessions. It was then, four months after the body had been discovered, that detectives found something that everyone else had missed. A secret pocket sewn into the waistband of the man's trousers contained a rolled-up scrap of paper on which two words were printed: "Tamám Shud". The detectives were clueless about what these words meant, but a journalist soon informed them that it was Persian for 'It is ended'. He also suggested that the paper had most likely been torn from a copy of the *Rubaiyat Of Omar Khayyam*, a poetry book that was written in the twelfth century, as the phrase "Tamám Shud" was used as the last words in many English translations. However, enquiries to libraries, publishers and



The actual book that was handed in six months later

“A MAN WALKED INTO ADELAIDE POLICE STATION WITH THE BOOK THEY HAD BEEN LOOKING FOR”



The strange code written inside the Somerton Man's copy of the *Rubaiyat Of Omar Khayyam*

bookshops failed to turn up any copies of the poetry book that matched the same typeface.

Another six months went by before a man walked into Adelaide police station with the book they had been looking for. He told them that, just after the unknown man's body had been found, the book appeared lying on the floor in the back of his unlocked car, which had been parked a few hundred yards from Somerton beach. At the time he had assumed it belonged to his brother-in-law and stashed it in the glove compartment, but after seeing the torn-out extract in the newspaper and noticing that his copy had part of the back page missing, he decided to hand it in to the authorities.

On close examination, the police discovered a telephone number written inside the book's back cover accompanied by what appeared to be a secret code. They immediately dialled the digits listed and their call was answered by a nurse living near Somerton beach. When asked about the book, she revealed that she had given a copy of the *Rubaiyat Of Omar Khayyam* to a soldier she met during World War II. His name was Alfred Boxall.

Although convinced this must be the unknown man, the police still traced the name and soon discovered that Alfred Boxall was alive and living in New South Wales. What's more, he still owned the book the nurse had given him and it was completely intact.

The police decided to question the nurse again, at which point she revealed that Boxall had sent her a letter after the war, but she had replied to tell him that she was now married. Then, sometime during the previous year, her neighbours had informed her that a man had come calling



The gravestone of the Somerton Man, who is buried in Adelaide's West Terrace Cemetery

for her whilst she was out, but she couldn't be sure if it was Boxall or some other unknown caller.

Still no closer to the truth, the police then decided to show the woman a plaster cast that had been taken of the unknown man's face, as his body had already been buried. Her reaction came as something of a surprise, as she appeared "completely taken aback, to the point of giving the appearance she was about to faint". However, when asked if she knew him, she insisted it was the face of Alfred Boxall, who did bear some resemblance to the unknown man, and dismissed any questions about her strange reaction. She also asked police if she could remain anonymous, claiming that because she was now married, she did not want to suffer the embarrassment of being linked to the dead man or Boxall.

AN UNBREAKABLE CODE

With the telephone number proving unhelpful, the police then turned their attention to the other scribbles inside the book. The five lines of jumbled letters, one of which had been crossed out, looked like some sort of code, but the police struggled to crack it with only a short bit of text to work with. Even experts from Australia's Naval Intelligence failed to decipher the code and when it was printed in the newspaper, several amateur codebreakers also tried and failed to uncover a hidden message within. Some believe the code may be the first letters of a series of words, but without any more information to go on, it is impossible to work out what those words might be. To this day, even the world's greatest minds cannot break the code, leaving many to wonder if the letters may in fact be meaningless after all.

Over the years, several theories have been put forward about the fate of the Somerton Man. His seemingly peaceful death, likely the result of ingesting poison, has led many to believe he committed suicide, but others suspect something much more sinister. With the body found during the onset of the Cold War, and Adelaide being located just a few hundred miles from a top-secret rocket testing facility, it could be that the Somerton Man was a spy, assassinated after doing something to upset the enemy? Further fuel was added to this theory after the nurse's death, when her daughter revealed to the media that her mother could speak Russian and had told her that she thought the whole affair was "above a State police



The burial of the Somerton Man was attended by police, reporters and the Salvation Army

“EXPERTS FROM AUSTRALIA'S NAVAL INTELLIGENCE EXPERTS FAILED TO DECIPHER THE CODE”

level". In addition, the cigarettes found in the unknown man's pockets had been placed inside the packet of a cheaper brand, suggesting that maybe his own had been taken out and replaced for some cigarettes laced with poison. Then, of course, there is the cryptic code. Perhaps this was a message from the Somerton Man, or from his enemy, intended for a particular person or organisation that could crack it.

Whether this really is a story of espionage and murder is still unknown, and after decades without new evidence it is becoming increasingly unlikely that we will ever know what really happened to the Somerton Man.

AN AFFAIR OF THE HEART

Several people continue to show an interest in the case of the Somerton Man, but none more so than professor Derek Abbott of the University of Adelaide. His continuing investigation has revealed some more surprising pieces of the puzzle, mostly relating to the nurse whose phone number was in the back of the book.

Intrigued by her seemingly shady nature when questioned by police, Abbott did some more digging, only to discover that she had a son prior to getting married. He would have been six months old in 1948 and photographs of him show that he had some striking similarities with the dead man. Both had a rare genetic dental trait, and both shared the same rare ear shape. Could it be that he was the child of the Somerton Man? If so, perhaps the

'unknown man' who came looking for the nurse was in fact the boy's father, hoping for a reunion. This could certainly explain the nurse's strange reaction to the whole affair, and even eludes to a theory that maybe the man killed himself after being refused access to his child.

Sadly, the nurse's son passed away in 2009, but his daughter, who is now married to Derek Abbott, has applied for the Somerton Man's body to be exhumed. She, along with her husband, hope that his DNA will prove he is her grandfather and that he is of American descent. However, so far their permission has been denied on the grounds that "there needs to be public interest reasons that go well beyond public curiosity or broad scientific interest" in order for his body to be exhumed.

THE EYES OF GILGO BEACH

MANY PAIRS OF EYES KEEP WATCH OVER THE SCRUB AND MARSH OF GILGO BEACH, THE HUNTING GROUND OF THE UNKNOWN LONG ISLAND SERIAL KILLER

Her eyes were darting this way and that, flicking through the dark and still convinced that the car lights were peering for her through the dunes. The land at Gilgo Beach, Long Island, was boggy and she was tripping. In that state – the height of panic – the very sensations felt by the body change. According to psychologist, G Neil Martin, “Slight changes in bodily sensation are interpreted as symptomatic of a physical threat which makes the individual anxious. The more anxious the individual becomes, the more intense the bodily sensations become”. The wild woman was hypervigilant and convinced she was being followed. Her name was Shannan Gilbert, she was only 24 years old, and she had been running on that early morning of 1 May 2010, for what she thought was her life.

FAIRYTALES

The dead eyes of the other victims must have looked on in sympathy. Shannan Gilbert was, after all, not the first victim. She, like the others, was an escort who worked for a better life. She, like the others, had resorted to sex work as a means of paying her way after having not being born in the most prosperous of circumstances. She was poor and for a girl to have a happily ever after, let alone the possibility of a real future, she required money. She was, however, blessed with a loving family who would continue to seek justice on her behalf.

As usual, Shannan had taken precautions. She didn’t work the streets as this was risky – a girl could just get in a car and disappear without



FINDING THE FALLEN

MURDERS ON A TINY ISLAND: THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE KILLING GROUND

UNIDENTIFIED CROSS-DRESSER OR TRANSWOMAN

An Asian, male-bodied person wearing women's attire. She died from blunt force trauma. She was a young adult.

UNIDENTIFIED WOMAN

Nicknamed 'Peaches' due to a tattoo, her torso was found in a plastic container at Hempstead Lake State Park.

TANYA RUSH

Found stuffed inside a small suitcase in Bellmore, New York in June 2008.

MELISSA BARTHELEMY

A 24-year-old escort, someone made calls to her sister using her phone. Her family hoped this meant she was alive.

UNIDENTIFIED WOMAN

Nicknamed 'Cherries' for her body art, her torso was found in a suitcase in Harbour Island Park and her legs followed separately after. She had been stabbed to death.

AMBER LYNN COSTELLO

Her roommate, Dave Schaller, tried to help her stay safe in her escort work. She was 27 and from New York.

MAUREEN BRAINARD-BARNES

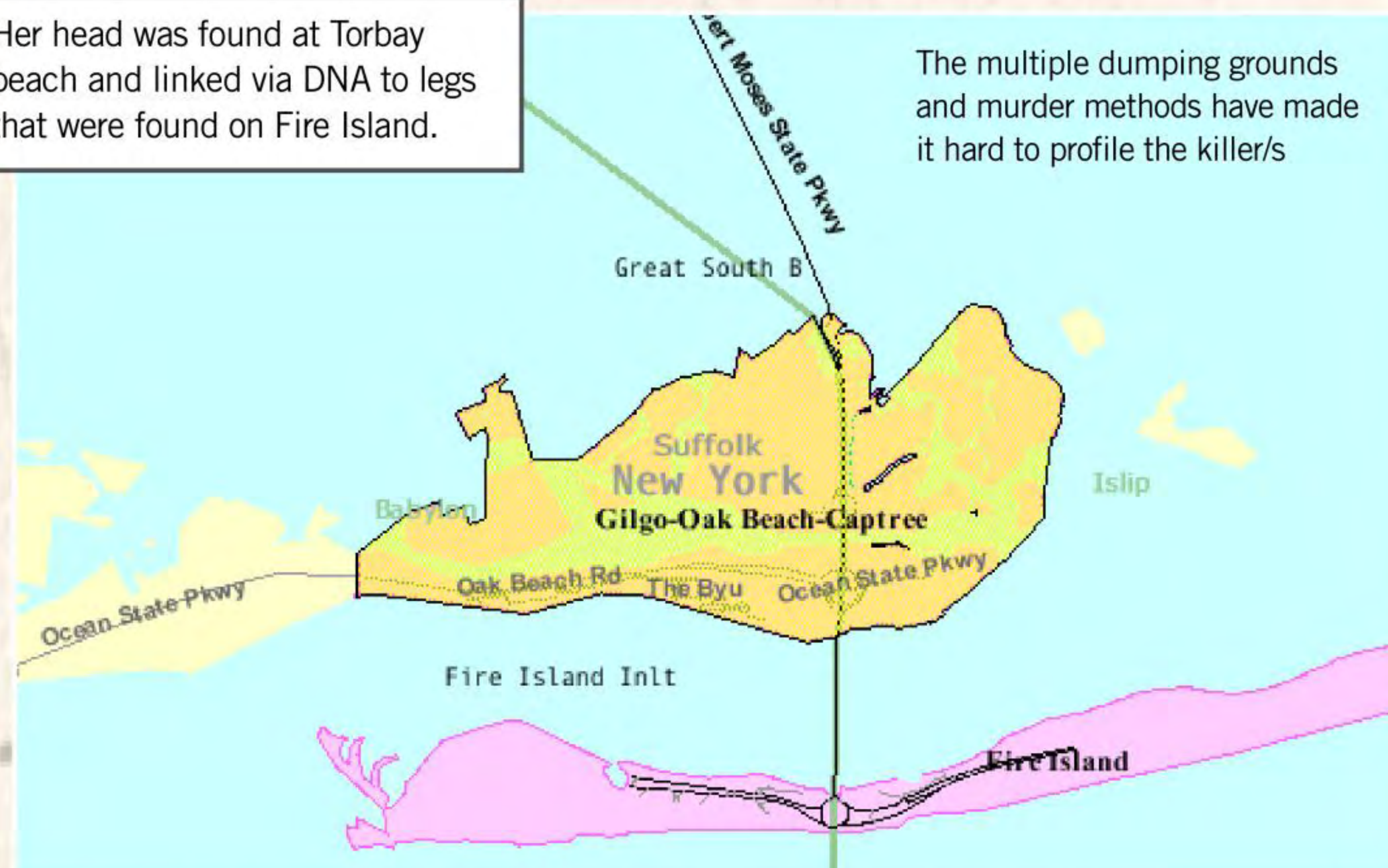
Maureen was a mother struggling to pay her bills and forced to return to sex work by an eviction notice. She was 25 years old when she went missing in July 2007.

UNIDENTIFIED WOMAN

Her head was found at Torbay beach and linked via DNA to legs that were found on Fire Island.

UNIDENTIFIED WOMAN

Mother of the unidentified female baby, her body was discovered in a plastic bag near Jones Beach State Park wearing similarly jewellery to the child.



UNIDENTIFIED WOMAN

Her torso was found in Manorville; her head, hands and one of her feet on Gilgo beach.

SHANNAN GILBERT

Her body was found in the reeds on Gilgo beach, around half a mile away from where her clothes were found.

UNIDENTIFIED FEMALE BABY

Wrapped in a blanket and found ten miles away from her deceased mother, a Jane Doe, who wore similar jewellery to her baby.

NATASHA JUGO

Her clothes were discovered in the sand on Gilgo beach and her body washed up there a few months later in June 2013.

JESSICA TAYLOR

Her torso was discovered in Manorville, her head and hands on Gilgo beach. She was found in 2003.

MEGAN WATERMAN

Originally from Maine, Megan had a boyfriend and was 22 years old. Her property was left at a hotel in Hauppauge.

trace into the night. Instead, she arranged her meetings online, leading to the case also being known as that of the Craigslist Ripper. Shannon would place an ad on the website and the details would be traceable, the internet browser's cookies forming a fantastical way back home. After all,

life is not without its dangers Michael Pak, her driver, would take her to the location to ensure that she got there and returned safely.

The John's house was along a road in Oak Beach. Joseph Brewer was wealthy – he had agreed pay Shannan far more than her normal rate, meaning that for a little love labour she would be able to eat and rest for a while without having to work. Only once she was within the warmth of his house, the sweet reassurance was lost.

At 4.51am, Shannan called the police in a frenzy – assailants were making attempts on her life. “They’re trying to kill me” she cried. In a whirl, and because she had been driven to the location, she could not tell the operator where she was and so she ran. She ran to a neighbour’s house, rapped on the door, screamed (senselessly, as it happens, in the would-be Good Samaritan’s face) and shot on again into the dark. An attempt at another door was met with a similar lack of success. One of the neighbours noticed that Shannan was being followed by headlights at a discrete distance, the driver’s car surveilling the landscape... and snickering past the other, as yet undiscovered, dead girls of Gilgo Beach

THE LADIES OF THE BEACH

Other girls were already at the beach, and some would soon join the rest. They included Melissa, Maureen, Megan and Amber. Jessica and several Jane Does were also nearby.

Their faces were hidden under the night sky as Shannan came to a rest in the bog. Their bodies began to surface in December 2010, after Shannan was found by a police officer and his sniffer dog combing the beach. Her naked skeleton, toe ring and titanium chin plate were eventually uncovered, but unlike Shannan some of the ladies of the beach have still not been identified.

Controversy still surrounds the case because no one can decide which of the bodies found are victims of the Long Island serial killer or, indeed, other killers. While it has been stated that all of those found in the Long Island area were sex workers, they looked different, were killed in different ways and were left in different manners and in different places. They are atypical of a serial killer’s victim profile of similar people and are infamously mysterious. They are ghosts in the winds of the New York island and haunt the area almost as a result of their confounding unconventionality, which piques the public interest, refusing to be forgotten.

The coroner ruled Shannan’s death accidental. She was a cocaine user who suffered from the depression and mood swings caused by bipolar disorder. It has been assumed that her panic, possibly aided and abetted by an illicit and unchecked drug concoction, led to her run panicking across the darkened landscape to escape her supposed attacker or attackers. Scudding over the turf, it has been suggested she may have writhed to remove her shoes and clothing to run faster, falling and hitting her head when landing awkwardly.

It is entirely feasible for a person to drown in the smallest amount of water. An assailant bent on killing her may have simply realised their failure and walked on upon seeing her splayed in the moonlight.

She may not even have been a victim of the killer, as unlike some of the other victims, her body was complete. Shannan's family, however, remain convinced that she was murdered and note that the coroner's report stated she had a neck injury consistent with strangulation. Who knows? Only the other girls' lifeless eyes saw, albeit from a distance. The evidence available from a decomposed corpse is few and far between, and is primarily helpful when a person has actually been reported missing and the correct police procedures have been followed. Unfortunately, it has been alleged this was not the case for the Long Island incidents. The police have also been notably cagey, refusing to even confirm what was found at each crime scene or to release the emergency phone call for help that Shannan made that night. According to former Suffolk County Chief of Detectives, Dominic Verone, Shannan simply repeated "There's someone after me. There's someone after me" and "They are trying to kill me", 'they' being the voices in the background – her driver and her client.

DOLLFACE

Grave markers have been placed where some of the girls's bodies have been discovered.

A small figure in dungarees faces Megan's grave, a mourner. Until she left this earth, Megan – a strong-willed lady with a zest for life – never failed to telephone her little daughter, Liliana, several times a day. The devoted mother would read stories to the child every night before bed prior to going missing. The little shape at Megan's grave is part of the

mystery herself. An extremely lifelike but faceless Time Out Doll, she and her somewhat sinister siblings were placed at the girls' untimely resting places by a person or persons unconfirmed. Time Out Dolls are the size of a child and may be dressed in everyday clothes, but are created upright, covering their heads with their arms as though hiding or weeping. They are designed to add visual interest to scenes, particularly when placed in the corner of a room like a naughty infant enduring punishment. Though their costumes and hair may be highly detailed, they are designed without faces. The police were advised that a local resident – a mechanic – had some of the same in his house, but as the cops said, that proves nothing.

Were the dolls being placed to indicate sympathy with the victims, the dolls' posture indicating grief? Or were they intended as metaphorical doubles, placed by someone as a way of chiding the dead girls for being sex workers, each doll looking young and innocent, but hiding its face while being shamed for their supposed misdeeds? Or is it the taunt of a murderer? Amanda, sister to murdered Melissa, received calls from her sibling's phone which branded the dead girl a "whore" and detailed the acts that were supposedly being done to her. The calls were traced to Manhattan but the caller couldn't be found in the vast, dense cityscape.

The dolls at the graves simply stand amidst the tourists, the cops and the through traffic of the beach. Against the crosses they appear to sob, silently, witnessing everything but knowing nothing.

The person or persons responsible for the bodies found on Long Island has never been caught. Known serial killer Joel Rifkin has been ruled out. It is thought that whoever is responsible for the deaths detailed here has murdered between ten and 17 people, but the trail has now gone cold.

“WHOEVER IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THESE DEATHS MURDERED BETWEEN 10 AND 17 PEOPLE, BUT THE TRAIL HAS NOW GONE COLD”



The tearful scene where Shannan Gilbert's remains were found



The treacherous terrains that kept Shannan's remains after she had gone missing

If the person or persons accountable are still walking on this earth, they must surely feel the weight of a welter of blank faces bearing down on them, for it is only a matter of time until they are caught.

THE BRUTALISED BODIES

This is no ordinary case, for the bodies left behind were dissimilar. This leaves identification of the victims and those who murdered them especially difficult.

Some of the women were left naked, tied into burlap sacks. Some, such as Shannan, were found decomposed, the titanium plate in her chin glinting in the sun. Other bodies were crudely cut and thrown for the worms; a torso down the road in a neighbouring suburb, a head sadistically left to 'sunbathe' on the beach. One lady appears to have been a mother murdered with her babe at her breast and both bodies were discovered decomposing a little way away from each other along the strip. It is not uncommon for sex workers to take their children with them to clients rather than leave them to fend for themselves if childcare is not available - they take the work because baby needs feeding. This mother and baby were found united by their similar jewellery. Some victims were teenagers, one was in her forties, some were white and some were people of colour. Someone who may have been a cross-dresser or transgender woman (assigned male at birth), was found

wearing noticeably feminine attire. It is currently impossible to identify the Jane Does as their bodies are too badly decomposed to provide further clues as to their lives.

The evidence given by the identified victims' relatives suggests that these people had come to trust the killer. However, the differences between each victim's case suggests that either this is the work of one-off 'chance' killers who 'wised up' and stopped killing, or it shows one or two individuals who have a high level of disorganisation. Rather than being criminal masterminds who developed their *modus operandi* to give themselves the most potent experience, they simply did not seem to know quite what they wanted.

CC# 11-208265
Date of Recovery 04-12-2011



Length of Bracelets 7 1/4"

CC # 11-155207
Date of Recovery 04-04-201



Chain Length 16"
1/16" in Thickness

ABOVE & LEFT Bodies of a Jane Doe and a Baby Doe were discovered ten miles apart, but linked together by their matching jewellery. Their relation was later confirmed by DNA

BELOW The holiday fun most people have at Gilgo beach is in stark contrast to the horrors that faced the victims found there

The placement of the unsettling Time Out Dolls adds further questions to the case



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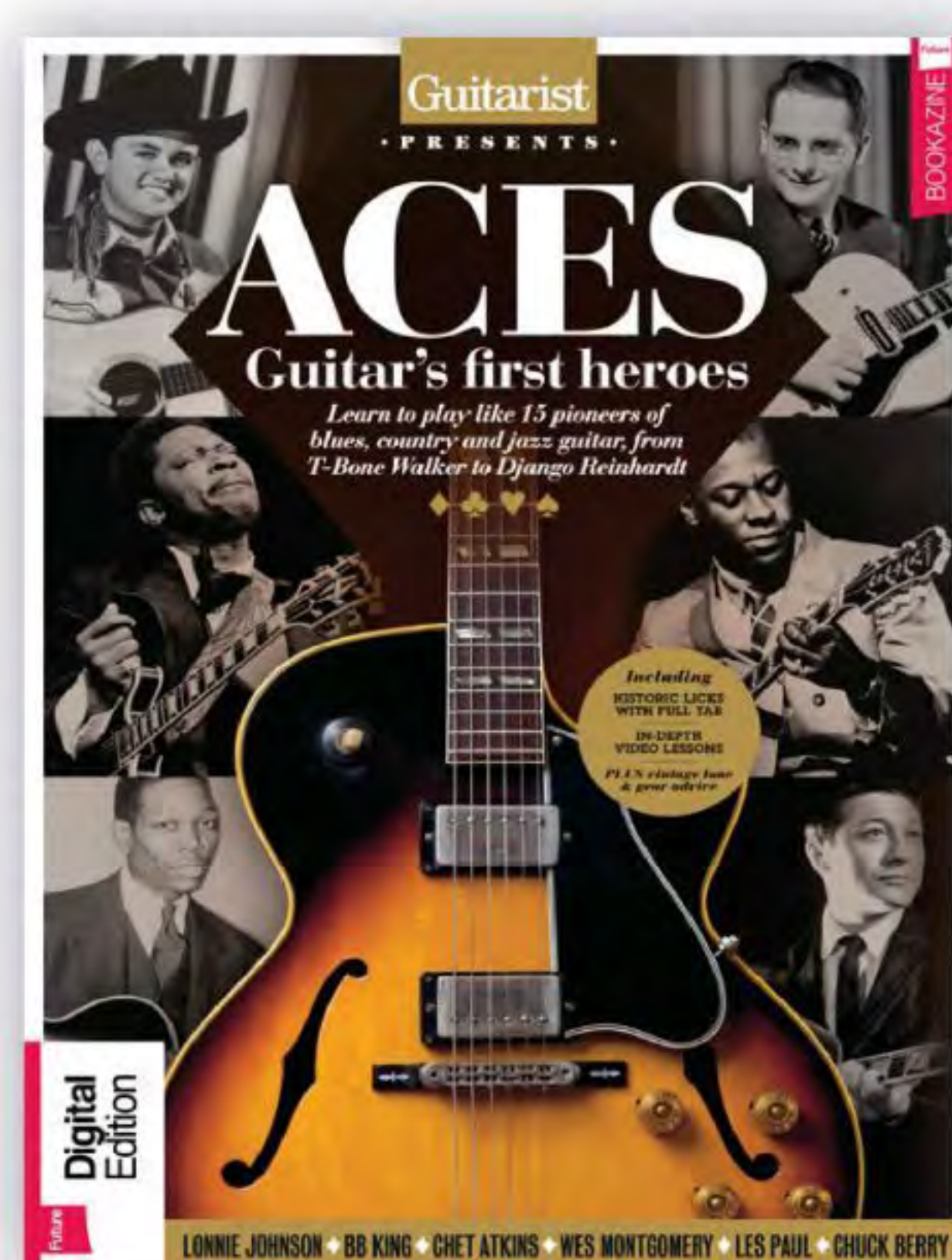
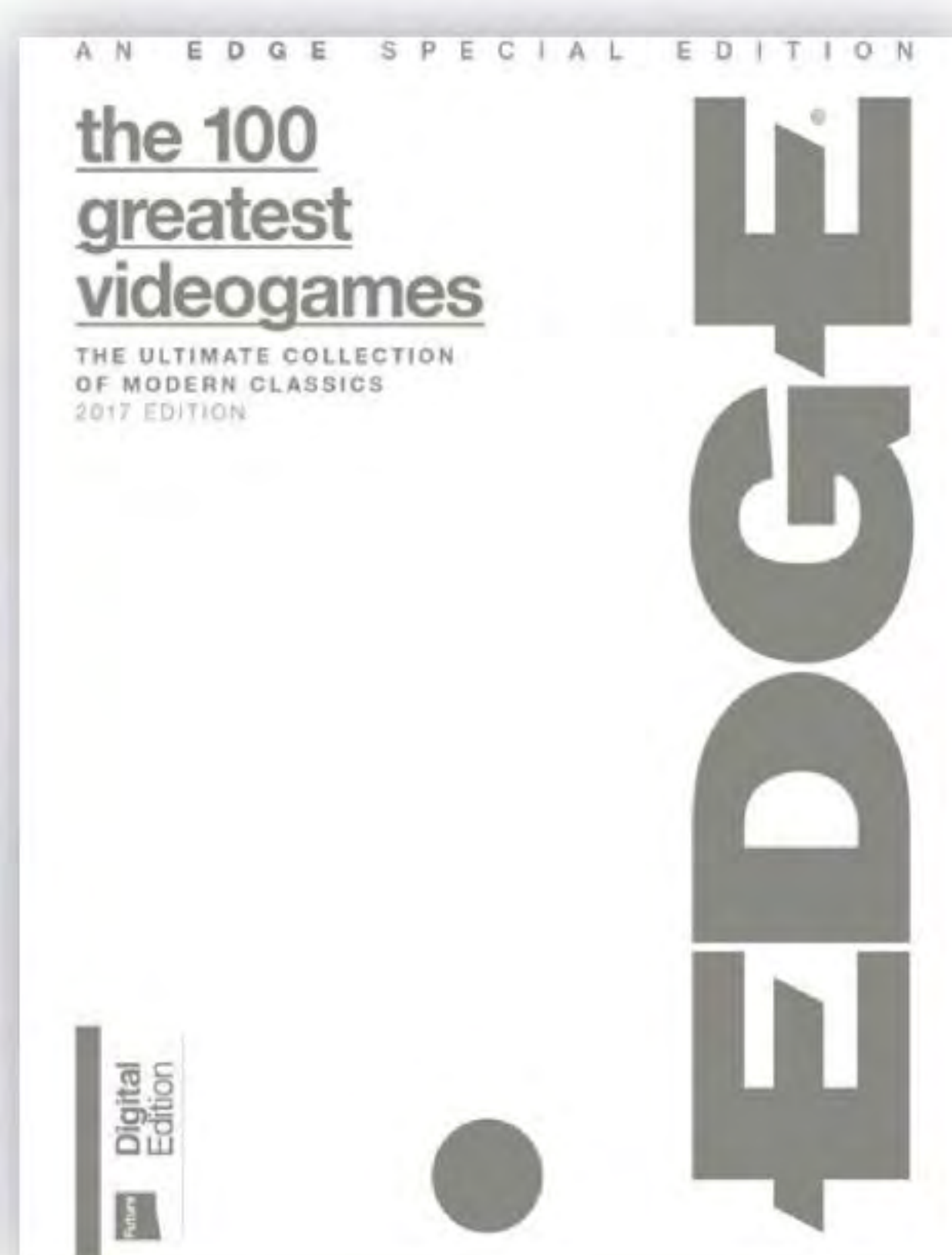


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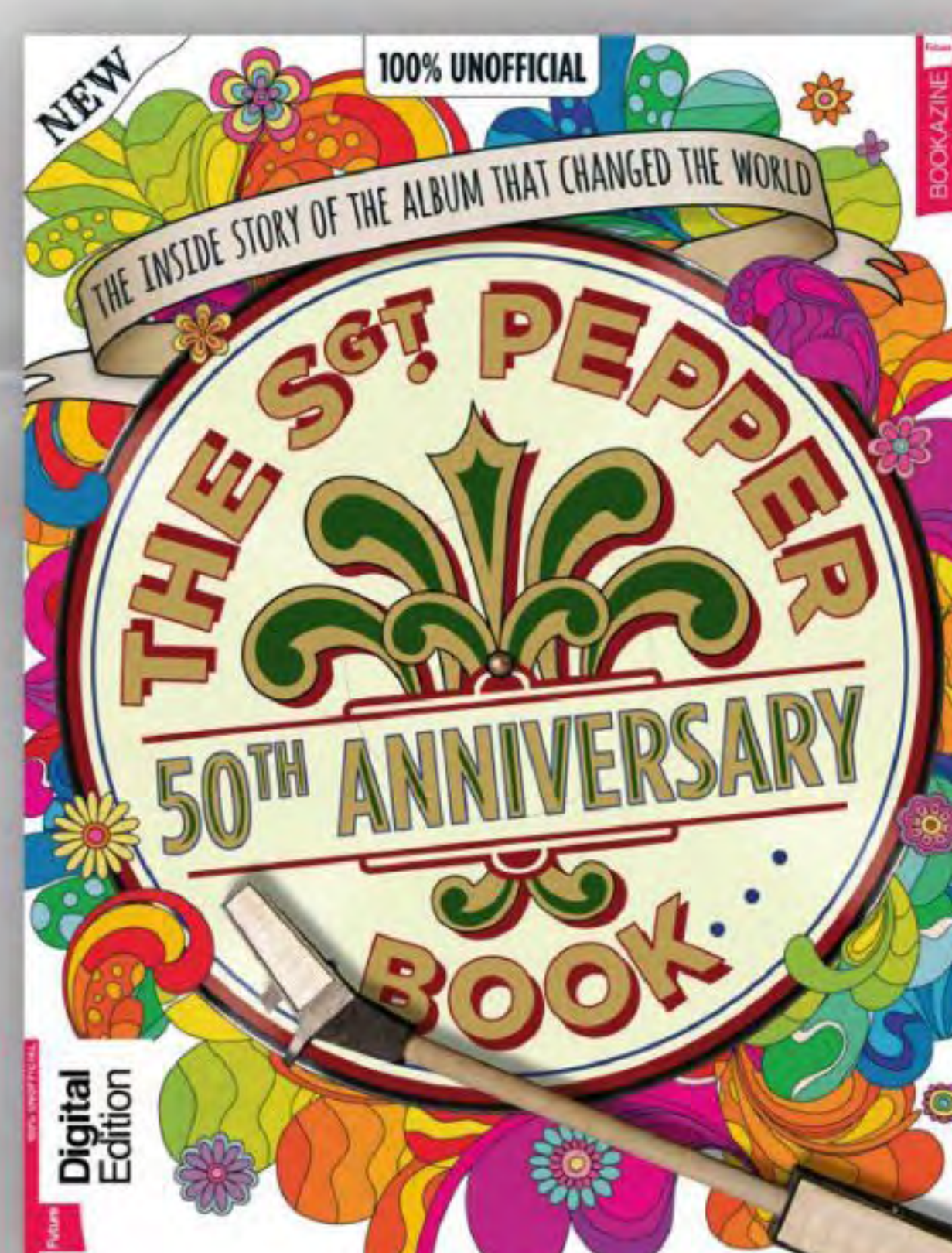
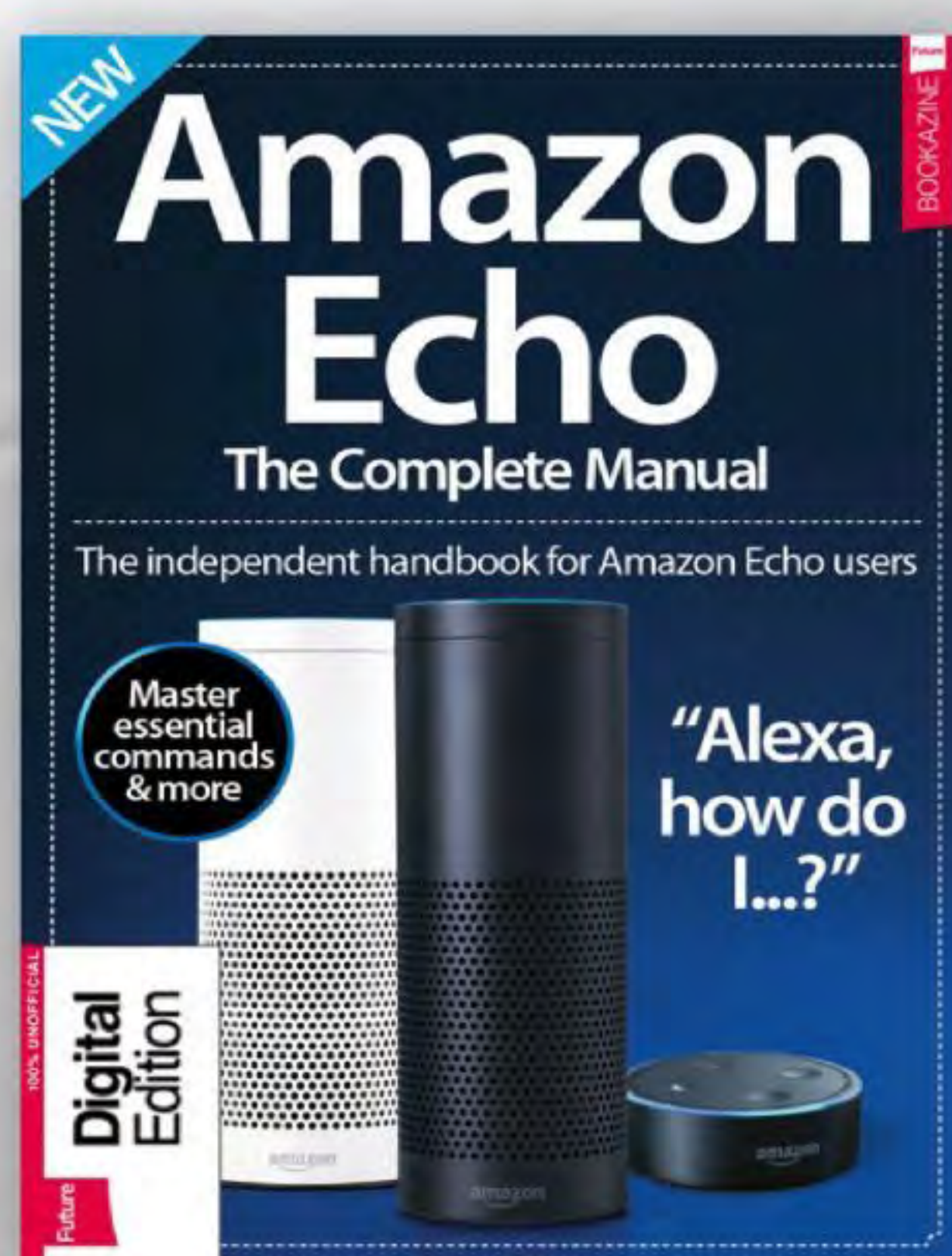
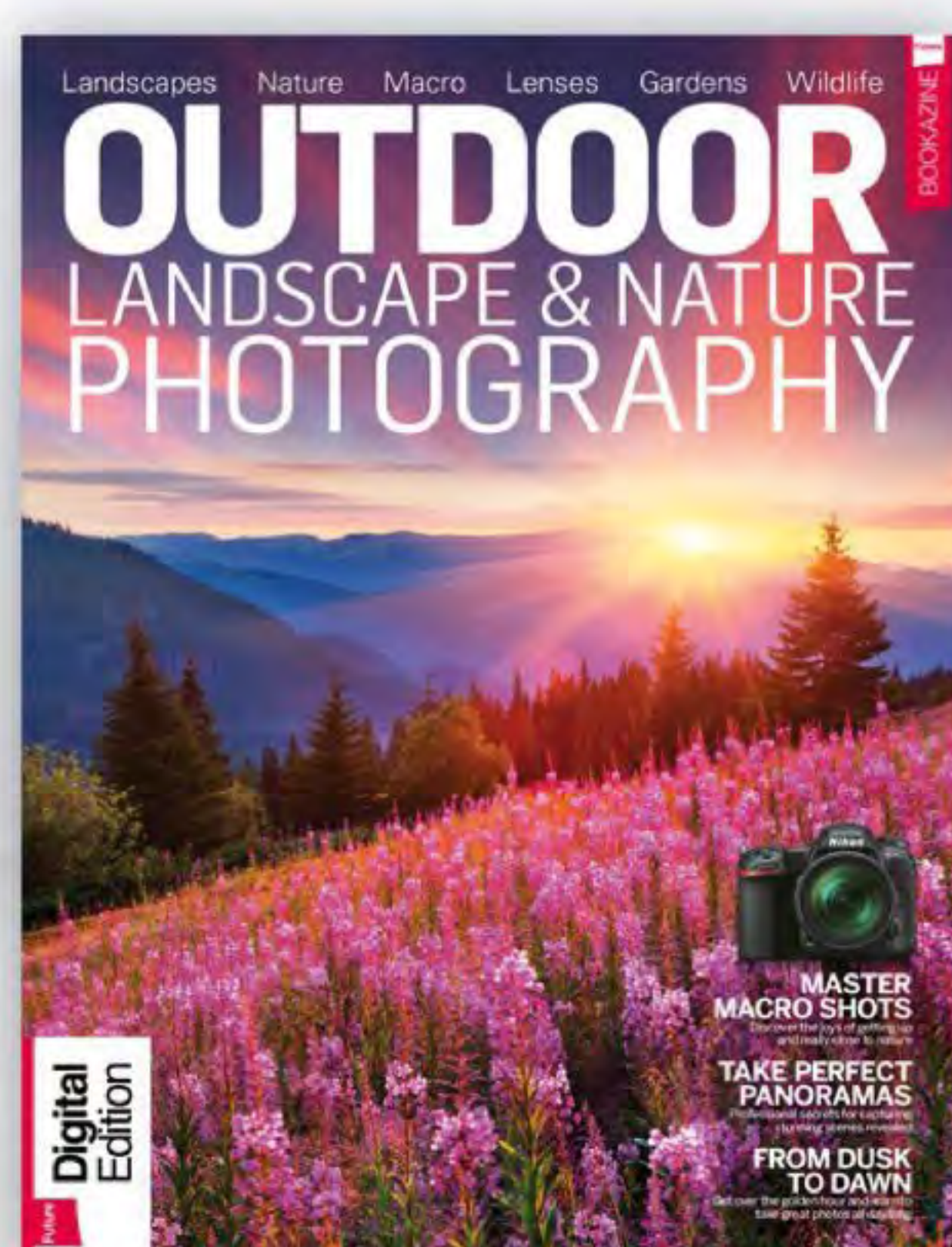


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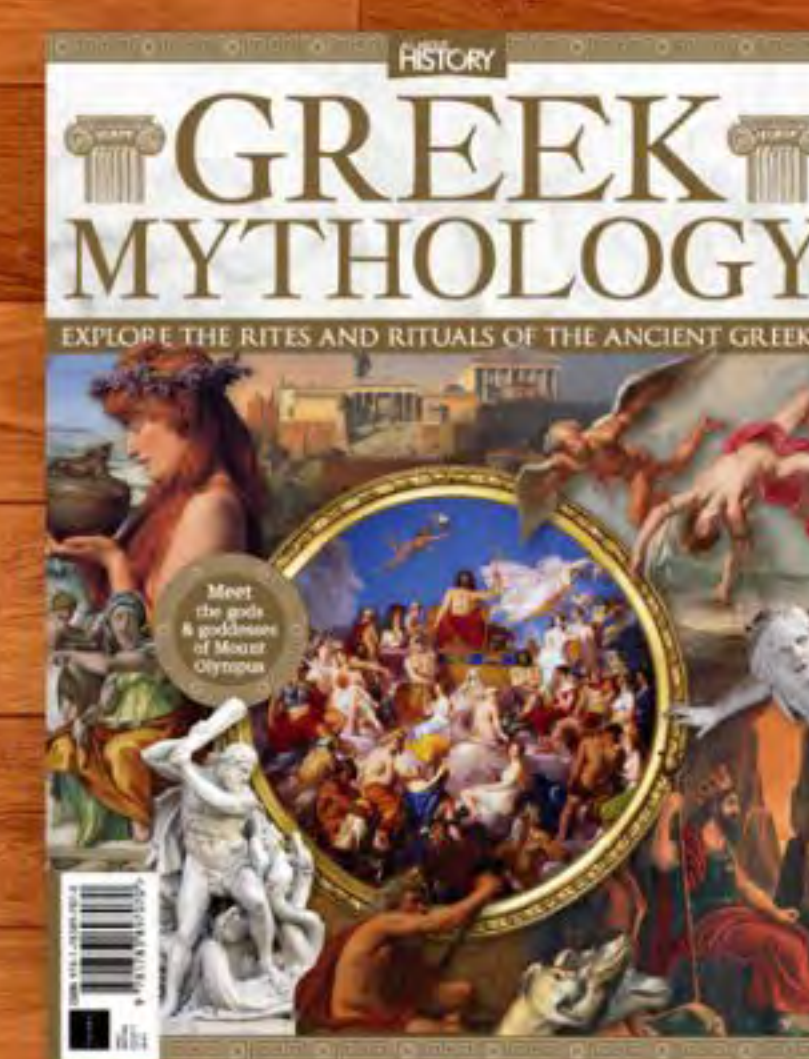
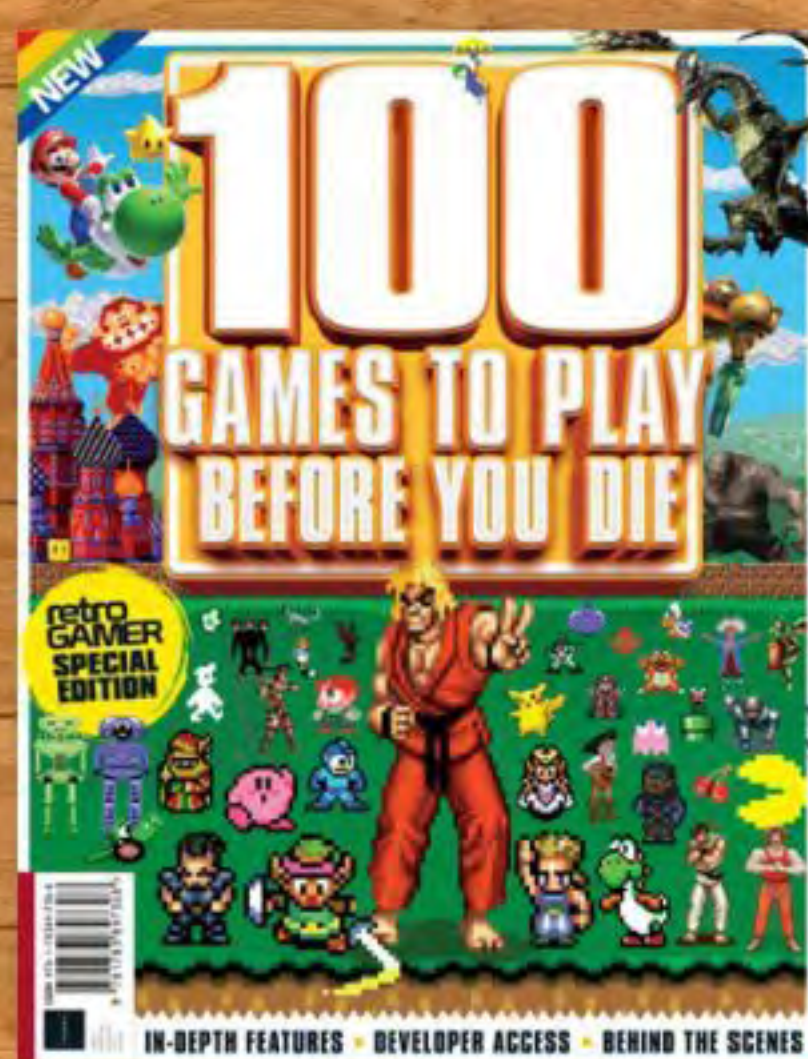
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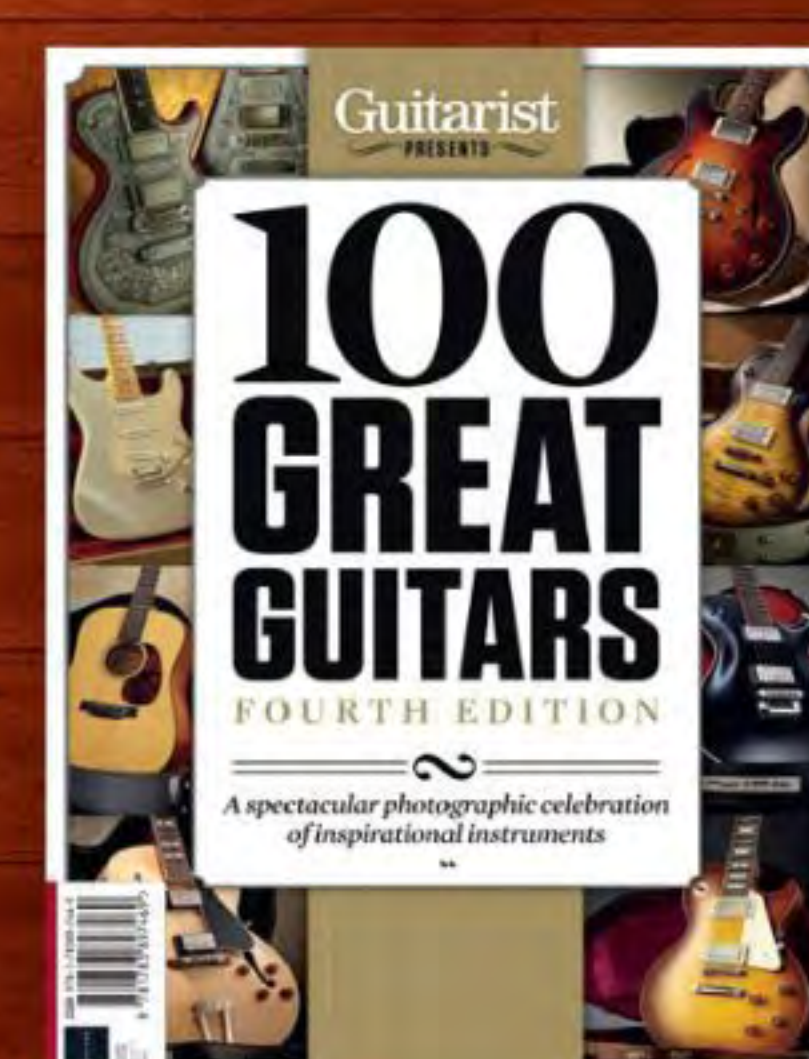
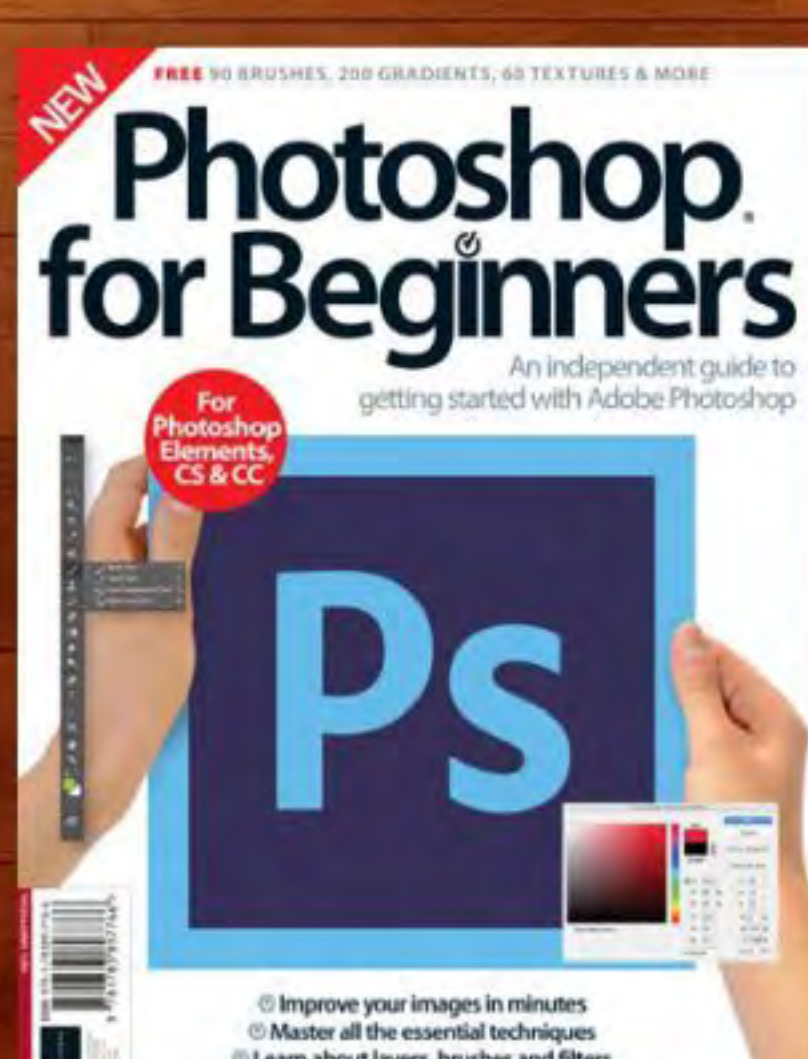
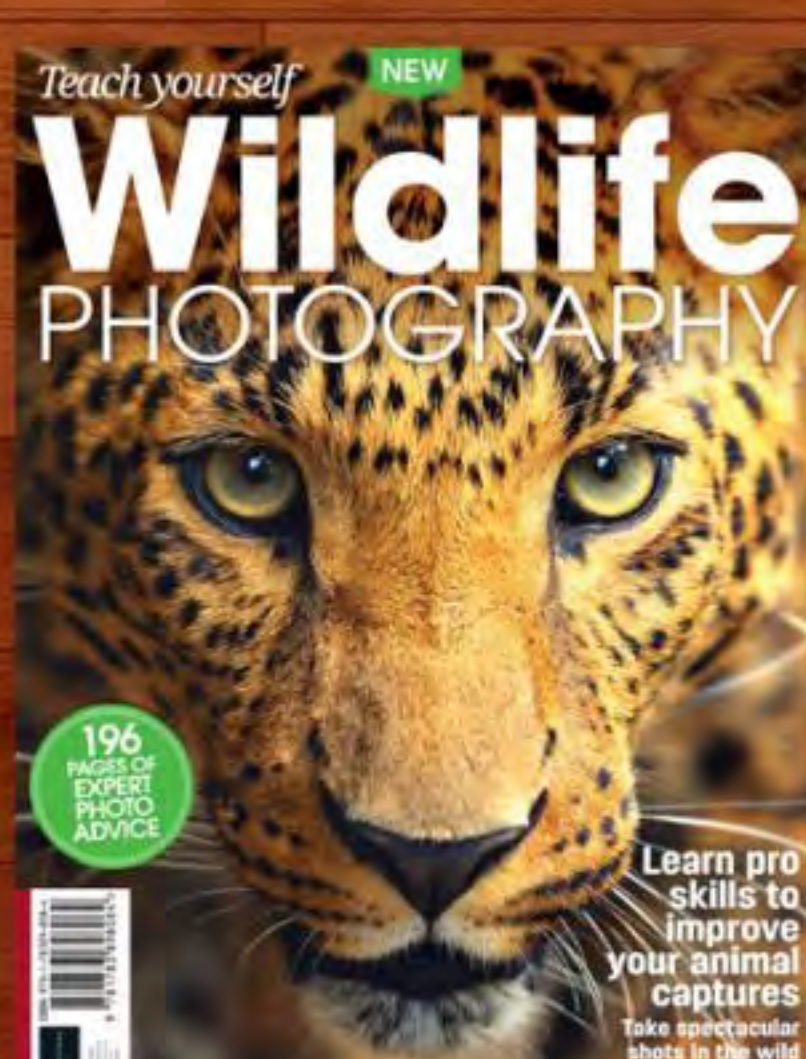
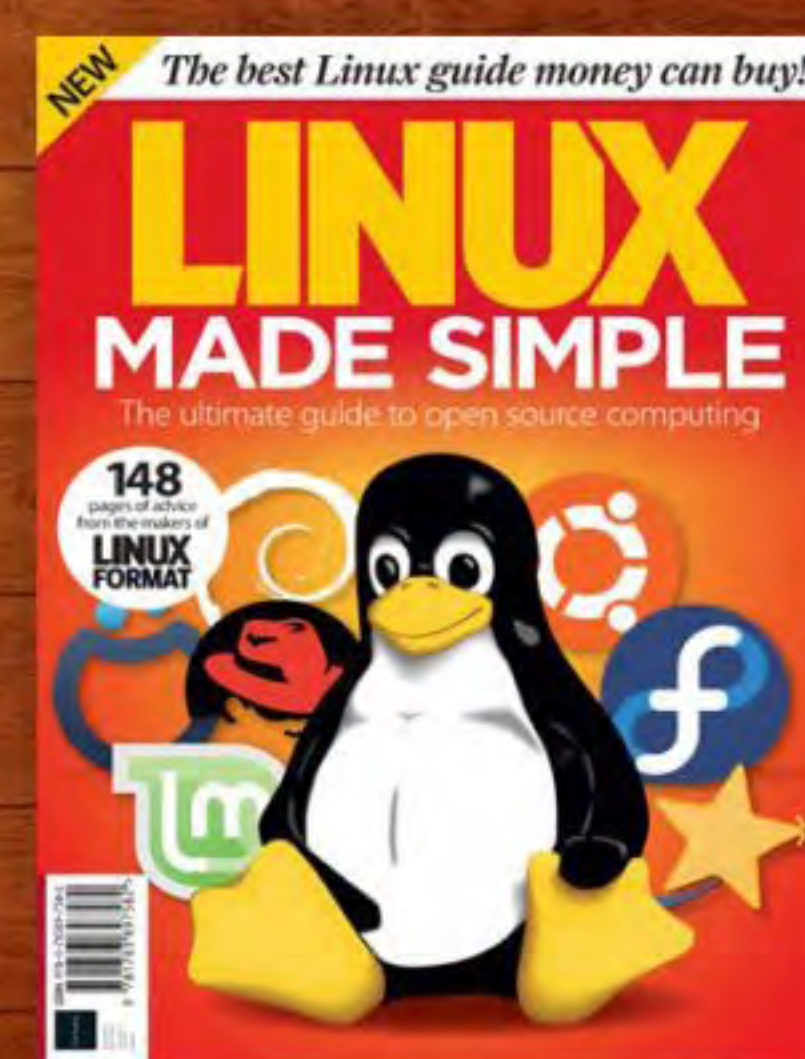
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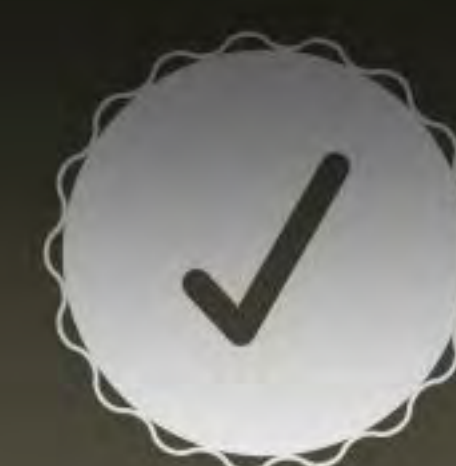
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taxi driver over
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night, to prove this he
a blood stained piece of
shirt. I am the same
who did in the same
north bay area.
The S.F. Police could not
me last night if*

EXAMINE THE TAUNTING NOTES
LEFT BY THE PERPETRATORS



THE HIGHWAY OF TEARS / SISTER CATHY CESNIK
MADELEINE MCCANN / TUPAC SHAKUR / JACK THE RIPPER
JONBENÉT RAMSEY / TYLENOL POISONINGS / DA VINCI THEFT
MICHAEL ROCKEFELLER / DB COOPER / KEDDIE MURDERS
JILL DANDO / GARDNER MUSEUM HEIST / TAMAN SHUD
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